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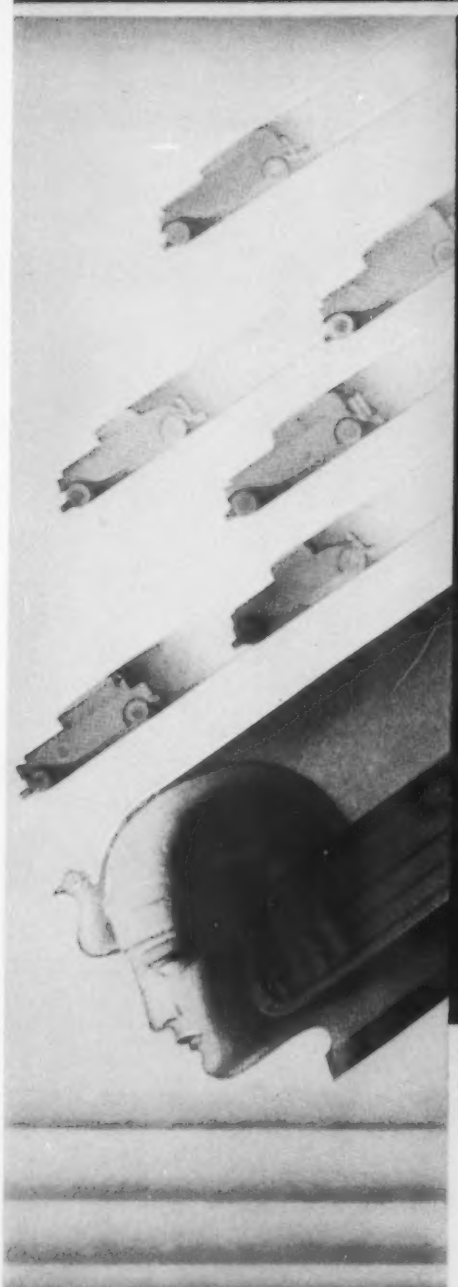
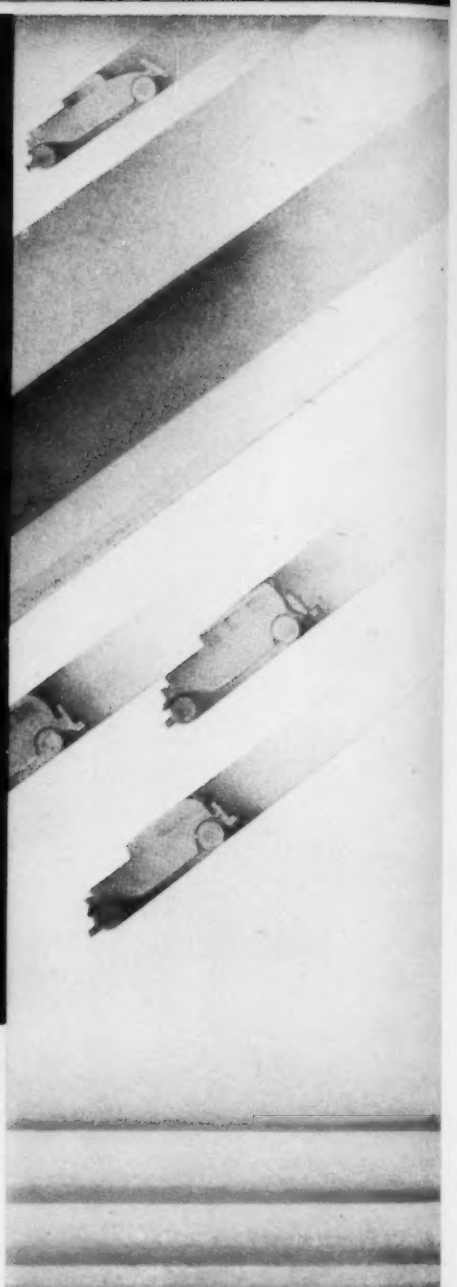


IT TAKES 10 OTHER CARS TO DELIVER 10 OF THESE STUTZ ADVANTAGES



HERE'S WHAT YOU GET IN STUTZ OR IN TEN OTHER CARS COMBINED

Each of ten well known makes of motor cars stresses one of these Stutz-Blackhawk features:

Car 1 . . Safety glass throughout
Car 2 . . Four Speeds forward
Car 3 . . Valve-in-head engine
Car 4 . . Noback—holds car on hills
Car 5 . . Twin Ignition
Car 6 . . Double-Drop Frame
Car 7 . . One-thrust Chassis Lubrication
Car 8 . . Ryan-Lites
Car 9 . . Overhead Camshaft
Car 10 . . Worm Drive

Among the major features found only on Stutz or Blackhawk are:
1 Low center of gravity 2 Feathertouch brakes
3 Side-bumper steel running boards integral with frame

New Series Stutz and Blackhawk Cars, still finer cars, at prices hitherto thought impossible. This announcement has changed the whole picture of values in the fine car field.

These New Series Cars provide better riding quality, increased braking power on Stutz, still more liberal headroom, an even more impressive measure of performance-with-safety.

Now, more than ever, it takes ten other cars to give you ten of the salient features of Stutz and Blackhawk.

IMPROVED QUALITY

New Series

SAFETY STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK CARS

The New Series Cars introduce a new note of artistry in interior design, an added smartness of line, finish and appointments. Values are by far the most attractive ever offered in the fine car field.

Stutz-Blackhawk now presents four established lines of fine cars (46 body styles) at the following range of prices, f. o. b. factory:

Blackhawk (127½ in. wheelbase)	$1995 to $9735
Stutz Standard (134½ in. wheelbase)	$2775 to $3675
Stutz Custom (145 in. wheelbase)	$3745 to $3995
Stutz Salon (145 in. wheelbase)	$4595 to $10,800

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

TIFFANY & CO.

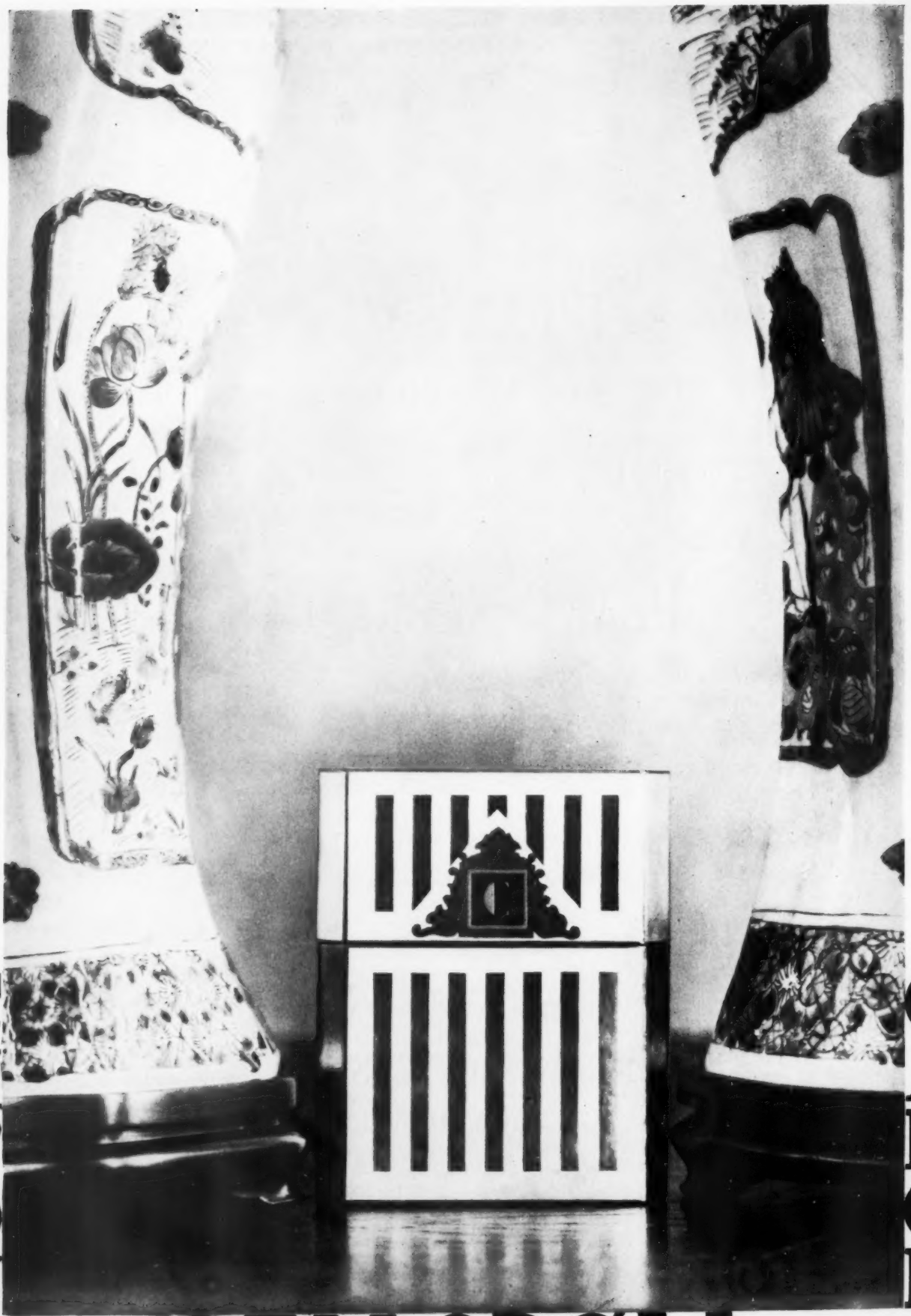
JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

PEARL NECKLACES

and Pearls for
Improving Necklaces

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



VANITY FAIR
November, 1929

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Vol. No. 33, No. 3

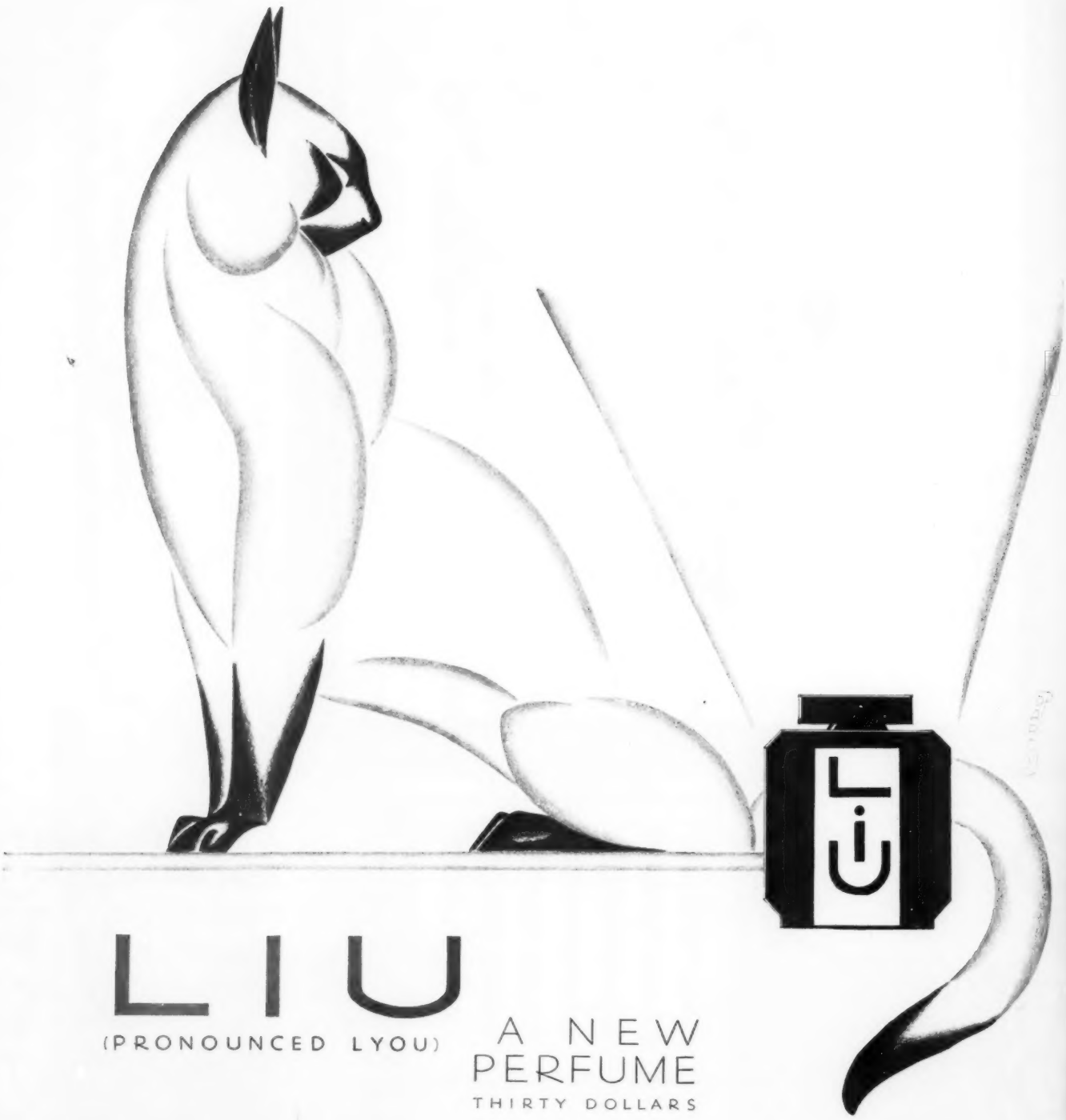
A motor trip, these Fall days, demands clothing that is not only smart but comfortably warm — particularly if one is heading toward a football week-end.

Altman is showing clothing appropriate to the occasion. Sixth Floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

GUERLAIN



LIU

(PRONOUNCED LYOU)

A NEW PERFUME

THIRTY DOLLARS

PARIS • 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL • 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK • 578 MADISON AVE.

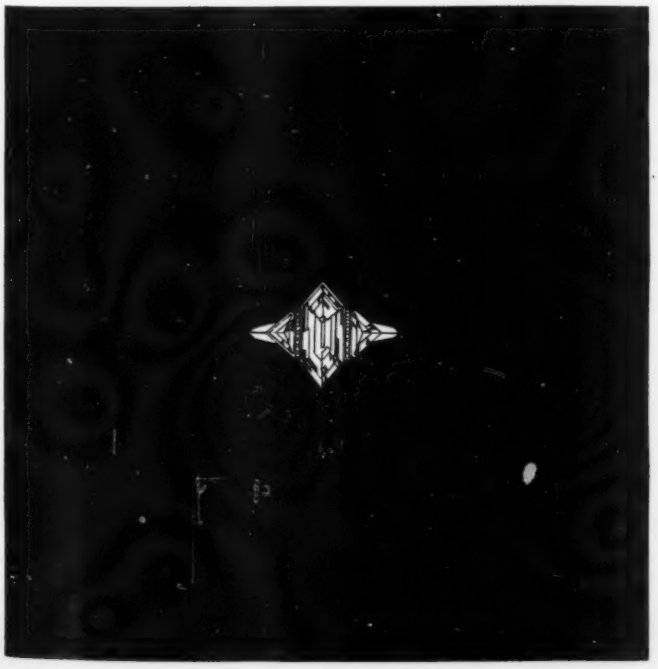
GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES

Whether it's a $5 gift or a $5000 gift . . . a silver key ring or a diamond dinner ring—this is the place you will find it. And the same high standards of skill and excellence of materials distinguish them both.

BLACK STARR & FROST-GORHAM, Inc.

FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 48TH STREET, NEW YORK · · · SOUTHAMPTON · · · PALM BEACH

Associated with SPAULDING-GORHAM, INC., *Chicago and Paris*



For when two establishments—each with such a record for brilliant craftsmanship and high prestige—elect to merge . . . great advantages result for the public. For a merger means volume, and volume means values. Discover this for yourself in your Christmas shopping at our new enlarged shop.

Parfums Ybry

•

Femme de Paris

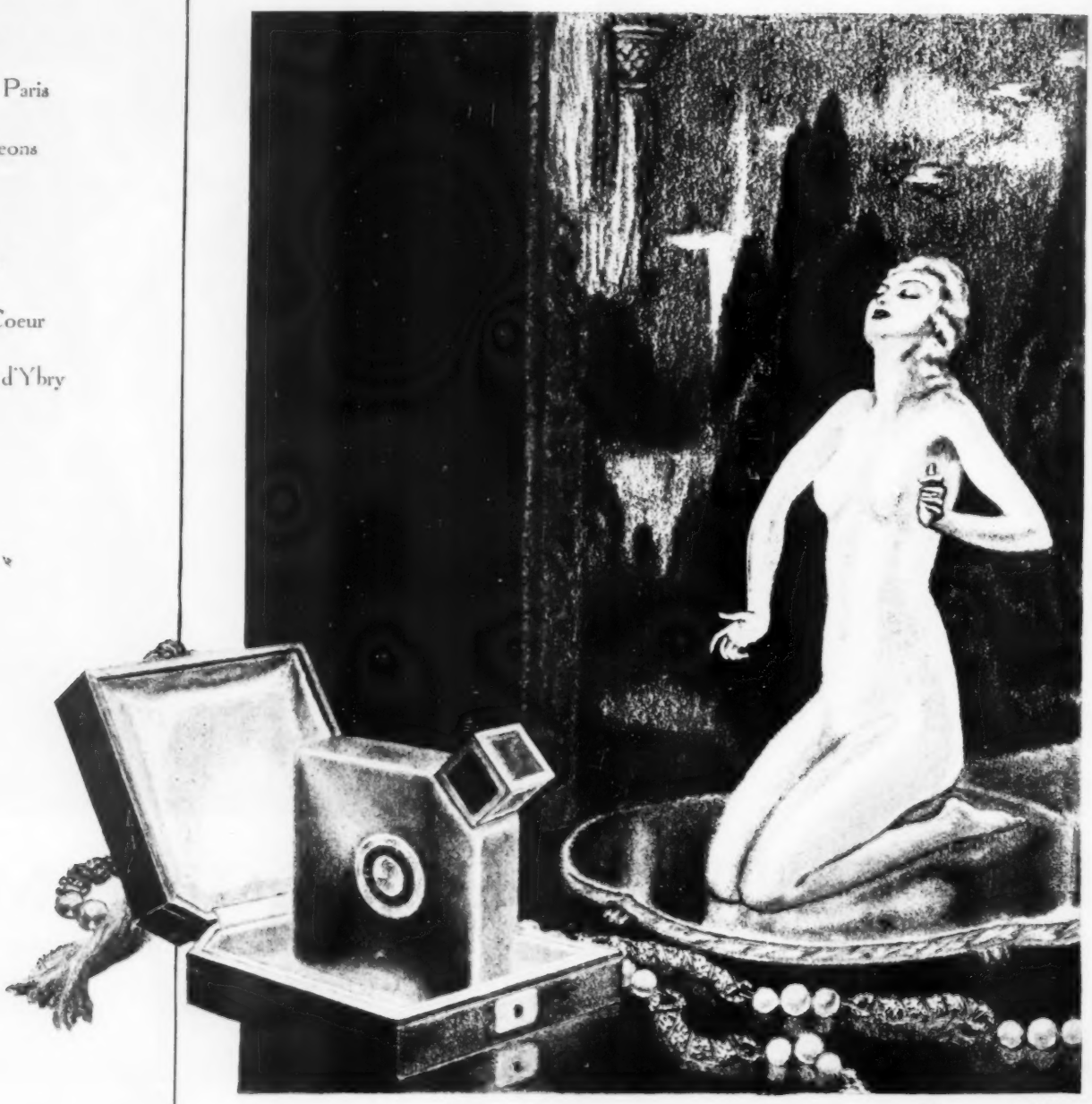
Les Bourgeons

Devinez

Mon Ame

Desir du Coeur

Les Fleurs d'Ybry



Femme de Paris

Les parfums ybry PARIS

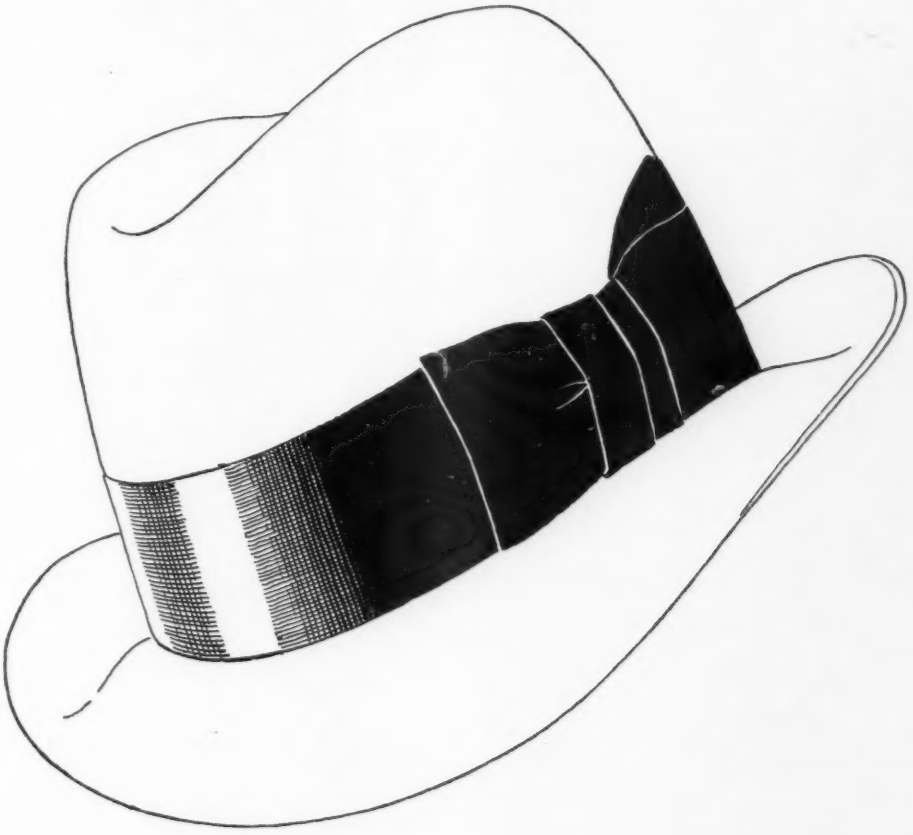
Ybry is beauty . . . emerald, liquid beauty
catching the soul of woman
and holding her captive.
Femme de Paris *(Woman of Paris)*
immortal fragrance.

YBRY of PARIS - Creator of the costliest perfumes in the world

American Salon: FIFTY *West* FIFTY SEVENTH *Street, New York*

BATONS DE ROUGE . . . PARFUMS . . . POUDRES . . . TOUS IMPORTÉS DE PARIS

THE FINCHLEY HAT

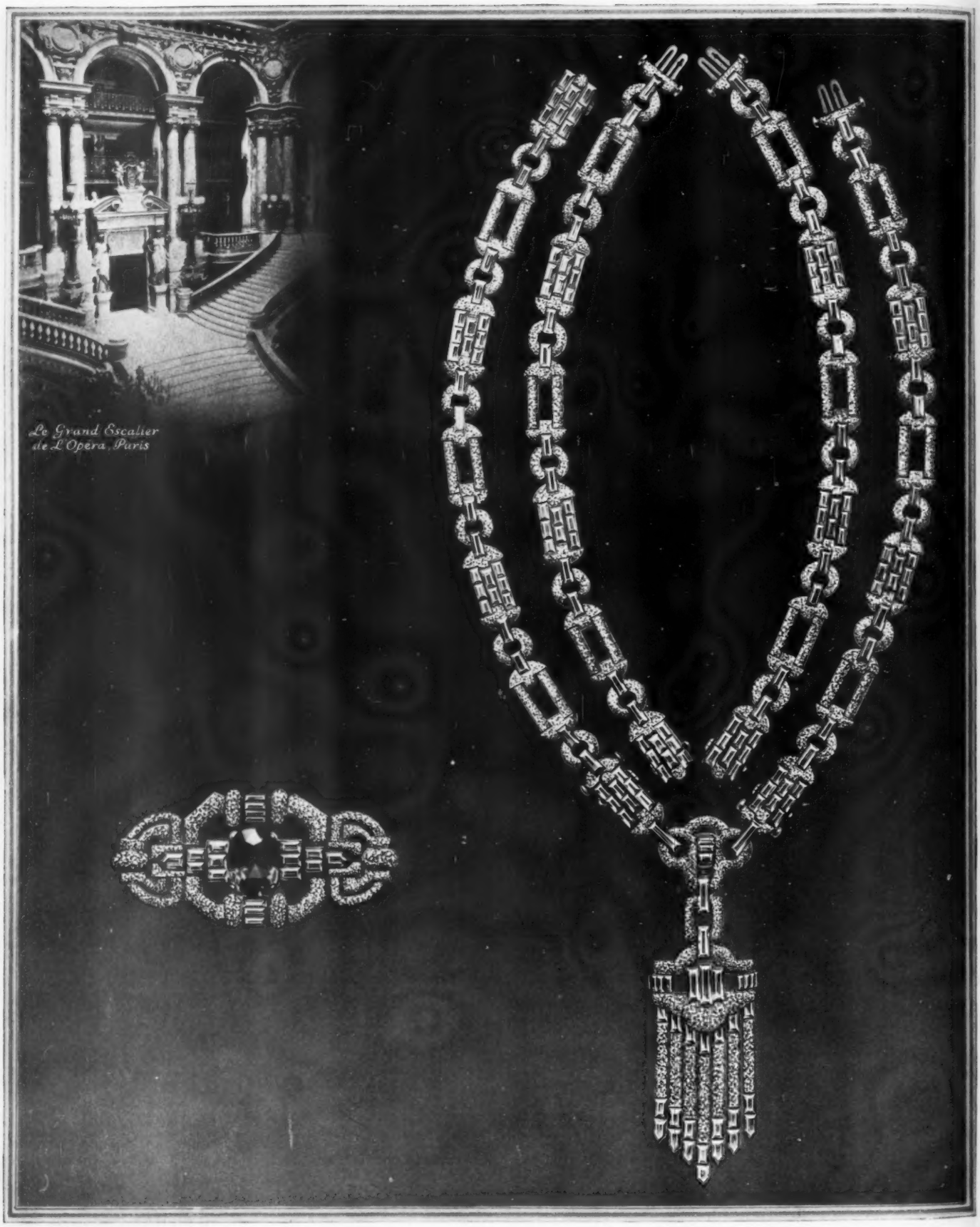


THE MODEL SKETCHED IS A BRACING AFFAIR WITH A BRIM WHICH BENDS ADMIRABLY TO ANY DEGREE ONE MIGHT DESIRE. SECURABLE IN TONES SET-UP AND PERFECTED BY FINCHLEY OF NEW YORK AND CHICAGO TO HARMONIZE WITH FALL SUITINGS. ACCURATE IN STYLE AND OF RENOWNED QUALITY.

TEN DOLLARS

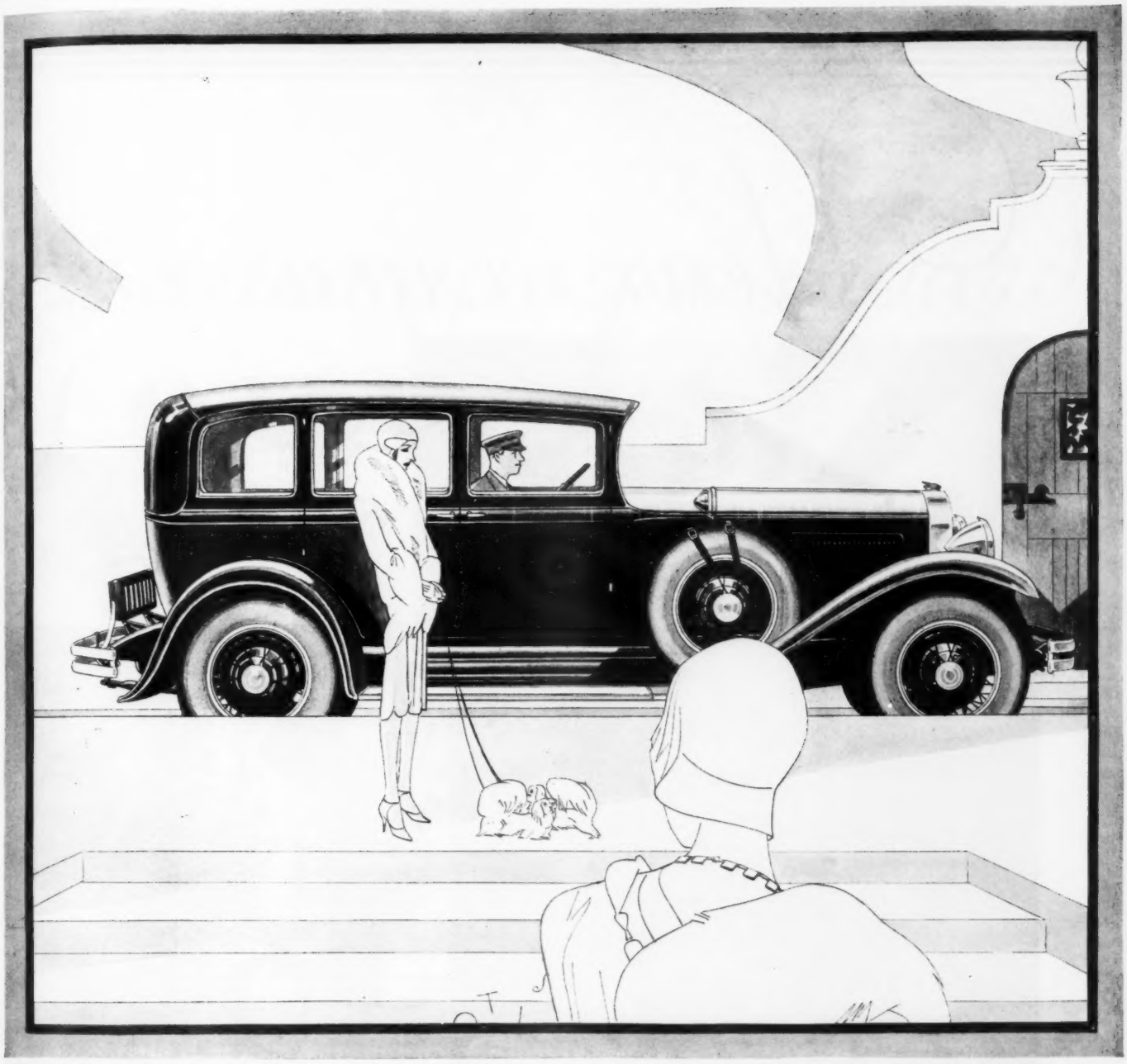
OTHERS FROM SEVEN DOLLARS FORWARD

AGENTS IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES



Diamond necklace and pendant—opera length, when joined together; or, when separated, may be worn as a choker necklace and two bracelets.
Brooch—a sapphire of marvelous color artistically surrounded by diamonds of modern shapes.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.
PHILADELPHIA



The President Eight State Sedan, for five — six wire wheels, and trunk rack standard equipment — $1875 at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra

The Eight of Today — the Day of the Eight! Ownership of one of Studebaker's champion straight eights doubly confirms the soundness of your judgment. The eight is the choice of fine car engineers the world over. And Studebaker Eights are the overwhelming favorites of fine car buyers, leading in sales all the eights of the world, regardless of power, or price, or type . . . leading too, in performance, with more official stock car records for speed and endurance than all other makes of motor cars combined.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

Year in, year out-

AT THE LEFT: The most popular overcoat of the season, as correctly cut by Society Brand. A roomy, ulster style that every man can wear.

BELOW: A Society Brand suit favored everywhere, both by young business men and executives. Rather conservative in cut; thoroughly smart.

IT'S THE CUT
OF YOUR CLOTHES
THAT COUNTS

Society

an unvarying standard of QUALITY

STYLES change. But Society Brand designing maintains its brilliant level.

Just so, Society Brand quality is held, year after year, to an unchanging standard of excellence.

You will find, when you come to know these clothes, that they are available at a wide range of prices. Yet you will find, too, that at each price, all along the line, the standard of quality applied is rigid and severe.

We find—thanks to the inherent preferences of American men—that this policy pays. An increasing number of them want finer clothes. An increasing number seek out Society Brand quality and style. The result works to your benefit. Society Brand values—always great—are now decidedly greater than ever before. *Alfred Decker & Cohn, Makers, Chicago, New York. Society Brand Clothes Ltd., Montreal.*

ABOVE: The town coat; very distinguished. Practical, too—correct for both daytime and evening wear. In plain blue or oxford, with velvet collar.

Brand CLOTHES

A WISE SELECTION
AN EXCELLENT HABIT
A GOOD LEAD TO FOLLOW

MEN who are well-dressed, whether through judgment, or habit, or imitation, are equally fortunate. When it comes to hats, the majority of those who know style and quality see in Stetson the best looking and finest hat made. Other discriminating men have always worn Stetsons, as did their fathers and their grandfathers . . . no need for them to make comparisons. As for those who follow the lead of others, a Stetson is the hat to wear . . . and they, too, finish off their grooming with the best hat that can be found. . . . A great variety of new Stetsons are offered for fall and winter . . . new shades, new shapes, to give every man of judgment the one hat that is most becoming to him. Quality made possible only by an untiring search for the best materials. Expert workmanship resulting from many years of hat manufacturing experience. Every item of finish perfect because made in our own factory to meet our own specifications. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia.

A popular new Stetson for fall and winter . . . with raw edge and medium taper oval crown. In either grey or brown, this felt is very smart and may be worn in natural position or with brim snapped down in front.

STETSON HATS

FOR every outdoor occasion, from October to April, the Laskinlamb Coat is the uniform of the day. As comfortable and attractive as only a fur coat can be, this modern coat can be had at good retail stores at the average cloth coat's cost.

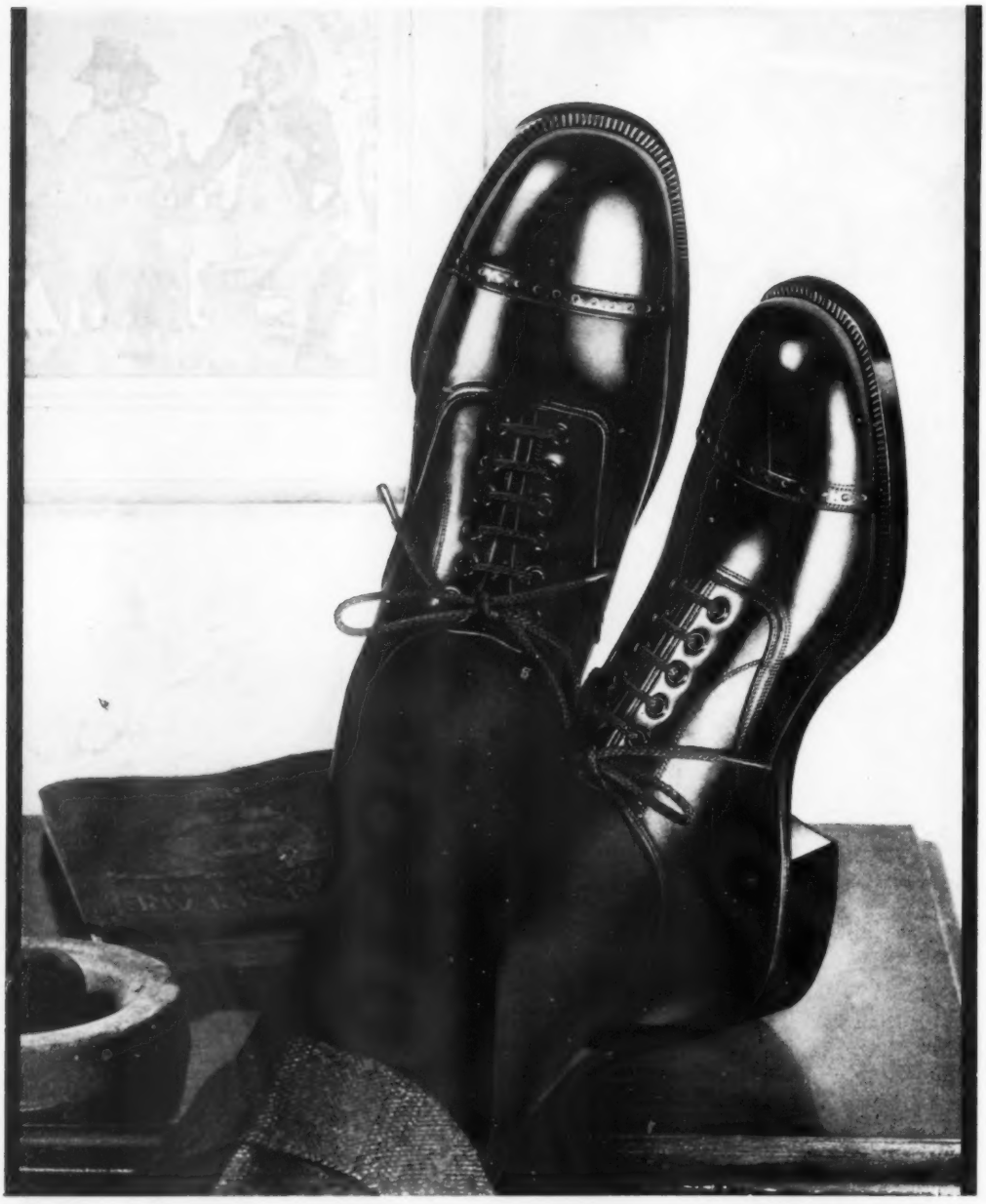
Laskinlamb

THE MODERN FUR COAT FOR MEN

GENUINE Laskinlamb

Look for this label. It identifies the genuine Laskinlamb

J. LASKIN & SONS, INC. 130 WEST 30TH ST., NEW YORK



These are the DUNCANS, British type Walk-Over shoes, that the traveling man found so comfortable. We don't recommend them for golf ordinarily. We do say, however, that they are unusually easy to wear even when new. They need no "breaking-in." Comfort from the first step. Imported Black Calfskin $10

. . . *the unprepared golfer*

Not long ago a traveling man from a distant city got the contract with unexpected ease and found himself six hours before train time with nothing to do. A telephone call to an old classmate arranged a golf game. At the club house it was rediscovered that Bill's feet were still much smaller than Jack's. And so a guest supply of golf shoes was not forthcoming. "I'll play in the shoes I've got on," said the traveling man. "They are new but seem darn comfortable." So they had their game and both broke 90. "How did the shoes go?" asked the host. "Say, I'd almost forgotten about them. Not a bit of trouble. Quite a testimonial for a new pair of shoes." This is a true story and the shoes in question were a popular Walk-Over style called the DUNCAN.

WALK · OVER

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY,

Former fleet half-backs who today are better built to play guard . . . or any one else who is looking for extra support for his arches and extra speed underfoot will find that Walk-Over shoes with the Main Spring* Arch are great rejuvenators. This pair is the STADIUM. Black Glove Calf $10

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

and the former half-back

Back at his home club the traveling man was trying to interest a heavy-set friend in his great shoe story. "Tom," he went on to the former half-back, "you ought to be interested in this. Weren't you limping around here a couple of months ago?" "I was," replied Tom, "but not now. You know, I've gained 35 pounds since we were in college. Well, that excess weight was too much for my arches. Then I discovered these shoes. They've got a special arch built into them. Never'd know it, would you? Got the same thing in my golf shoes, too. 36 holes? Why, say, I..." (And so on far into the afternoon. Each man boasting about his own discovery in shoes. Each boosting, incidentally, the same brand—Walk-Overs.)

SHOES *for men*

CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Your *face* knows it's winter

And so does your Gillette Blade, for it has extra work to do

THE biting winds of winter contract your skin, make it rough—hard to shave. Your razor then has a far more difficult job to do than it has in summer.

Yet you can always get a comfortable shave, no matter what the weather does to your face. Why?

Because your smooth, sure Gillette Blade never changes, under *any* conditions. It can't. Machines, accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch, ensure its even precision.

Four out of every nine employees in the Gillette blade department are skilled inspectors who actually receive a bonus for every blade they discard.

You may not wear the same face in November that you do in May, but count on Gillette Blades to shave you smoothly, swiftly, surely. They keep your face feeling young and looking it. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U.S.A.

★ **Gillette** ★

There's a lot of difference between the cold, wind-stiffened skin of late autumn and the tanned, freely perspiring face of July—and it makes a lot of difference in shaving. Yet it's easy to enjoy shaving comfort all the year round. Simply take ample time to soften your beard. And use a *fresh* Gillette Blade frequently.

King C. Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

BODY by FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

NO other manufacturer of motor car bodies begins to enjoy the confidence of the public to the degree Fisher enjoys it. An independent nation-wide investigation has established the fact that ninety-four and four-tenths per cent of all those who express a body preference prefer Body by Fisher as against all other bodies. ¶ Obviously, such enormous good will and almost universal appreciation are far more to Fisher than a source of justifiable pride. It is an obligation, a responsibility and an inspiration. It is perfectly plain that Fisher, as the repository of such confidence, would never be so unwise as to do anything even in the slightest measure to shake or mar that confidence. ¶ Fortunately, Fisher Body, through its own immense facilities and resources and those of General Motors, is able to build ever greater value and quality into every Body by Fisher. Furthermore, Fisher Body is always sure of its market, because its market is General Motors. It is not harassed and handicapped by the necessity of seeking new markets, of bargaining over new contracts, of being compelled to build *down* to a set price. Fisher, on the contrary, builds *up* to a set standard of high quality regardless of price; and in doing this helps to create a demand so great that low costs are incidentally attained.

CADILLAC • LASALLE • BUICK • VIKING • OAKLAND • MARQUETTE

OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

GENERAL MOTORS

TOYS

World-fame has come to the Toy Department of Marshall Field and Company, partly because its amazing activities continue undiminished the whole year 'round. From January to January it occupies a place of size and importance in this store and in the lives of many thousands of children. Its toys are planned with exquisite care to thrill and delight and develop growing minds and bodies. Our invitation to visit the Toy Department carries the assurance that here your Christmas wishes will be met promptly, expertly, and with the fullest possible measure of satisfaction.

☆ ☆ ☆

No grown-up could possibly understand the fun of being four, or six, or even eleven, and walking into Field's Toy Department for the first, or second, or hundredth time. What a great shining wonderland! Mothers and fathers who can possibly visit Chicago before Christmas should not miss the pleasure of taking their children to Field's.

Marshall Field
and Company
RETAIL · CHICAGO

This IMPRINT—

R *on fine leather means high craftsmanship . . . a high tradition . . . and generations of knowing how*

IF YOU WOULD see how people of a certain position choose fine leather, go into an exclusive Fifth Avenue establishment some afternoon. . . . Watch them as they hold the gift in their hands . . . a casket studded with lovely cinnabar, a handkerchief case, perhaps a bag of ostrich skin from Africa . . . judging with quick, approving glance the quality of the leather, the care and skill with which it has been fashioned. . . . The price, high or low, will not matter . . . for with such people, quality must be the first consideration. But they do insist, almost without exception, that the article bear this tiny golden keystone R . . . and they buy accordingly! It is a matter of common knowledge that people accustomed to the best things in life have come to recognize this imprint as their infallible assurance of quality. That has been true for generations. Almost eighty years ago, the first Rumpp craftsman, finding his product as it should be, set his mark upon it. The imprint stands today, as it did then, for the finest materials, unhurried care in manufacture, and the most expert workmanship. . . . In a word, as the seal of a high tradition. . . . That is why you can be certain that any leather bearing this imprint is, without question, the best that you can buy. C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather gifts of every description, excepting luggage. At the better jewelry, department and leather goods stores and stationers.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, *Inc., Philadelphia . . . Est.* 1850

Repeat this slowly 12 times

then go out and do your Christmas shopping

Stunning!" women say when the cover is lifted. For inside this sturdy buffalo-hide bag shine thirteen exquisitely beautiful pieces of the Lady Wynne dresser set. All sterling silver—all made to wear for years. Two gifts in one. A complete solid silver dresser service and an excellent roomy traveling bag . . . . . Complete . . . $150

What a delightful sight this lavish dresser silver set—in its red gold-tooled Keratol case—or gleaming on the owner's dressing table. The new Isabella design is a lovely medley of satin stripes and silver flowers—feminine—irresistible. Other exquisite sets are variously priced. Complete with velvet-lined presentation case . . . $242

Made for men—the way men like things made. Sturdy! It thrives on rough treatment. Iceland grain sealskin with the four really necessary fittings: brush, comb, nail file, and scissors—in a fine plain sterling design. A compact, useful gift that will cause many envying glances on Pullmans . . . . . Complete . . $38

Never, never could one tire of the exquisiteness of this pattern—Suzanne. The designer, by skillful engine turning, has simulated lustrous brocaded silk. And, pleasantly enough, such silver work keeps its radiance indefinitely. Notice the beautifully designed handles. Matching accessory pieces may be purchased. Brush, comb, and mirror . . . $90

There's room in this suitcase for an ample wardrobe — packed in free and easy masculine fashion. It's a sturdy case of genuine brown hand-shrunk buffalo. The convenient tray closes to form a separate case. Fifteen toilet articles in the hand-hammered type of design that is considered very swagger. . . . . Complete . . . $353

This bag was born to travel. Its silk grain sealskin refuses to show hard wear. Its lining is heavy moire and each tailored strap is leather-bound. The eleven pieces are in one of the loveliest International Sterling designs— Cleopatra—especially pleasing in its long tapering handles. A rich, distinctive gift. Complete . . . $200

A right little, tight little case, containing in its few square inches all that the most fastidious man could wish for his toilet. Fourteen articles in a bold masculine pattern, in solid silver. The case is Iceland grain sealskin, the construction, beyond criticism. A superb gift that challenges comparison with anything on the tree. Complete . . $236

REPEAT slowly twelve times, "Everybody loves Sterling"...

Then out with your Christmas list.

Mother... (Everybody loves Sterling)... why not dresser silver? Brilliant idea. Aunt Emma... (Everybody loves Sterling)... a water pitcher? Inspired! Brother Tom... (Everybody loves Sterling... loves Sterling... loves...)... a cocktail shaker, or a cigarette case, or a traveling set. It's all very simple when you get the idea.

Your jeweler can show you International Sterling gifts from around $2.75 up. And on this page are suggestions worth your careful attention.

Out with your notebook. Think... Jot... Act.

INTERNATIONAL STERLING

Fine Arts Division - MERIDEN, CONN.

SEND FOR THESE BOOKS . . . TODAY

A beautiful dresser silver brochure, which costs us $2.00 will be sent to you for 50 cents. It shows in actual sizes and colors our gold and sterling dresser sets, and in reduced size, illustrations of many traveling sets for men and women. It is a beautiful, helpful book that you will be very glad to own. Or, if you prefer, we will send you the name of the nearest jeweler where you can see the brochure and representative pieces. You will be interested also in "Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use" (approved by Elsie de Wolfe). This will be sent for 25 cents.

Three pieces to start a dresser silver service—and the most irresistible design that could be found to start with. The background is besprinkled with a lustrous starry effect that is enchanting. Both the brush and mirror have the long tapering handle women love. The set may be matched in various accessory pieces. In grey moire case . . . $80

He chooses wisely who chooses flat silver. Here are three sure-to-delight patterns. Pine Tree at the left, with the original shilling pine tree on the back. Wedgwood—daintiest of filigree designs. Minuet, the approved early American design. Six teaspoons in Wedgwood will cost you $12; in Minuet $11; and in Pine Tree $11

V F. 11-29

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
Meriden, Connecticut

Please fill my order for the following:

(Check here)

The International Sterling Dresser Silver Brochure (50 cents) ☐

Name of jeweler where I can see Dresser Silver Brochure and silver (no charge) ☐

"Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use" (25 cents) ☐

Name _____

Street _____

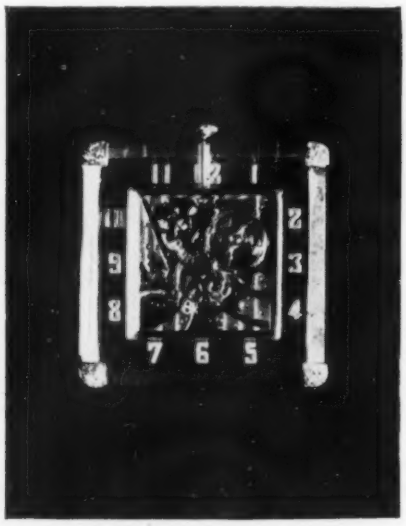
City _____

State _____

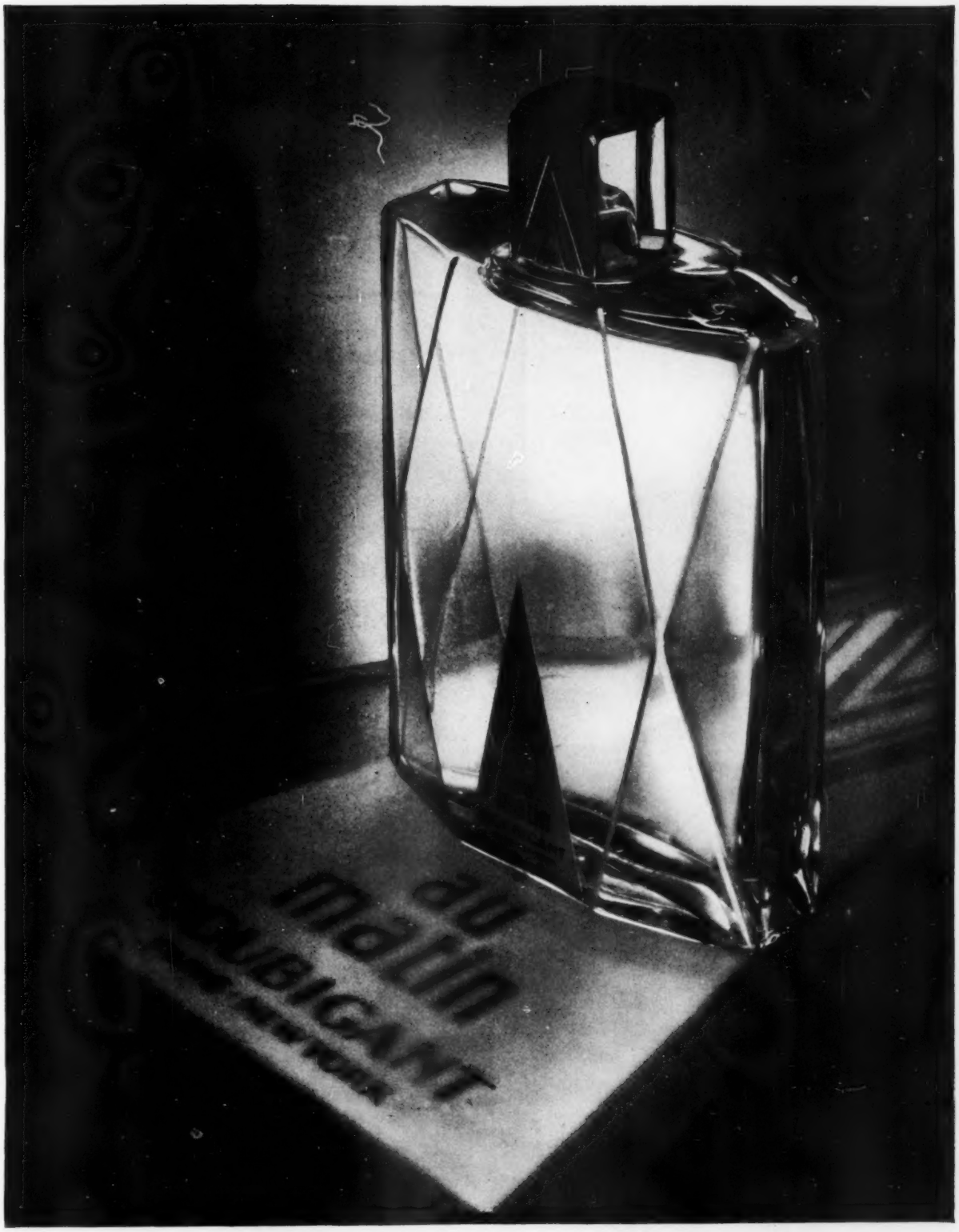
MAUBOUSSIN

MAUBOUSSIN announcesthe opening by a special exhibit of his New Salons 33 EAST 51st STREET. Having rapidly outgrown the present establishment of 330 Park Avenue, Mauboussin now offers a still greater convenience to his clients. Those who desire the newest and most distinguished in jewelry, whether for a trifling gift or for an elaborate presentation, will consult Mauboussin whose creations bear all the charm and refinement of Parisian art.

This diminutive wrist watch is concealed within a flawless row of baguettes.



Originality sparkles in this time piece suitable for evening wear.



exalted fragrance of awakening day . . . parfum triumph of modernity . . . pronounced "supreme" by critical, sensitive Paris.

Ten Dollars the Modèle Originale . . Eighteen Dollars the Grande Flacon . . Twenty Dollars the Grande Flacon with Atomizer

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

The WRIST WATCH

Arrives

The Self-winding watch ticks a new fashion in.

The Perpetual Self-Winding Watch

Favored styles. Encased in white, green or copper gold. The absence of a stem will be noted. Unqualifiedly guaranteed. If your jeweler does not have this watch, we will be pleased to receive your order for delivery by the nearest Perpetual dealer

Man's progress has been reflected in his devices for keeping time. It has been so from the first. The primitive man's engagements were few. Punctuality was no matter of moments. He would mark the time of his engagements by the phases of the moon, or by a pebble in the path of a shadow.

As men banded together, communal obligations made better timekeeping imperative. The sun-dial and hour-glass were evolved.

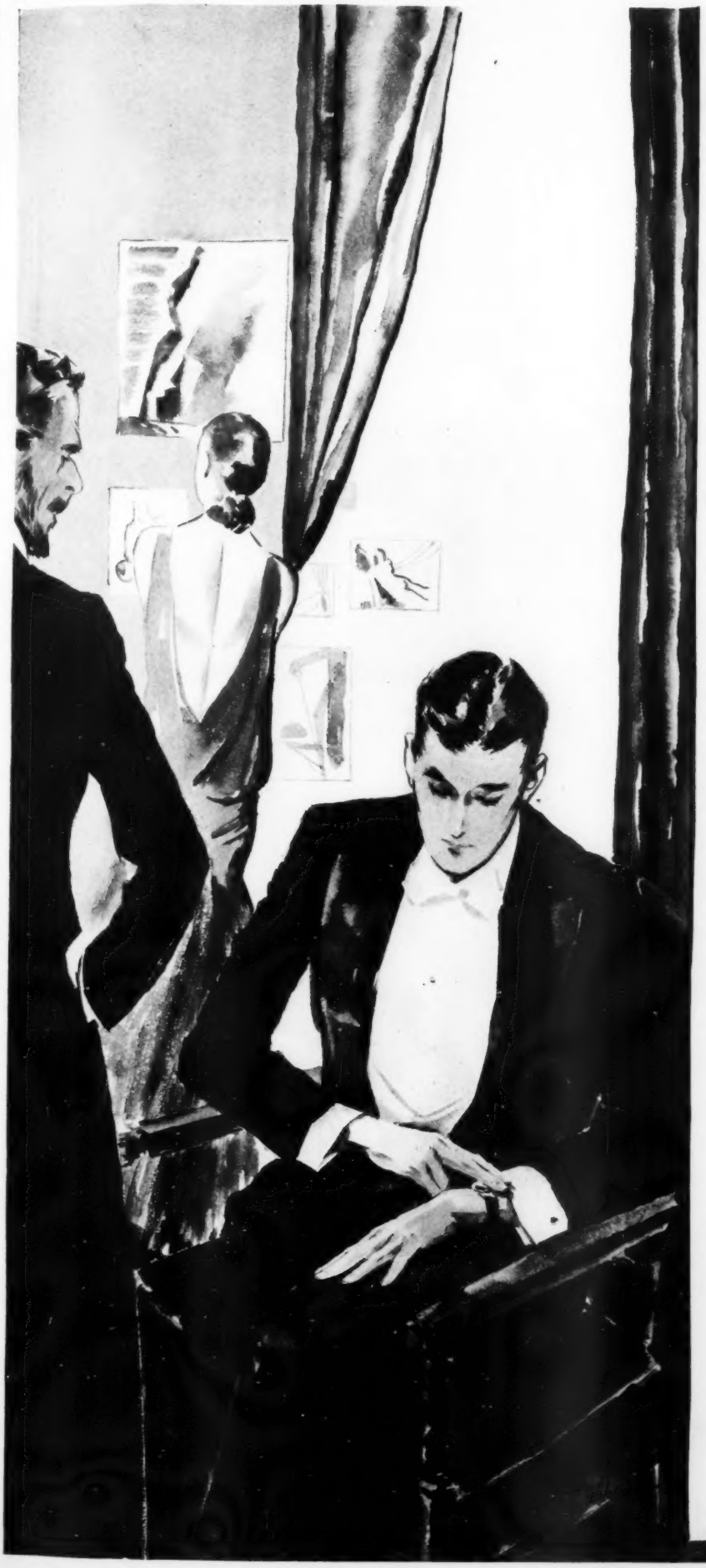
The Romans developed the Water-thief, or clepsydra, an instrument which told time in sunshine or shadow, and man was at last on the broad road to clocks and watches.

The Dark Ages intervened. With the coming of the Renaissance, it was as if a sleeping Europe rubbed its eyes, blinked and asked, "What time is it?"

Soon chimes would tell. De Vick invented the escapement. Galileo discovered the principle of the pendulum, and in 1500 Henlein made the first watch. Improvement now was rapid. The need found the man. Ocean navigation on a large scale needed the chronometer, and the chronometer was perfected.

Business and social life needed watches trim and accurate, and such watches were forthcoming.

Convenience on top of accuracy and beauty was demanded, and the wrist watch appeared. But the limit of improvement had not been reached. There remained the factor of human forgetfulness. Watches would run down. Nothing less than



a watch that wound itself was needed.

The Self-Winding Watch is here. Its immediate acceptance where acceptance sets fashion rests on its utility. The testimony of jewelers endorses its importance. Its movement incorporates every principle of accurate timekeeping, and to that movement has been added a perfected device for keeping it wound. It operates by the normal movement of the arm, and it cannot be wound too tight.

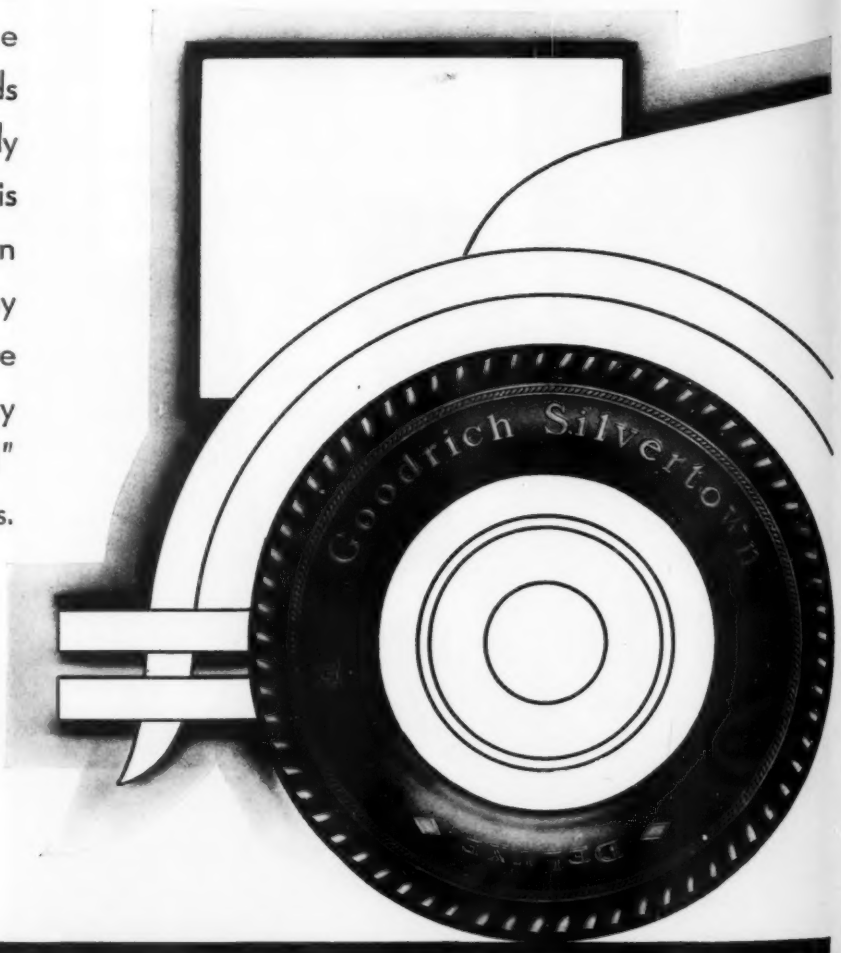
The great timepieces of old gave way as the scythe, the hand-loom, the hand-cranked car and the crystal set gave way, to other devices a step nearer perfection.

The Perpetual Self-Winding Watch is more than a Watch; it is a symbol of the Modern Day. The integrity of the Old is in it, and the convenience of the New.

The Perpetual Self-Winding Watch Company of America, Inc., 10 West 47th Street, New York City

Distinction

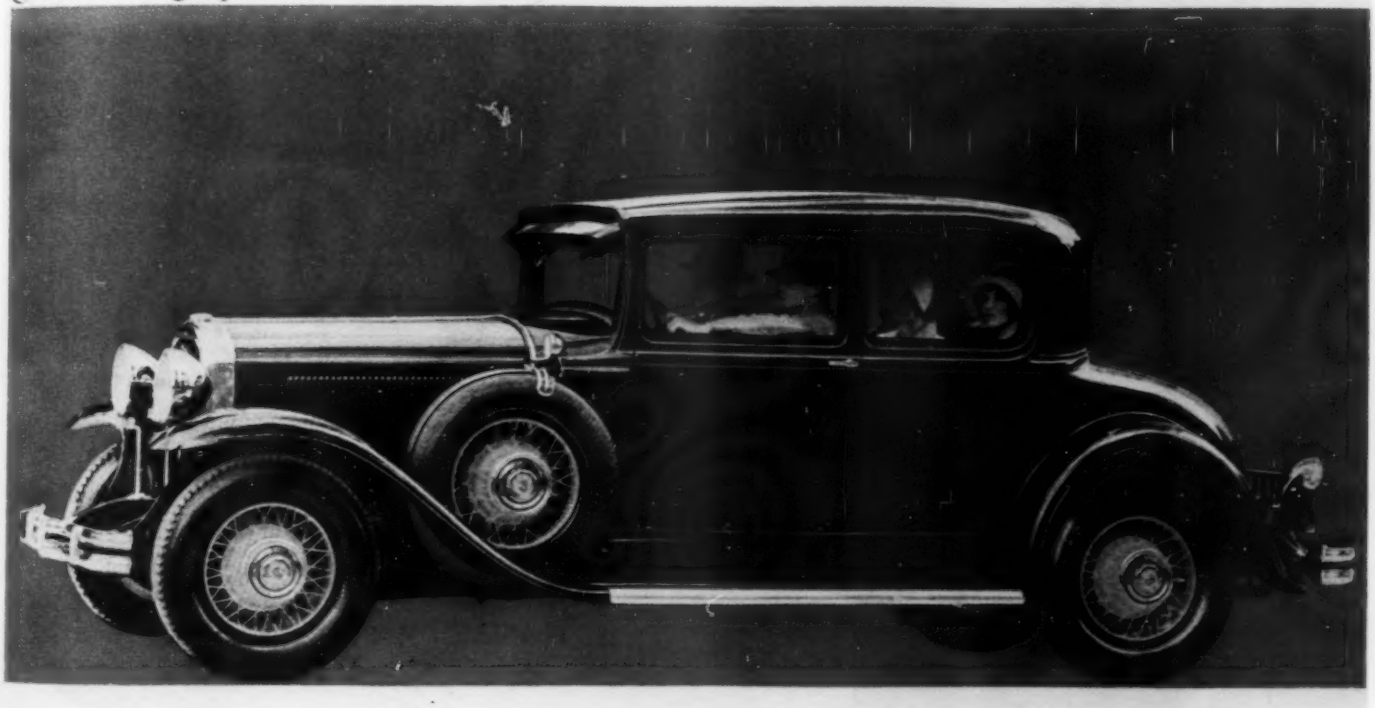
The way a hunter clears the bar . . . the way a motor lifts and sweeps to the roll and dip of the highway. What is it that brands the distinctive thing as obviously superior? Whatever it is, it is more easily recognized than defined . . . which explains why discriminating car owners are satisfied, after a glance, to say "Silvertowns De Luxe, please!" when in need of new tires.



Goodrich de luxe Silvertowns

THE NEW BUICK

Good judgment among discriminating people explains this growing preference for the New Buick . . . .



THERE is an aristocracy of judgment as well as an aristocracy of wealth ¶ Very often the two are combined ¶ And when they are, you witness what is taking place today in the fine car field—a decided trend toward the new Buick with Body by Fisher among thousands of men and women who formerly paid much higher prices for their motor cars ¶ These men and women are buying more Buicks today than ever before in Buick history, and from two to five times as many Buicks as any other fine car ¶ Because the new Buick is surpassingly beautiful. Because it is the peer of performers. Because it is infinitely greater value.

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan ✣ Division of General Motors Corporation
Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars
Canadian Factories, McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ontario

Buick

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS

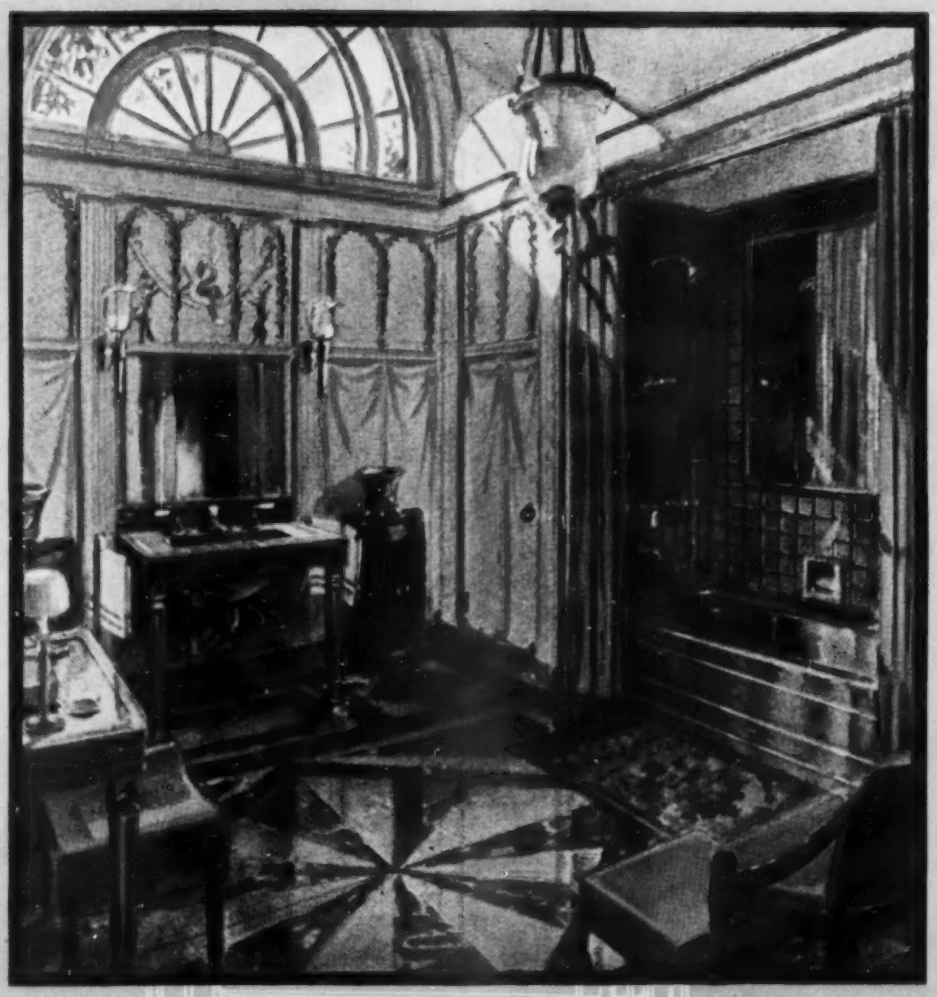
KEEN-EYED observers of things sartorial used to judge the fit of a suit by the nicety with which it hugged the collar-line. Now their eyes drop lower and scan the angle at which the trousers hit the shoe-line.

That's why in simple justice to your tailor or clothier, a pair of braces should be attached to every pair of trousers in your chifforobe. And his advice would be to select those braces from the Guards Line — distinguished braces by Pioneer. In color combinations and patterns to blend with every ensemble. At the better men's wear shops.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., PHILADELPHIA
PIONEER SUSPENDERS PIONEER BELTS
BRIGHTON GARTERS

BRACES *by* PIONEER

BRIGHTON GARTERS
will make your sox hang as correctly as your trousers.



FROM figured floor to fan-light window, this bathroom is packed with new ideas. The room as a whole effectively illustrates the present mode of imaginative decoration. The gleaming black and the architectural design of *Corwith* lavatory, bath, and dressing table, tell the story of color and form in fixtures. But the newest of all are the jewel-like faucets and wastes and shower trimmings. Spouts square, escutcheons severely plain, handles crystal glass, they are here shown gold-plated to match the gold-plated legs of the fixtures. They may be silver or chromium plated to harmonize with other decorative themes . . . There are also other new Crane art-designs for trimmings, octagonal or richly chased. When planning the unusual bathroom, see them at Crane Exhibit Rooms. Write for the book, *Bathrooms for Out-of-the-Ordinary Homes,* packed with decorating and equipment suggestions. About installation, consult your architect and a responsible plumbing contractor.

150 Pounds Pressure

CRANE

2500 Pounds Pressure

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Co., General Offices, 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago • 23 W. 44th St., New York • Branches and sales offices in one hundred and eighty cities

THIRTY-ONE trained musicians never blended their skill in a magical composition more subtly than Raleigh blends thirty-one distinct rare grades of fine tobaccos from Turkey, from Virginia, and from Kentucky —in every single tiny puff. And no cigarette has ever arrived in fine company more swiftly.

Blended
puff-by-puff

PLAIN OR TIPPED

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, *Louisville, Kentucky*

Raleigh

On deck, or in the cargo, Lotus Shoes are First Class *passengers*

THE LOTUS, matchless shoe of England, is an aristocrat with a century of proud tradition behind it. It naturally travels first class. Swinging down the promenade deck of the Mauretania, you will see the Lotus worn by traveled Englishmen and Americans whose air proclaims them connoisseurs of dress. And, in the mail hatch, Lotus Shoes are speeding to Americans who know the value of fine style, fine leather, and fine workmanship in footwear. ¶ The qualities which make Lotus Shoes supreme in England are precisely the qualities that cannot be successfully copied in cheap shoes. At the store the two might seem identical. But Lotus Shoes *maintain* their fine style through the years. Lotus Shoes *continue* to resist hard wear. And Lotus Shoes provide their glove-like comfort from the *start*. ¶ The appearance of Lotus Shoes is never common, never flashy. It is, rather, *distinguished*. Here are the choice leathers of Europe's greatest tanneries, made with consummate skill into shoes reflecting all the art, judgment and shrewd restraint that must be elemental in true fashion. ¶ Some of the leading stores which carry Lotus Shoes in this country are listed below. There are models for every need and taste, town or country. Mr. Douglas B. McIntosh, of Lotus Shoes, Inc., will answer inquiries of any one who has not a dealer near him. Lotus Shoes, Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York City. Lotus Shoes are priced from $14.00 to $20.00.

SOME OF THE LEADING RETAILERS WHO STOCK LOTUS SHOES

NEW YORK . . Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
NEW YORK . . . . Saks-Fifth Avenue
PHILADELPHIA, PA. A. H. Geuting Company
BOSTON, MASS. . Jordan Marsh Company
PORTLAND, MAINE . A. H. Benoit & Co.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN . . R. H. Fyfe & Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO. . . Rothschild & Sons
PORTLAND, OREGON . . . . Armishaw's
CINCINNATI, OHIO . The Smith-Kasson Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y. Wm. Eastwood & Sons Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. Wm. Eastwood & Sons Co.
BALTIMORE, MD. . . . N. Hess' Sons, Inc.
BERKELEY, CALIF. . . Garwood's Boot Shop
Telegraph and Durant Aves.
BERKELEY, CALIF. . . . Garwood's Booterie
Shattuck Ave. at Kittridge

LOTUS 470 TAN AND 480 BLACK—*To be well dressed without conspicuousness is a high attainment. This shoe is the choice of men with such an end in view. Quiet and distinguished, medium-weight, made of Martin's Moor calf. Made for the conservative but knowing business man. Surpassingly comfortable.*

LOTUS 774 (VELDTSCHOEN)—*Master of them all. The world's most famous shoe. Made absolutely water-proof by unique construction. Comfortable as a stout old glove. Proudly rugged in appearance, and durable beyond belief. Made of Martin's brown Zug. The pre-eminent shoe for the country and wet city streets. With English hobnails added, it is the shoe the grizzled old guard of English golf have steadily worn for years.*

LOTUS 775 TAN AND 777 BLACK—*A trim, lighter shoe, made over the same last as the Veldtschoen. Scotch-grained leather. Fine, sturdy lines. Immensely popular among the colleges and sporting men. A shoe for tweeds and homespuns. Utter comfort and amazing wear. For all-around service, this shoe is ideal—at home in the stadium or the drawing-room.*

LOTUS SHOES

Made in Northampton, England

The essential Refinement...TOWELS *of* LINEN

This limited showing of exclusive designs can only suggest the wide range of recent creations in Irish and Scottish weaves that are at the command of American women. ~ ~ ~

MANY A HOSTESS whose charming hospitality, in drawing room and at table, has enchanted her guests, is betrayed by the revealing details of her bathroom appointments.

She who places at the disposal of her guests the suave refinement of Linen Damask towels need fear no such betrayal — for at the touch of the fingers to its texture, Linen Damask interprets a delicacy and a fineness that are attributed, inevitably, to the hostess herself.

For generations, towels of Linen Damask, loomed by the craftsmen of Ireland and of Scotland, have been the traditional expression of impeccable taste. Today, when the bathroom has attained an especial beauty and luxury of appointment, the designs and tints of Linen Damask towels are as essential to distinctive harmonies of decoration as their exquisite texture is to a fitting refinement of living.

If you desire further information, write The Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, 260 West Broadway, New York, N. Y.

LOVELY LINEN
FACE & HAND TOWELS
impressively correct

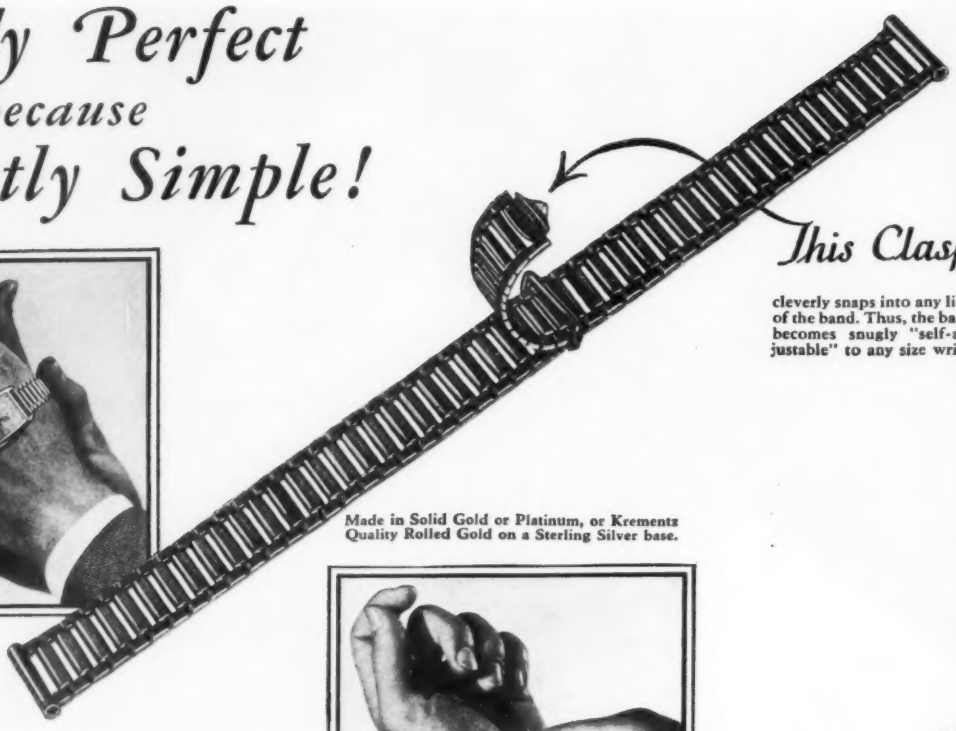
"The Mohawk" $5.00

SINCE 1854
DANIEL HAYS
Superseam Gloves

When you're off for opera or dinner party, of course you'll wear Mocha. And when you tuck your gloves in your pocket, no bulge will mar the smooth line of your coat. Many men of fine discrimination prefer this soft, silky-feeling leather for street wear as well.

A Daniel Hays Glove

Simply Perfect because Perfectly Simple!



This Clasp

cleverly snaps into any link of the band. Thus, the band becomes snugly "self-adjustable" to any size wrist.

Made in Solid Gold or Platinum, or Krementz Quality Rolled Gold on a Sterling Silver base.

These illustrations show first how easily this Self-Adjustable Wrist Watch Band slips over the hand. Next, how it is tightened to just the right-feeling size of your own wrist. And finally, how it is snapped on to stay—until you are ready to click it off.

THIS new Krementz Wrist Watch Band is timed to the modern tempo! A snap, and it's on to stay—until you are ready to click it off! A clever clasp snaps fast to *any* link of the band. Thus the band can be adjusted to fit any size wrist. The mannish open links also give the wrist a chance to breathe. (You know how warm a wrist can get!)

This new Krementz Wrist Watch Band is truly a perfect expression of convenience and comfort. A fitting complement to the finest watch. Simply perfect because perfectly simple. Smartly efficient! Exclusively smart!

A wonderful gift, or prize, because it's the sort of thing men buy for themselves! See your jeweler and let him show you how easily it works! Your jeweler has this Self-Adjustable Wrist Watch Band and also a variety of other styles of Krementz Wrist Watch Bands. May we tell you the name of your nearest jeweler? New Yorkers can phone our Fifth Avenue Office, Lackawanna 3123.

KREMENTZ & COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

Makers of Fine Jewelry since 1866

FOR HIS BIRTHDAY!
FOR A PRIZE!

Krementz

"Self Adjustable" WRIST WATCH BAND

FOR ANY MAN AS A GIFT TO HIMSELF!

ABOVE—*The ALL-WEATHER Sportocasin. As resistant to water as any leather shoe made. Probably the most expensive golf shoe on the market. ALL-WEATHERS are genuine moccasins. This means soft, seamless leather under the foot. The only moccasins with built-in arch support. Because of these and other patented features, Sportocasins are the ideal shoes for golf.*

The Abbott Flying Boot

Made of soft, heavy-textured elkskin. Fleece-lined for warmth. Extra roomy to go over regular shoes or boots. Flexible soles turned up at heel to protect against wear. Easy to get on and off.

SPORTOCASINS for Golf

An Exclusive Abbott Shoe

Look at the photographs of the country's leading golfers. Check up the low-handicap players in your own club. What is the one thing most of them have in common? Sportocasins—the authoritative shoe for golf. There are many reasons for the overwhelming popularity of this unique golf shoe. If you want to know what they are, send for a complimentary copy of "First-Hole-Feet on the 18th Green."

WARNING: Sportocasins (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) are sold only through a selected list of dealers. The popularity of these genuine moccasins for golf has induced other merchants to offer imitation moccasins which resemble Sportocasins only in appearance and are of cheaper construction. For your own protection insist upon genuine Sportocasins. You can always identify them by the Pine Tree Trademark.

The Abbott Fishing Boot

Designed especially for fishing. As nearly waterproof as an all-leather boot can be. Full bellows tongue, molded soles, spiked heels.

THE

ABBOTT

COMPANY

Yarmouth Maine

ORIGINATORS OF AUTHENTIC FOOTGEAR FOR SPORTSMEN

Town & Country

OUT-O-DOORS
LEATHER
CLOTHING

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLOTHING . . . modeled by authorities of sporting life . . . smartly tailored by fashion experts . . . made of the finest imported and domestic leathers. . . .

These garments are expressive of the out-of-doors. They are designed to permit the lithe movement of the body and the supple play of limbs.

Rumple a Town and Country leather garment in your fingers . . . feel the caress of the soft-tanned leather. See for yourself what the Town and Country label means.

You are offered a wide choice of designs, and colors ranging from smart tans and grays to brilliant reds and greens. The local dealer either carries or can obtain Town and Country leather clothing for you. Write for a booklet.

For gifts, these garments are perfect! Town and Country leather windbreakers and coats similar in style to the illustrations are made in a variety of selected leathers in all desirable colors.

GUITERMAN BROTHERS

Originators of cold-resisting clothing

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Smart but not conspicuous —the secret of

MODERN STYLE

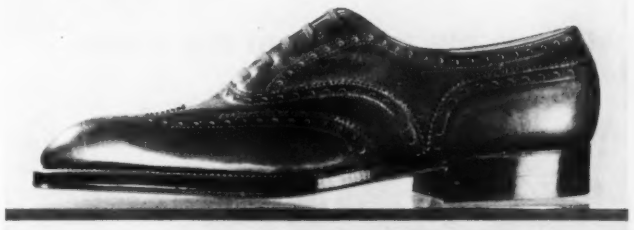
GOOD TASTE is reflected by a man's manner of dressing as much as by the furnishing of his home. Clothing expresses one's sense of what is fitting and proper.

Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes, with their many new models, have those very things the well-dressed man insists on. Style—designed by authorities and correct for all occasions. Materials that are evidently excellent. Expert workmanship apparent in every turn and stitch. And a comfort beyond the experience of every single person unfamiliar with the exclusive Glove-Grip feature.

Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes fit properly, perfectly. Under and around the instep a glove-snugness makes each shoe seem made-to-order. The natural support is restful to the most active feet. Write us for the address of your Arnold dealer. See and try on a pair. We believe that one visit will justify every claim made for these shoes. M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, Dept. C-11 North Abington, Mass.

ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

ARNOLD GLOVE GRIP SHOES



The **MAYFAIR**

The **OLYMPIC**

In antiquity, there were no Cheney Cravats . . . which is to say that the attire of ancient gentlemen was just a little incomplete. The toga, for all its virility, lacked a touch. : : : However, there are Cheney Cravats for every hour. They run the whole gamut of occasions — a right one for day wear . . . a right one for dinner . . . a right one for a Westchester week end. : : : Your haberdasher will put his heart and his whole stock of Cheneys into aiding you.

CHENEY
CRAVATS

Made by
CHENEY BROTHERS

Tire of tires: this is the Goodyear Double Eagle. Built to be better than is customarily needed; for those favored folk who can afford to forget they *have* tires on their cars. Something much more than a heavy duty tire—a *luxury* tire. So troubleproof and durable that under anything like normal conditions you can expect the Double Eagle to last as long as you will keep your car.

GOODYEAR

Double Eagle

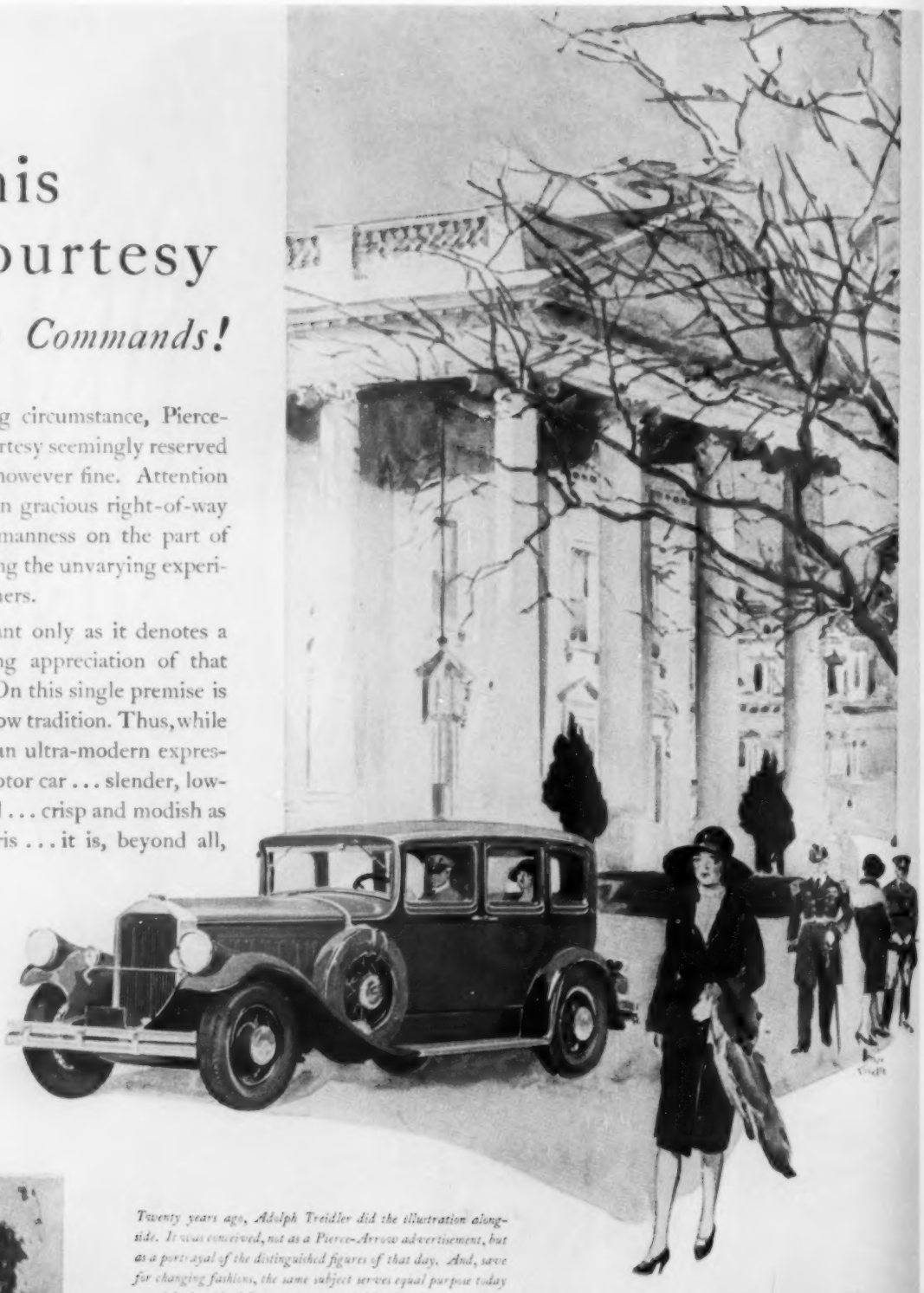
© 1929 G. T. & R. Co., Inc.

This Fine Courtesy

Pierce-Arrow Commands!

IN almost any motoring circumstance, Pierce-Arrow commands a courtesy seemingly reserved for no other automobile, however fine. Attention that is extra alert, a certain gracious right-of-way ... even a trifle more humanness on the part of traffic officers ... are among the unvarying experiences of Pierce-Arrow owners.

All of which is important only as it denotes a universal and never-failing appreciation of that which is genuinely fine. On this single premise is moulded every Pierce-Arrow tradition. Thus, while the new Straight Eight is an ultra-modern expression of America's finest motor car ... slender, low-swung, luxurious, powerful ... crisp and modish as something fresh from Paris ... it is, beyond all, *a Pierce-Arrow.*



Twenty years ago, Adolph Treidler did the illustration alongside. It was conceived, not as a Pierce-Arrow advertisement, but as a portrayal of the distinguished figures of that day. And, save for changing fashions, the same subject serves equal purpose today —with the aid of Pierce-Arrow and Mr. Treidler, as above.

Pierce-Arrow prices are from $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

PIERCE-ARROW

It's rum that makes tobacco rumid

Put your cigarettes in a Rumidor and let the rum-laden vapor revive their freshness and restore their true flavor. Dry tobacco is hot... an irritating smoke. But rumid tobacco is cool... a smooth, mellow smoke, free from biting and burning.

Rum has long been used in ageing and conditioning choice tobaccos before they are packaged. That is why a really fresh cigarette is so much better than one that is at all dry.

The Rumidor is the most amazing humidor you've ever seen. The cover of the Rumidor contains solidified genuine 12-year-old rum. The vaporization of this rum makes tobacco r u m i d. Every cigarette from a Rumidor is in perfect condition for smoking... you will realize it the moment you light one.

Four sizes of Rumidor accommodate cigarettes, pipe tobacco or cigars. In handsome metals and beautiful leathers. $3.50 to $100. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail us the coupon below.

1—A cigarette from the Rumidor is fresh, mellow and full of flavor... it is rumid... 100% moist and in perfect condition for smoking.

2—This represents the average of twelve cigarettes, purchased at random. They are NOT in condition for smoking. Only 15% moist... not rumid at all.

RUMIDOR

Genuine 12-year-old Rum in the Rumidor makes tobacco rumid

THE RUMIDOR CORP., 501 Fifth Ave., New York V-1

Please mail me
Copper cigarette Rumidor. Check encl. $3.50
Package four Rum Refills. Check encl. $1.00
Handsomely illustrated booklet, gratis.

Name_____

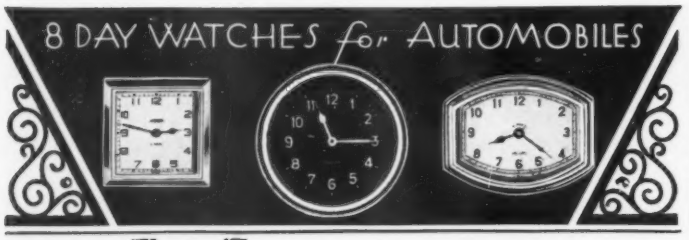
Address_____

City_____ State_____

DESIGNED by a French authority on chronology, the jeweled 8 day Jaeger watch is the world's master timepiece for motor cars. You'll never be satisfied with anything else. Regular equipment on Cadillac, Fleetwood, Franklin, LaSalle, Packard, Ruxton, Fiat, Hispano-Suiza, Isotta-Fraschini, Lancia, Minerva, Renault, and others. Sold by Jaeger service stations or direct.

JAEGER WATCH COMPANY
E. L. VAILLANCOURT
304 East 45th St., New York City

LONDON GENEVA PARIS



Miles don't *matter* when you telegraph Flowers the FTD way

REALLY it's as simple as ordering flowers for next-door delivery. Just seek a florist featuring the Winged Mercury emblem on his shop window. He will gladly suggest appropriate flowers for the occasion, and telegraph your order to an associate F. T. D. florist in the distant city, who is under bond to fill it exactly as though he had taken the order direct. Thus within a few hours she will be enjoying the fresh fragrance of your flowers.

Say it with Flowers — *By Wire with Safety*

SPONSORED BY THE FLORIST TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

Schools that are Different

STUDY SOMETHING PLEASANT

THIS winter, don't just dawdle through the usual round. Study something amusing, develop a talent, give yourself an interest in life. Here are a group of good schools . . . offering the young professional the foundation of a career . . . offering the intelligent amateur a broader culture in the company of a new group of alert people. Decide what you would like to do . . . choose the school that will teach you how to do it . . . write, identifying yourself as a reader of Vanity Fair, for their catalogues. Or, if in doubt, ask us to suggest alternatives . . . there is no charge for our service.

THE CONDÉ NAST EDUCATIONAL BUREAU
1929 Graybar Building New York City

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AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent

The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting.

The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

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Room 262-K CARNEGIE HALL, New York

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Advisory Directors Wm. A. Brady, Sir John Martin-Harvey, J. J. Shubert

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Classic—National—Folk—Rhythmic—Ball Room
"To Miss O'Neil I owe my success"
Mrs. Vernon Castle
746 Madison Ave., N. Y. Phone Rhinelander 6770

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Recreational and Normal Courses
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Private Lessons specialized
Personal instruction by
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SHORT STORY WRITING

A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of The Writer's Monthly.

150 page catalog free. Please address:
The Home Correspondence School
Dr. Esenwein Dept. 70 Springfield, Mass.

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Affiliated with the University of California
FALL TERM NOW IN SESSION
Professional courses in the fine and applied arts
Write for illustrated catalogue
LEE F. RANDOLPH, *Director*

55th Year of The ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE
215 W. 57th St., New York
CLASSES—In Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Lithography, Etching, and Wood Block Printing.
Send for Catalog V.

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Private Secretarial and Finishing Courses. One to three months. Coaching in Stenography, Secretarial Duties, Accounts and Banking.
521 Fifth Ave. at 43rd St., New York. *Van 3896*

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KING · SMITH STUDIO · SCHOOL
Washington New York Paris
Music, Dancing, Dramatic Art, Languages, Fine & Applied Art
Residential. Address: 1739 New Hampshire Ave., Wash., D. C.

BOYS' SCHOOLS

ROXBURY
Complete attention to the needs of the individual boy insures a thorough College Preparation.
A. F. Sheriff, Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.

JUDSON SCHOOL For Boys 12 to 16
Healthful, outdoor ranch life. Alt. 1,300 ft. Modern buildings, boys live in cottages. 7th, 8th grades and first two years high school. Master to every 5 boys. Riding, swimming pool, tennis. Camping trips.
George A. Judson, A.M., Phoenix, Arizona

EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN

THE WOODS' SCHOOL
For Exceptional Children Three Separate Schools
GIRLS BOYS LITTLE FOLKS
Booklet Box 180, Langhorne, Pa.
Mrs. Mollie Woods Hare, Principal

The Mary E. Pogue Sanitarium and School
Wheaton, Illinois Founded 1903
For children and young people needing individual instruction. Special training. Medical supervision. Trained nurses. Colleges trained faculty. Home atmosphere. 25 acre estate. Gratifying Results. Many students have continued work in academic schools.

Fashion today
REQUIRES THESE *luxurious linings -*

THE American business man is paying attention, as never before, to refinements of dress. Good fit and good cloth are no longer sufficient in a suit or topcoat. He scrutinizes all details of the tailoring.

To be a style success, he knows that the garment should be silk lined. And the one lining he can depend upon to provide that greatly desired luxury, together with *long service*, is Skinner's Satin.

Skinner's lining satins are closely woven of the finest grades of silk—more silk to every inch of the fabric. That is why they have combined such beauty and wearing quality ever since 1848.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, *Established 1848*
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

Skinner's Satins

SKINNER'S CREPES *and* CREPE SATINS
for women's gowns and linings, are styled to the newest mode, in many beautiful colorings. They have unrivalled softness and draping qualities.

•

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

WHOSE FEET?

if you don't know the answer you don't know the theatre

• These are the hoofs of the tap-dancer who has made people in New York swear they had never heard tap dancing before.

• Up a set of steps . . . tap-tap-tapping . . . embroidering the complex rhythm of the saxophones with still more quirls and quirks . . . down a set of steps . . . come on, you babies, beat 'em out! . . . hot diggity, dar dey goes 'way f'um me! . . . on, on, faster, faster, never getting tired . . . well, you've just never seen tap dancing before, that's all!

• Can you put a name to those feet? Can you tell what's the new trend in the serious stage? Do you know where the shining young stars sing together? Can you talk intelligently on the questions of lighting and pace that embroil drama lovers today? Do you know what's happening in the talkies?

• If you're a bit rusty, polish up! Know how to pick the right show for your best girl. How to have a real opinion on the newest star. How to patronize a dowager into silence at a dinner party.

read Vanity Fair

Beginning now, at the very start of the winter theatrical, musical, artistic and literary season, you can have Vanity Fair coming to you every month . . . through two whole years . . . for only $5. This is a big saving. Ordinarily, Vanity Fair costs $4 a year . . . 2 years $8 . . . but by signing the coupon below, you can get both for $5 . . . or that second year for only $1 more than the usual one-year price.

2 years of Vanity Fair $5

(regular price $4 a year)

that second year for $1

THIS COUPON SAVES YOU $3

Vanity Fair, Graybar Building, New York City

☐ Enclosed find $5.00 for TWO YEARS (24 issues) of Vanity Fair

☐ Enclosed find $4.00 for ONE YEAR (12 issues) of Vanity Fair

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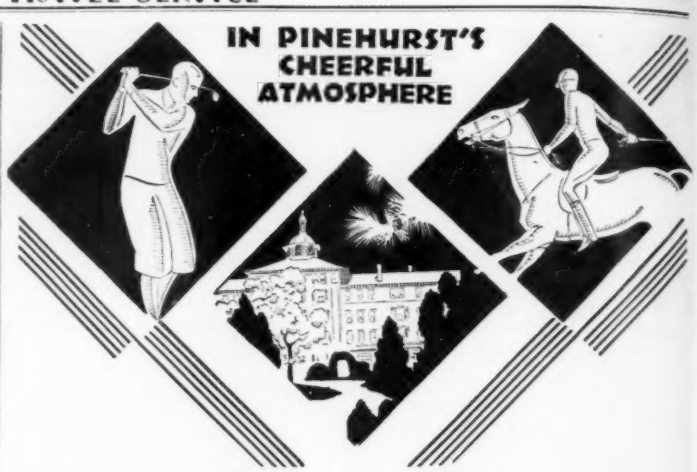

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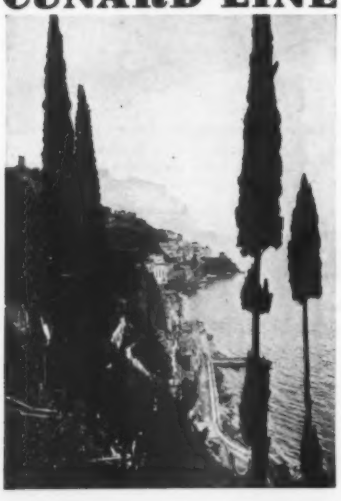

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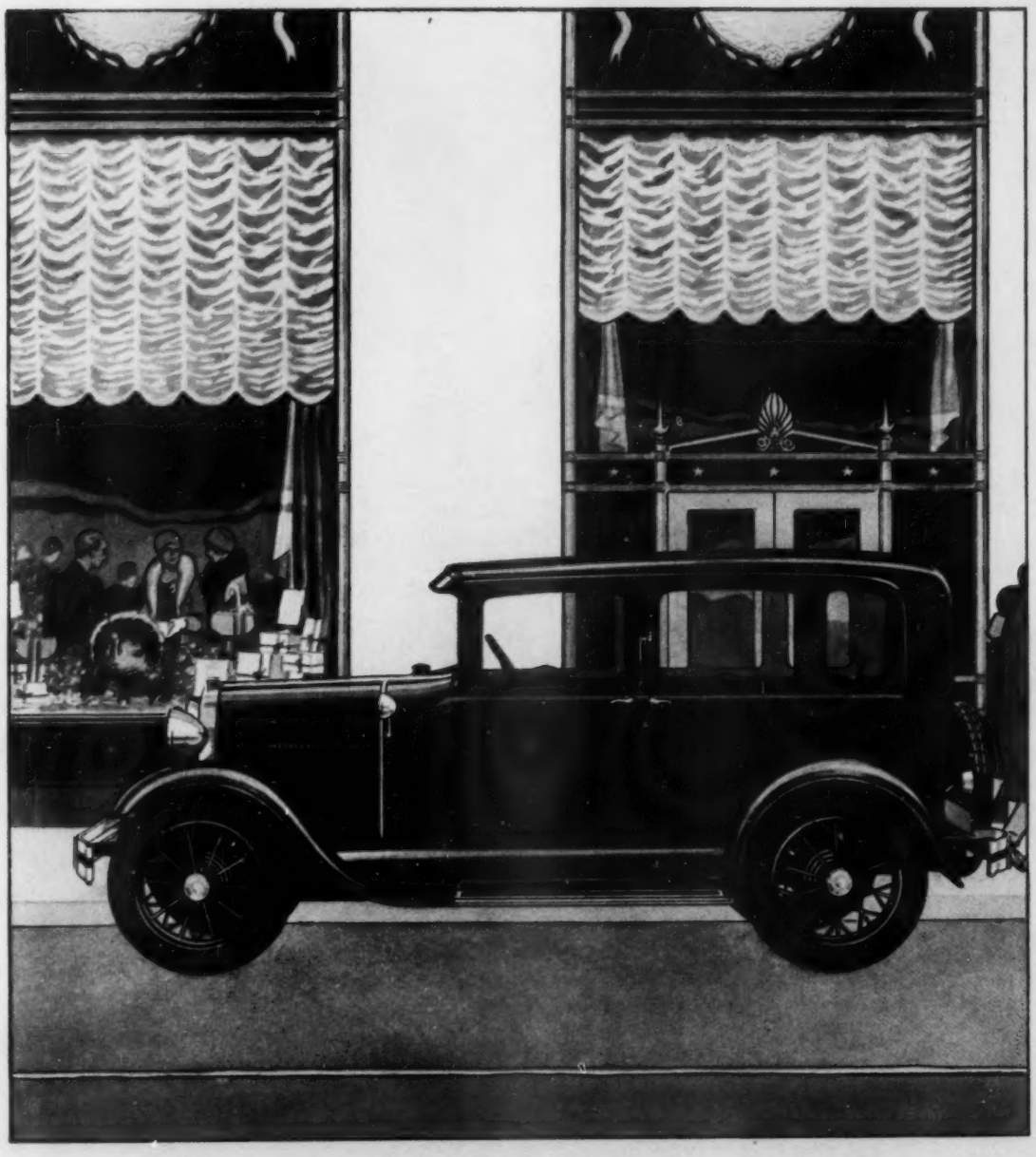
For the convenience of these discriminating people, some of the best hotels in the world are listed on these pages. They come up to every standard set by the smart world and are approved by the Condé Nast Travel Service. As you plan the itinerary of your next trip, consult these pages, and write to the hotels listed for rates and reservations. If you identify yourself as a reader of Vanity Fair, you will find it a decided advantage!



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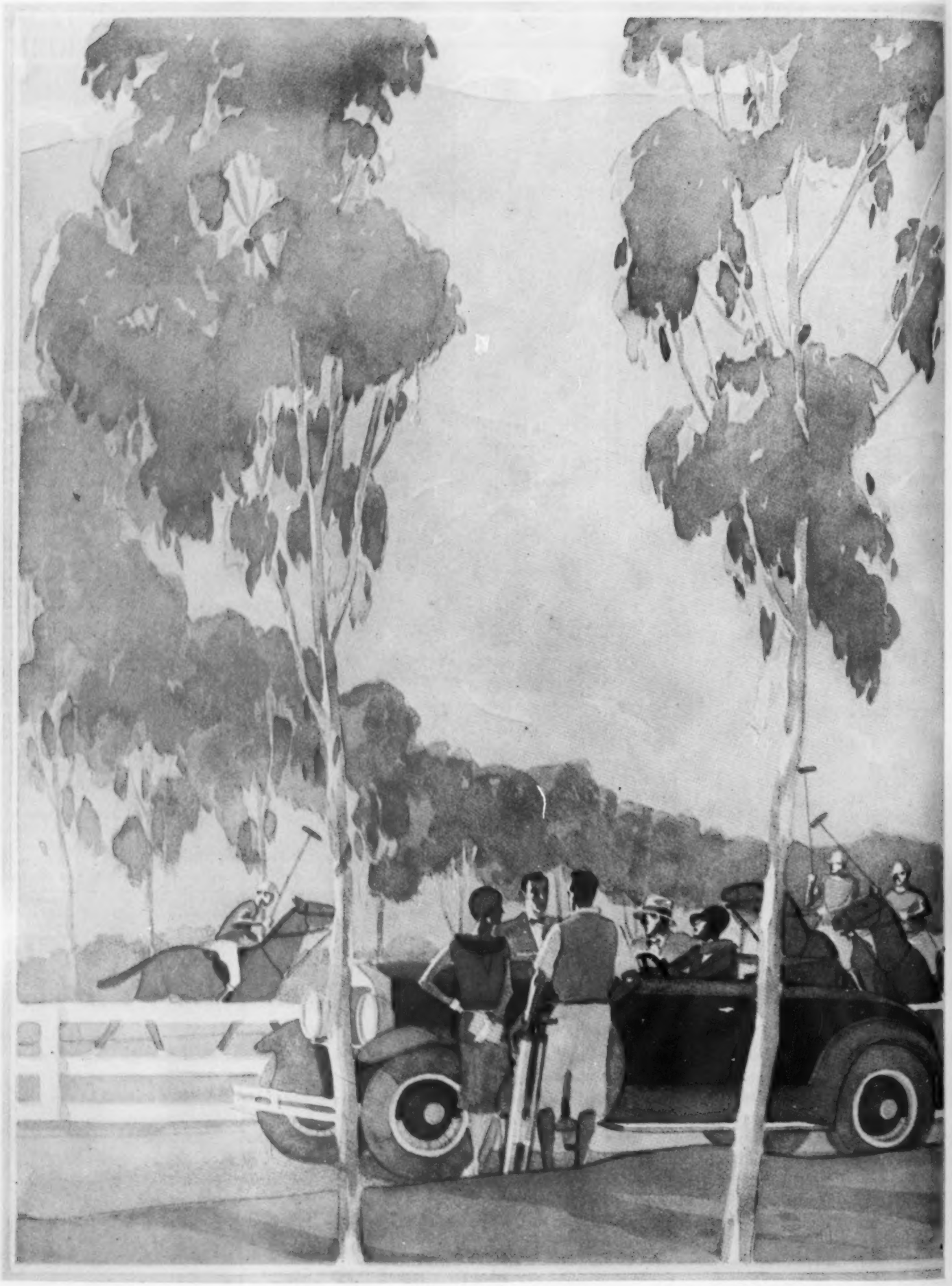

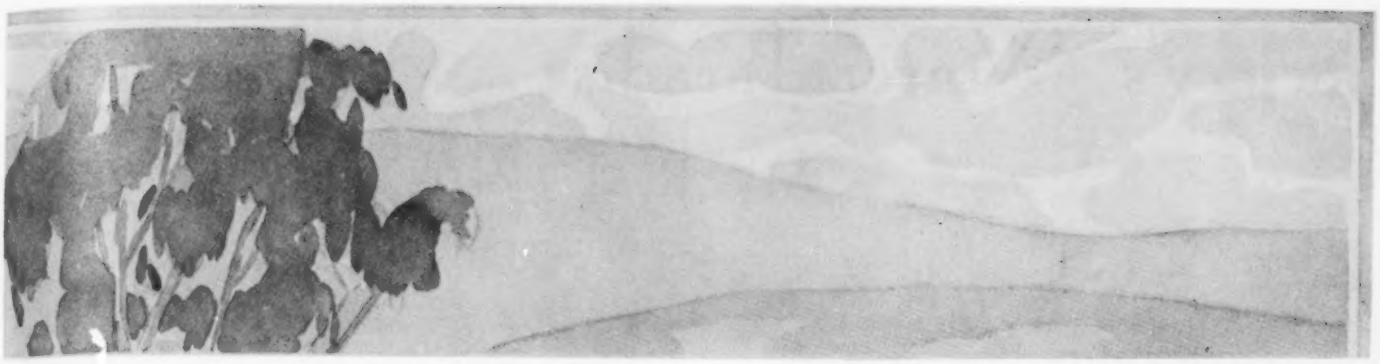

CALIFORNIA

WHEN your gorgeous autumn days are graying into winter . . . and that cold November twilight comes . . . well, winter's on the way . . .

Soon smart society is on the move, winging westward to the blue Pacific . . . to California, America's gay Riviera . . . playground of the world!

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Los Angeles and its Hollywood, Pasadena and Beverly Hills, gay words . . . to the travel-wise . . . then San Diego, with Agua Caliente just over the border. And for good stylish loafing, which science calls heliotherapy, heed the call of the desert! Palm Springs . . . or Death Valley, with its enthralling beauty and vast brooding expanse of sand and silence . . . back to the ocean again at Santa Barbara, another favorite of the smart world.

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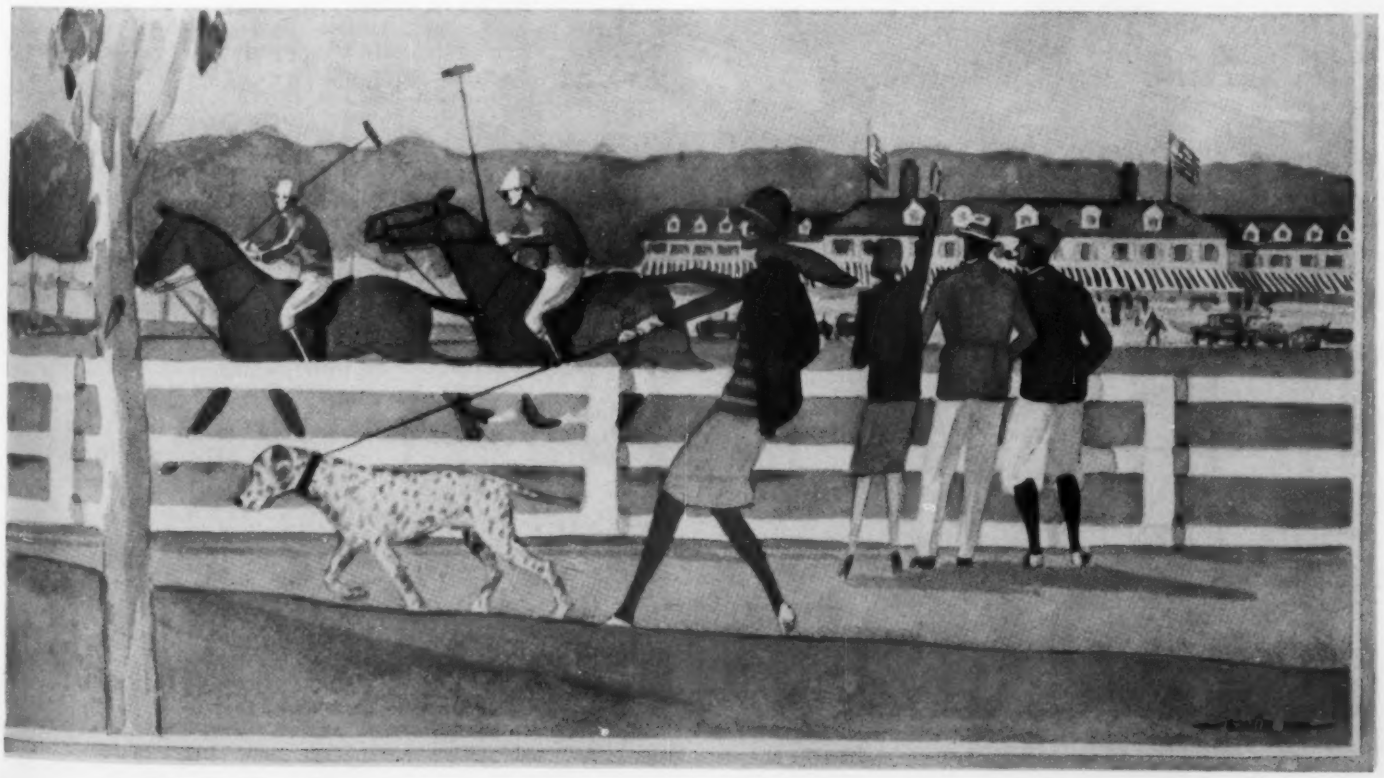

Society's Winter Paradise.... Hawaii

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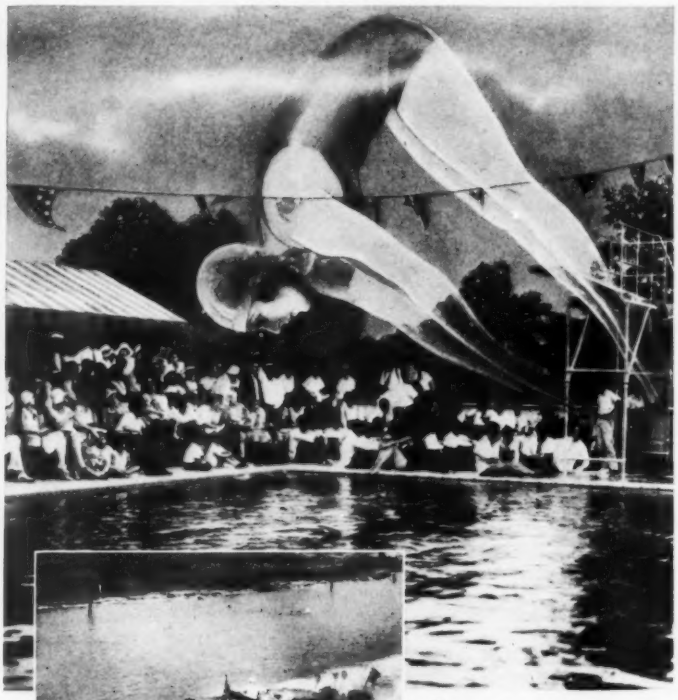

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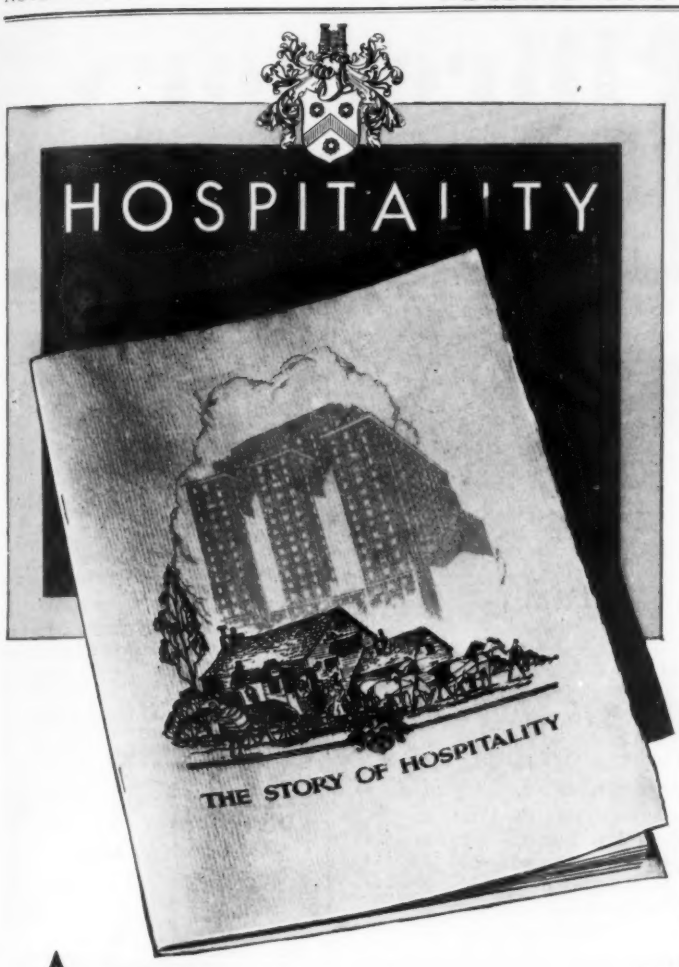

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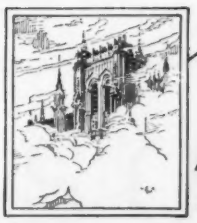

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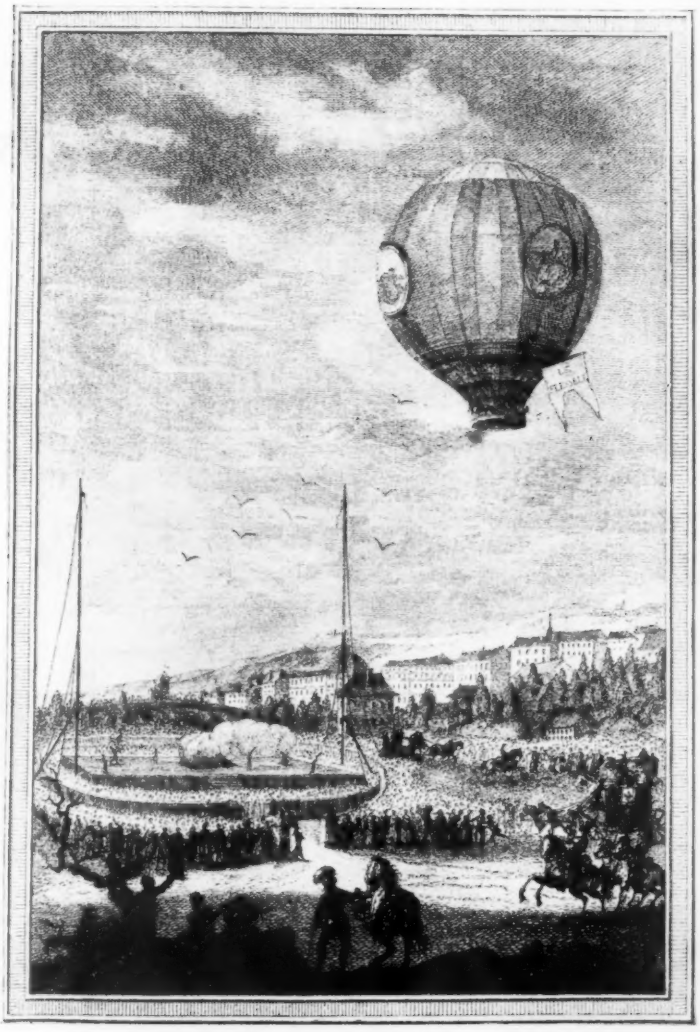

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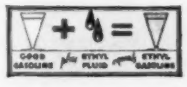

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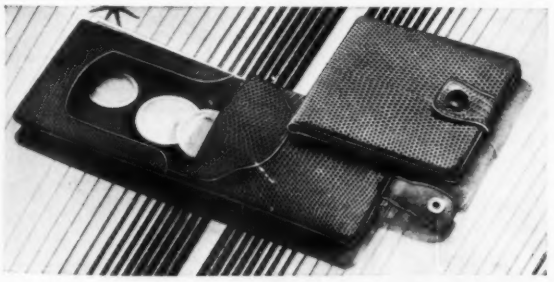

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in

VANITY FAIR

the golden claw of the dragon scorpion

how a man ventured through a limehouse night alone and what his grim errand was

■ Thick, grey and clammy fog swirled through the streets of London, shadowing first, and finally blotting everything from sight. It was a dismal, eerie night. From afar came the weird sound of steamer whistles. Nearer one could hear a thousand noises—footsteps, horses walking, the irate squall of cab-horns trying vainly to penetrate the veil.

John Naylor strode on. Everything depended on his reaching Number 66 in time. As he walked he collided occasionally with fog-bound pedestrians. Turning off the main thoroughfare he paused for an instant and then plunged on—on into the very heart of Limehouse. A less brave man would have halted and turned back. Not he. His rather aggressive jaw clenched. His dark eyes sparked fire. And the tan of his features that spoke eloquently of a long and recent sojourn in the tropics did not pale the shade of a shade.

Now a new set of sounds came out of the thick gloom. The pat of sandalled feet and the notes of a strange instrument—sounds he did not need to tell him that he was in the heart of London's Chinatown.

Suddenly, out of the dark, came a blood-curdling scream. It rooted John Naylor to the spot. Once it rose, high and quivering and then there was a silence even more awful than the scream. Naylor ran. He ran like a man pursued by death. Twice he thought he heard footfalls behind him. He remembered things those footfalls had presaged in India —but he went on.

A door barred his way. Number 66. Too late to stop for such a trifle. He moved at a faster pace through the mist toward that sound. Now he was sure of the footsteps. A hand touched his shoulder.

Naylor turned. At that instant a wind rose. The vaporous sheet stirred and was cleared away. In the light of a lamp he saw the face of a woman.

■ It was the strangest and also the most beautiful face he had ever seen. Oval and olive, with bright scarlet lips. He found himself staring into two pools of ink—eyes in which mortal terror lived and breathed. The woman's nostrils were dilated. She was obviously a Eurasian. At the same time, she was dressed in the height of European fashion.

"Save me," she whispered.

Naylor was quick to regain his composure. "Certainly," he answered calmly.

"They are near!"

"Yes," he answered. He knew at first hand of Lascars, of Thuggee and the fearsome cults of the Mongolian mountains.

"I have but an instant," she murmured. "I throw myself upon your mercy."

"Anything I can do—" he began, but she interrupted him with a gesture of a hand on which a single blood-red ruby the size of a walnut glowed with inner fire.

"Take this. On your life do not lose it. It may bring your death."

In his outstretched palm she placed a small object. His fingers closed upon it. The girl—she was scarcely a woman—smiled then. He saw the flash of her pearly, perfectly matched teeth. "Thank you. The monsters!"

"But—"

"To-morrow, then, if you must," she said, reading his thoughts. "To-morrow at seven at Kettner's in Soho." She spoke, hurriedly, as if words were precious. "The golden claw of the dragon scorpion," she said in a low voice that was, however, vibrantly clear.

Then she was gone into the murk. Naylor heard the thrumming of a powerful motor, the sound of brakes released. Then the mist closed in and he could see nothing.

■ There he was in the heart of civilized London—not fifteen minutes from Trafalgar Square and within calling distance of a score of people. And yet—

It came. He heard it moving at his feet. Horror crept through his veins and he waited. At last he saw it—ten inches long, its ugly body puffed with rage, its hairs a-bristle, its venom-fangs bared. The poison rats of the Swandada priests. He could scarcely refrain from crying out. Naylor turned and ran. An old Brahmin had taught him the trick. As he ran he zig-zagged. Soon he could no longer hear its terrible shuffling over the flags. He slowed down. Dockland was not far away. He could smell the river. He could delineate faintly the prow of a steamer—a steamer from the mysterious Orient. With his last ounce of energy he sped out onto the wharf, heedless of what might await him. The oily river licked the piling below him. He raced up the gangplank. A form came out of the shadows.

■ "Naylor!" the form said.

Naylor nodded abruptly. He was safe, safe! —for the moment. "I walked," he said briefly.

"Great heavens, man, are you crazy?"

"I tried to get into Number 66—but it was too late. They were closed."

Naylor sucked in the calm, cool air in great gasps. "I got to my hotel and unpacked—— and I found it was missing. I had to have it —tonight. I decided to walk."

The figure came into the light. It was the ship's second officer. "Had to have what?" he asked.

"Why!" Naylor exclaimed. "Whatever else in the world would make me walk through Limehouse on a foggy night, unknown horrors lurking in every shadow, except to get hold of my latest copy of VANITY FAIR!"

—P. G. WYLIE

IN THE FOG MARTIN

Then the mist closed about John Naylor and he could see nothing. Momentarily he expected to hear the pfff! of an African blow-gun. He was in the heart of civilized London. And yet the night was alive with terrifying mysteries

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VANITY FAIR

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in this number

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The Holler Art . . . . . GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
The Tie Maketh the Man . . . . . MICHAEL ARLEN
Still More About Love . . . . . PAUL GÉRALDY
The Horse-Car Must Go! . . . . . COREY FORD
Ola . . . . . CLAUDE ANET
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The Unimportance of Luxury . . . . . HAROLD NICOLSON
Things are Sometimes Otherwise . . . . . FERENC MOLNÁR
The Censor . . . . . ALDOUS HUXLEY
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CERTY SIMON. BERLIN

ARISTIDE BRIAND

twelve times french premier, champion of peace and the idea of world fraternity

Much of the strength of France rests in her power to produce, and her readiness to recognize and reward such men as Aristide Briand. Although he has been twelve times Premier of France and now holds as well the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs, he is thought of as a man who is still on the upward slope toward the real climax of his career. Since 1906, as a (so-to-speak) conservative socialist, he has extended his power, until today he is probably the only man competent to rebuild an enfeebled Europe. He bent his greatest efforts toward bringing the war to a successful conclusion, but he has always and pre-eminently been the man of peace, daring even during war to prepare for peace. It was in large part Briand who created the European atmosphere that has made conceivable the great hope of a United States of Europe, the supreme objective of Briand's politic

VANITY FAIR

PHILIP SNOWDEN AT THE HAGUE • BY WALTER LIPPMANN

■ The behaviour of Mr. Philip Snowden at the Hague Conference aroused intense admiration in Britain but it aroused angry bewilderment almost everywhere else. The nationalist press in France and Italy reproved Mr. Snowden severely for not being a good internationalist. Americans who had sat by complacently while the Administration threw cold water on the Young Plan reproved the British Government for daring to question the smallest part of the Young Plan. Editors who always have a tirade against pacifists on tap lectured the pacifist chancellor on being a renegade from the principles of pacifism. From Rome to Washington everybody living in a glass house began to throw stones at Philip Snowden.

It was felt that the British position was illogical and inconvenient. Here was a conference to adopt the Young Plan. The Young Plan, it was said, would really end the war. The Young Plan would really restore normal conditions in Europe. Here was a government in Great Britain run by socialists, pacifists, and internationalists. Here were the French and the Germans in agreement at last. Who, then, would have believed that these socialists, pacifists and internationalists would stand up in the face of Europe, fight for a few pennies on the income tax of the British taxpayers, and talk about the time having "come for England to resume the position in international relations to which her position in the world entitles her"? The British Labour Party talking about taxes and prestige instead of about peace and righteousness: it was preposterous and it was wicked. Taxes and prestige are the political stage props of patriotic conservation, and now by some perversity of fate the British Labourites had put on airs and were behaving like a set of conventional patriots. It nearly broke the hearts of the French and Italian editors to behold noble ideals thus betrayed.

■ Yet on second thought it must be apparent that Philip Snowden is not the familiar case of the Jacobin turned Jingo. He is not, like Signor Mussolini, a man who spent the first half of his life appealing to the prejudices of the unprivileged and the second half appealing to the prejudices of the privileged. I do not suppose that Messrs. Snowden and MacDonald failed to note or to enjoy the political strength they gained by taking what looked like a nationalist position. It cannot have been unpleasant for these leaders of a chronic minority suddenly to find England united by them as it has not been united in time of peace for generations. But no one who has observed the career of Philip Snowden and appreciated his tough-mindedness will suppose that he went Jingo to win a cheap little triumph. Were that the true explanation one could count on a continuation of the Jingo line in foreign policy: as a matter of fact, Labour's policy in respect to Egypt, naval armaments, the League and the World Court shows clearly enough that Messrs. MacDonald and Snowden, in spite of Tory applause for their behaviour at The Hague, are still as far to the left in international relations as it is possible to be without surrendering these offices. It would be greatly misleading to consider The Hague as signifying a change of character. The two leaders of the Labour Party are still the two men who risked everything, at times even their lives, to oppose the Boer war and the World war. That they happened last August to delight the Tories and to capture the imagination of England is largely a coincidence. There are reasons which are wholly consistent with their known characters and convictions which explain their conduct.

■ The subject of the Conference was the adoption of the Young Plan. What is the purpose of the Young Plan? Its chief purpose is to establish ways and means of collecting from Germany as painlessly as possible enough money to pay the Allied debts to America and to provide a surplus for France. The Young Committee did not fix that purpose. It did not consider whether Allied debts or German reparations ought to be paid. That was settled by the Treaty of Versailles, the Balfour note, and the American debt settlements. The great decisions to compel the payment of political debts for sixty-two years were made not by the experts at Paris last Spring but by the war and post-war governments and by the victorious peoples when they were preoccupied by the immediate memories of the war. The Young Committee simply set themselves the task of carrying out these decisions as intelligently as possible. By general consent they succeeded: they devised a plan for doing what the post-war governments had wanted to do but had never had the brains or the detachment to find a practicable way of doing. The Young Plan, therefore, is a brilliant, ingenious, and highly imaginative scheme for executing decisions that the Committee were not permitted to examine.

But Mr. Snowden, having been a political outcast when these decisions were made has had leisure to examine them. He has had no particular incentive to admire them for they were made by governments and peoples which he, as a pacifist, regarded as somewhat mentally deranged. Now the Young Plan must have a very different look to a man who never supported the war or approved of the peace treaties than it would have to a man of more normal and conventional mind. To the ordinary person the Young Plan is a great step in a sequence of great steps. But to a Snowden it must in the last analysis seem like a brilliant deduction from an insane premise. He never believed in Germany's monopoly of war guilt; therefore he cannot take seriously the moral and legal obligations of Germany to pay reparations. He never believed in the inter-Allied debt settlements. His preconceptions are radically different from those of any other statesman of the Allies. Since he does not believe that Germany or the Allies could or would or ought to pay unproductive political debts from now until the end of the century, the devices in the Young Plan must appear to him as a wise and rational method for doing a stupid and irrational thing. If, as I believe, these were Mr. Snowden's preconceptions as he read the Young Plan, then it would not be difficult to understand why he showed so little awe in dealing with it. Disliking its premises, he could hardly feel the deepest respect for its conclusions.

■ His state of mind was not determined, as was that of those who swim the currents of opinion, by a sense of how difficult and how hopeful it had been that the Germans and the French had reached an agreement in Paris. He did not feel that it was sacrilege to muss up the delicate compromises of the Plan. He had little sympathy with the post-war mentality which had made these compromises so desirable and so delicate. As a British radical he had a profound distrust of French policy from Delcasse to Poincare. He did not like the pre-war *Entente* and the Czarist alliance. He did not like Mr. Poincare's part in the origin of the war. He did not like the war. He did not like the victorious peace. He did not like the treaties. He did not like the Ruhr. He did not like the French alliances in Eastern Europe. He did not like the White Russian campaigns. He did not like the French submarine and air programs. Beyond the Alps, he certainly did not like Signor Mussolini and his Fascists. In his opinion, and in the opinion of British radicals *(Continued on page 130)*

inseparable

BY HENRI DUVERNOIS

the fable of the perfect friendship, showing that an entente of embonpoint requires parity in tonnage

● It was the tea-hour at a fashionable restaurant. Tentative harmonies drifted upon the amber-lighted air from the orchestra tuning up in preparation for its afternoon programme; and all about the room the tables were gay with flowers and with silver trays of little cakes, pink and white and delicate green in their crisp jackets of frosting. Under a group of glistening palms, a table was set with fourteen places, one of which was already occupied by a lady; she was still young, and vaguely pretty, but the opulent curves of her figure flowed happily from her in all directions, and her eyes shone with eager desire as she watched the head waiter cutting an immense cake into equal parts, while his assistant piled sandwiches in trim rows on a large platter.

Madame Poitrieux hesitated in the doorway, then went directly to the table with the fourteen places.

"Is this Madame Fournier's tea-party?" she asked the waiter.

It was the plump lady who answered.

● "Yes," she said pleasantly, "but I think we are ahead of time." She rested her eyes for a moment on the unknown arrival. "I don't believe we've had the pleasure of meeting before; I am Madame Charavant."

The other woman smiled—and when she smiled, her chin melted into little ripples pendant from the rich contours of the rest of her face. "Allow me to introduce myself—Madame Poitrieux."

Amiably these two women appraised each other; both voluminous and lazy, a little short of breath, very much made up, over-perfumed and swathed in furs.

"Take an armchair," said Madame Charavant. "Those straight-backed atrocities are *too* uncomfortable."

Madame Poitrieux lowered herself into a softly cushioned chair, panting a little, and allowed her bulk to compose itself around her in a series of peaceful curves. "I'm not sorry to be early," she declared, "since it gives me the pleasure of talking to you. I rarely come here, although they say you can always see lots of smart clothes. As a rule, I go to a quiet little English tea-room . . . they make the best toast there, my dear! It comes in just right—tender and hot without being burned. A dream! Tea is my best meal."

"Mine too. I take a boiled egg for lunch. I'm so afraid of getting fat."

"Ah!" sighed Madame Poitrieux modestly, "what would you do now really if you happened to be as fat as *I* am?"

They debated as to which of the two was fleshier—flattering each other, while each, secretly, delighted in the broad hips and the round face of the other. They drew their chairs closer, and lowered their voices to an intimate hum, talking of themselves. Monsieur Poitrieux, it was disclosed, was a banker, Monsieur Charavant a commission merchant. And they knew so many of the same people it was very odd, they decided, that no happy chance had ever brought them together before.

"Shall we take a piece of cake, while we wait?" said Madame Charavant, brightly. She had been sitting there a long time, idle before a wealth of food.

"I was just going to suggest it. If we wait for them to pass it, it might be gone before it gets to us, you know. I'm thirty years old, but I'm like a child when it comes to sweet things."

It was nearly five o'clock, and there were now ten ladies waiting for Madame Fournier. Most of the guests hardly knew each other, and they sat silent before their empty plates. Meanwhile, the two new friends chattered, passed each other sandwiches, *brioches*, lemonade and Viennese coffee. At half past five, a young lady excused herself to telephone plaintively to Madame Fournier, who, swoóning, confessed that she had completely forgotten her own tea-party. There were murmurs. "Really, it's too amazing! And I was so busy I didn't know which way to turn first." The guests waxed indignant during the flurry of collecting wraps, while Madame Charavant asked for the bill.

● "We'll go dutch," said Madame Poitrieux, "and let's make a resolution right now to see each other often."

They settled themselves in a taxi, as comfortably as they could, and agreed to meet the following week.

That night, Madame Poitrieux said to her husband, "I've just made the acquaintance of a delightful woman, Madame Charavant. She's very pretty, really, although a trifle stout."

And over their dinner-table, Madame Charavant asked her husband, "Do you know Monsieur Poitrieux? I met his wife today. Twice as fat as I am, my dear, but charming and so intelligent."

Monsieur Charavant, a small, thin, dyspeptic man, shrugged his shoulders. Poitrieux? . . . I believe he spent quite a little time once, working for the state—'up the river,'" he remarked, disagreeably. His *smile* might have been even more acid had he known that at the same moment Monsieur Poitrieux was assuring his wife that he was positive he had seen the name of the commission merchant on a list of recent failures. Irritable men these two were, both morose, nervous, always on edge. The two women, who had promised themselves an occasional gay party of four, themselves and their husbands, ("We might take a box at the theatre," Madame Charavant had suggested, "the seats are so narrow") were disappointed at the lack of enthusiasm with which their plan was received; but neither betrayed it to the other the next time they met. Their intimacy grew and flourished, and they went about together constantly in a kind of circular contentment, as round and peaceful as twin planets. They called each other by their first names—Clothilde for Madame Charavant, Marcelle for Madame Poitrieux—and they used these names constantly so that others might see how intimate they were.

● One Sunday evening they met and played Bridge at Madame Charavant's home. Over the card-table Poitrieux and Charavant glared at each other, as closely akin in their mutual bad temper as their wives were in the lack of it. From the start of the game, the two men disagreed.

"See here, your own game isn't so good that you can make comments on the playing of others," snapped Monsieur Poitrieux.

To which Monsieur Charavant retorted with: "Yours, my dear sir, as a game does not exist at all."

"What do you insinuate by that? Just how do you want me to take those words?" The very air of the room glittered with a thin edge of fury.

Clothilde and Marcelle, vexed, came to the rescue; and later, sorrowfully confided in each other.

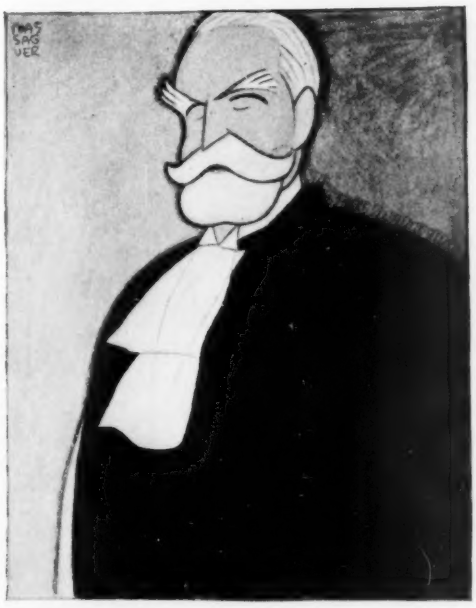
"Adolph is sometimes impossible."

"Indigestion, my dear, quite possibly. There are times when I have to handle Julien with gloves, too. Believe me, they're just two bad-tempered men, and even good food is wasted on them."

The two wives gave up insisting on their little parties of four after that; they were happy enough to pass charming afternoons in each other's com- *(Continued on page 123)*

CALVIN COOLIDGE

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

- Is Mr. Coolidge meditating, or looking at Mr. Dawes? If meditating, no one can say on what. If looking at Mr. Dawes, no polite journal would print what he is thinking!
- Clemenceau is one of the ancients: a warrior become a sage. In the background is Pallas Athena or Phryne, perhaps a combination of the best features of both.
- Mr. Hughes, even when presiding at Republican conventions, electioneering, or acting as chief attorney for the G.O.P., never pleads a case. He always pronounces a verdict.
- The artist has caught Lloyd George's resemblance to a sophisticated embryo. While opinions differ as to his future, it is agreed that he is, and always has been, alive.

politicians all—by conrado massaguer

a letter to a young actress

BY PERCY HAMMOND

wherein this play-reviewer severs his friendship with miss florence rice because she has gone on the stage

● Dear Flonzie: Now that you have gone upon the stage it is time for us to say adieu. "Friendship's full of dregs" even in the most harmonious circumstances, but that between a critic and an actor is too drenched with bitterness to be borne. It is a law of the Theatre that amity may not exist among the artists and their judges. Decrees deemed righteous by the umpires are sometimes thought unfair by the players with the result that friction ensues. While you and I have been comrades upon the tennis fields and golf courses, sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys, I feel that it is better for us to part gracefully, ere the Stage make it impossible for us to do so. I shall not wait to hear you say, with Cassius,

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

I taught you to excel in tennis, and through my tutoring you mastered the mashie, the Australian crawl, the sword-fish harpoon, the croquet mallet and the bow and arrow. But being a woman you already know how to act, and you will find such hints as I may give you from time to time, presumptuous. A suggestion that you are too briny in the sad scenes or too gay in moments of merriment will be regarded by you as insufferable. When you read that your impersonation of *Hedda Gabler* is a study in indigestion rather than in *ennui*, or that as *Lavinia* in *Titus Andronicus* you were wanting in verisimilitude, you will take umbrage. However, since we shall be friends no longer, these scalds and perforations will not be accompanied by the gloomy anguish undergone by one who has been betrayed. You will be able to scorn my faithlessness and to say, as Madame Sarah said of William Archer, "Thank God, I don't know him!"

The annals of criticism are as painful as those of the inquisition. Its professors are cruel fanatics, holy today, and savage tomorrow. You sup with them hospitably tonight and in the morning you read that your performance was adequate—or worse. When you have given your best to promote a creation you are liable to discover from your pseudo-pal of the public prints that you were not perfect. The reviewer is black at heart, no matter how fair he is in face and figure, and he takes a sadistic ecstasy in lancinating those who trust him. Sidney Lanier, a gentle soul, once said of criticism that it . . . "*crucified Jesus, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul for a madman, tried Luther for a criminal, tortured Galileo, bound Columbus in chains, drove Dante into a hell of exile, made Shakespeare write the sonnet, 'When in disgrace of fortune and men's eyes', gave Milton five pounds for 'Paradise Lost', kept Samuel Johnson cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield's doorstep, reviled Shelley as an unclean dog, killed Keats and cracked jokes on Gluck, Schubert, Beethoven, Berlioz and Wagner.*"

Depend upon the poet when he observed,

"*Seek roses in December, ice in June, honesty in a woman or an epitaph*"

before you put your trust in critics.

My dear Miss Rice (for as such you must be known to me hereafter), be wary of those who sit in aisle seats on opening nights. Though you may have dined with them before the performance, and have read appreciation in their gelid eyes, they are but Judases, planning to hurt you with the deepest of the Six Wounds. Profit from the experiences of Miss Barrymore whose heart used to be broken after each of her premières by the treachery of the penmen, but who now expects less from these practitioners than from her most casual and faint-hearted enemies.

● Miss Laurette Taylor, inured to the sears and caresses of the Drama's columnists, defines a critic as a thing of pen and ink, not flesh and blood. When Mr. Garland of the *Evening Telegram* and Mr. Gabriel of the morning *American* pet her with suave phrases, she suspects that they are preparing to poison her, and she enjoys an immunity from their venom. Mr. Erlanger, one of your future impresarios, once said that the only good critic was a dead one. Henry Miller compared them unfavourably to cancers; and Wilton Lackaye, sore from the thrusts of perfidious newspaper cronies, described them in a long and ugly polysyllable. Miss Maude Adams was so afraid of them that she scurried away at indications of their approach. The Messrs. Shubert make war upon them as hostile to Art's welfare; the sagacious Belasco scorns them benignly as sons of Anak. A critic (to Miss Cornell, Miss Fontanne, Miss Mae West, Miss Le Gallienne, Miss Colbert or Miss Beatrice Lillie) is as a snake in the bosom, something to be ejected as speedily as possible.

The Lambs' Club bars reviewers from its hospitality and so does the Players'. They are Ishmaels, outcast from artistic circles, and their lot is a hateful one, isolated as they are from the convivial centers of sweetness and light. Not since William Winter's trustworthy admiration for Miss Ada Rehan has there been a bond uniting in the unbreakable cords of understanding, a critic with a performer. The ties that connect Mr. Woollcott to Mrs. Fiske are still holy, and unbroken; but it must be difficult for both of them to continue an association hindered by so many obstacles, and still, they often do their best. Theirs is a complicated junction, representing numerous instincts, some of which are uncordial to the others. It is their office to provide their subscribers with information and counsel, to juggle disparagement with encomium, so skillfully that only their brightest readers will know the difference. One of these days I shall write of your *Juliet* or your *Nora* that it approached, though it did not quite reach, the inevitability of Avon's Swan or Him of Norway, and you alone will misunderstand what it means, if anything. I suggest that after you acquire a secretary you order him to keep from you such "notices" as are not complimentary, as Pinero did, reading only the *Engineering Gazette* on the day following a première. If your curiosity makes this impossible, you are in for troubled days.

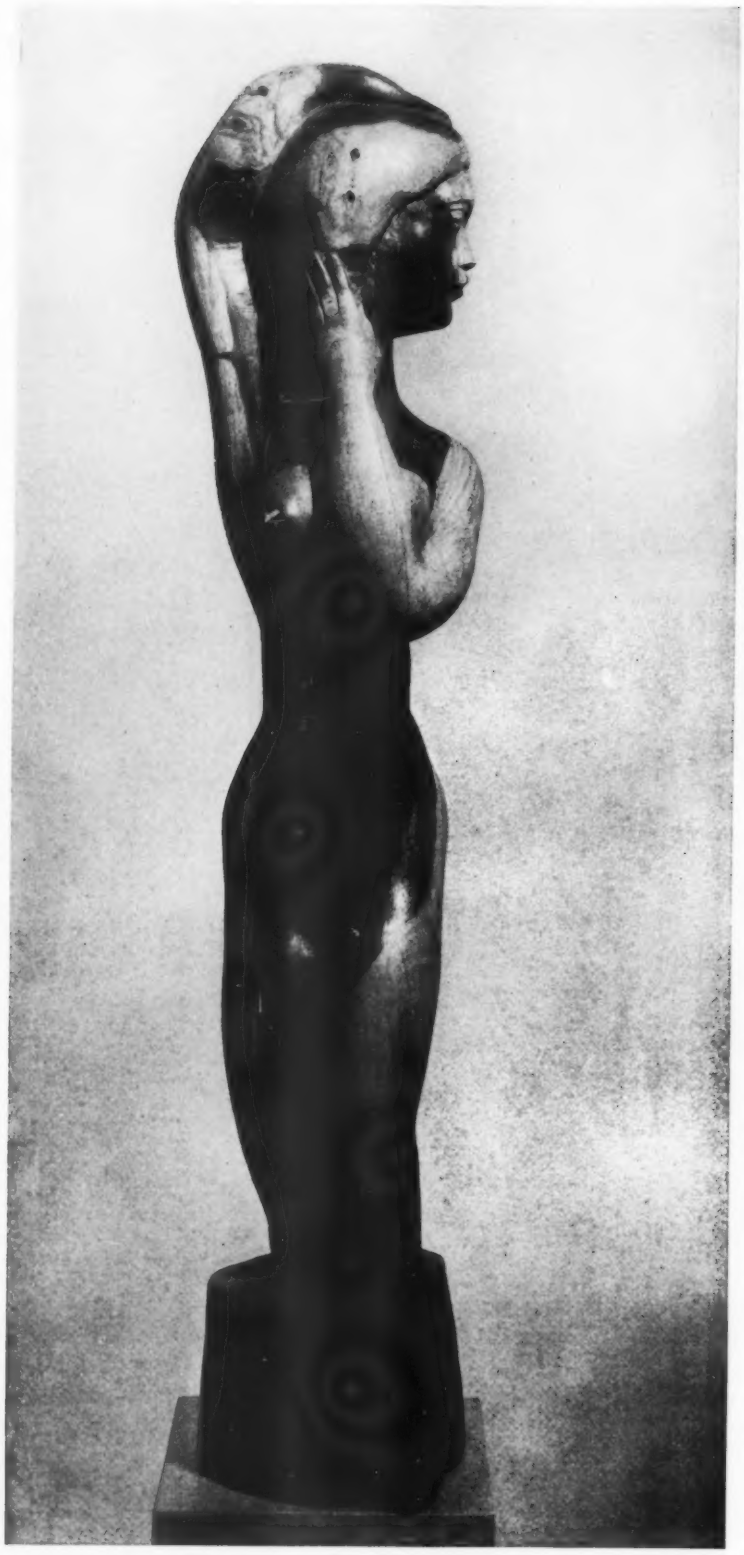
● Lawrence Irving, son of Sir Henry, once revenged himself on Alan Dale by denouncing him in public as a "blob of scum", an epithet for which he was severely scolded by Max Beerbohm. Miss Lydia Thompson horsewhipped a Chicago editor because he referred to her, not unamiably, as a strumpet. Years ago Richard Mansfield put me in my place. "You make me happy by not liking my Brutus," he wrote, "but I deplore your reference to my work as a 'performance.' Animals perform; artists act." Fred Stone used to silence yelps from the pack by threats of murder, and Miss Lenore Ulric has slain numerous detractors with shafts from her tongue and eyes. Some time ago the mutual devotion of Julian Eltinge, a performer, and Ashton Stevens, a Chicago critic, ended in a mêlée. After appreciating Mr. Eltinge's comeliness and ambisexterity for many seasons, Mr. Stevens found fault with his coiffure one day. Whereupon Mr. Eltinge declared war. "The next time I see that fellow in Rector's," said he, "I'll bounce a bottle of *champagne* on his head." Entering Rector's a moment later, Mr. Stevens was apprised of the player's threat. "Bring me a quart of

(*Continued on page 130*)

STEICHEN

eva le gallienne

the director of the civic repertory plays juliet in her own production, with jacob ben-ami as romeo



female figure by zorach

ola

BY CLAUDE ANET

a precocious little russian girl observes a sentimental situation of a most worldly kind, and makes her own interesting deductions

● "We had a big, gloomy apartment in the Mokhovaia," she began by telling me. "The Mokhovaia is an airless street, in the centre of St. Petersburg, not far from the Fontanka, the Michel Palace and the *Champ de Mars*. I didn't like it. I remembered windows, letting in so much light, giving on the terraces of Nijni Novgorod, where I spent the first years of my life. I found Petersburg depressing. But my father, who was an engineer, had been appointed to a high post in the Ministry of Public Works, and we had been living at the capital for four years.

"Our family was like all families. It seemed to me that nothing could be more uniform and more drab than our life, poured into the same mould as that followed by everyone who belonged to the middle class. I had a brother, a little older than myself, who was a student at the Imperial Academy, a boarder. He never came home except Saturday evenings and Sundays. He didn't enjoy it at the academy, but he had been made to understand that it was a mark of signal favour that he had succeeded in being admitted at all.

● "He was a nice boy, gentle, placid, conscientious, without anything startling about him. I suppose he reproached himself for not being sufficiently sensible of the honour of being a pupil in the Imperial Academy. My little sister, who is two years younger than I—I'm going to try to arrange for you to meet her, one day, just now it's hard, because my family doesn't like you—was already very pretty. We had very little in common, we were always quarreling. I supposed that in every apartment in Petersburg where there were sisters there were quarrels and examples of jealousy. I was ten years old, my sister only eight. She was a child, I a young girl. How could we understand one another? My world was closed to her. She didn't speak the same language as I.

"Here's something that was absurd for a brat of my age, but I was really convinced that I was the only being in the world of my own type, and that no one could see me as I was. How, while I was so young, I had reached

this conclusion, I don't know. Just the same, I was right. I have always, always, tried to make myself clear to other people—you know something about that yourself, you wretch!—but I see more and more that the little girl I used to be had discovered a great truth.

"My parents, who were closest to me, seemed to be the farthest removed. The idea of sharing with them—in any way—my own precious self, was impossible. My father, once he left his office, lived in the clouds. He used to look at me, and I would ask myself if he saw me. He would pass his hand through my hair and disarrange my coiffure, mechanically, without for a moment reflecting that it was his daughter's head he was touching. I ran away, crying; he looked after me, astonished, following me with his eyes, asking himself why I ran from him.

"At the dinner table, in the evening, he talked to us; asked us questions, sometimes. But did he hear what we answered? From the way he kept on talking and questioning me, it was plain that he hadn't listened to a word I had said to him.

"My mother was a woman always ailing, always busy, always behind time. From morning to night she never had a moment of leisure. I never knew anyone who let herself be so stupidly dominated by what she had to do. She would be late for an appointment. Instead of hurrying to keep it, she would sit down for a quarter of an hour to bewail the way her duties overwhelmed her. She would come home out of breath from the haste with which she had travelled, sink into a chair, sighing; get up, hastily, to rush into the kitchen where she would stay for long discussions with Nastia. Supper, instead of being served at seven, was never on the table until half past eight. My father, lost in his dreams, didn't so much as notice this. I remember that when I was little I regularly fell asleep with my head in my plate in the middle of meals. Mamma continued to treat me like a baby long after I knew how to read and write, and a long time after my thoughts had become those of an adult.

● "About that time—I was ten years old then—my most constant preoccupation was to know the details of the secret way in which my mother and father lived together. I wondered if there was between them that mysterious bond of love which already haunted all my thoughts. How had two such completely different people been drawn to one another? People didn't know one another or themselves, and yet, a month or a year after meeting one another they lived in an extraordinary intimacy. But I knew that what attracted two people, sometimes from the ends of the earth, was love.

"Had that really existed between my parents? Was it still alive? I thought endlessly about that. I observed them with a watchfulness they never suspected. I sought for a double meaning in everything they said; I spied upon their gestures, their looks at one another.

"I reached the conclusion that if there had ever been love between them it had died a long time ago. It was enough for me to see the indifferent way my father kissed my mother's forehead when he came home from the Ministry to understand that he didn't love her. He discharged that duty in a purely mechanical fashion; it seemed certain to me that he paid much more attention to the way he hung up his overcoat in the closet when he came in. My mother accepted that chilly kiss without comment; she never raised her eyes; her fingers continued to guide her knitting needles in the same endless rhythm.

● "And yet this was a kiss: the loveliest, the most poetic, thing in love. How I hated them for reducing it to a mechanical gesture! Must I confess it to you? I despised my parents. And the households of my uncles and aunts, and of our friends, seemed to me as flat and as stripped of beauty as our own.

"Among all these prosaic people one figure shone, that of my Uncle Paul. How could so charming and attractive a person belong to so commonplace a family? Was he really my father's brother? He was not an official. He made his living, almost without working, it seemed to me, on the Stock Exchange. I didn't know what that meant, but I did understand that his was a calling despised in our house. Uncle Paul was a source of great worry to the family. When his name came up people instinctively lowered their voices. It was very rare for anyone to laugh at him or about him; usually he was spoken of with fear. 'Paul's at it again!' I would hear, or: 'Another stunt of Paul's!' or: 'That's bound to come out badly!'

"I couldn't imagine what this Uncle Paul of mine did to alarm my parents so much. I only saw one thing: that he was charming, and that the hours he spent with us always seemed too short to me. He was always cheerful; he joked with me. One day he took my long curls in his hand and wound them around my head, as if I had been grown up. This done he looked at me a moment. 'She's pretty like this—you ought to do her hair this way,' he said to my mother, who had just come in. 'You're silly,' she answered, shrugging her shoulders. 'Ola's only *(Continued on page 126)*

two views of a statue carved in lignum vitae by william zorach, the noted american artist

Aside from the archaic, rhythmic beauty of the carving, this sculpture (two-thirds life size) is remarkable for the virtuosity of its execution, for Mr. Zorach selected a difficult medium and utilized its very limitations. Few sculptors have the courage to attack *lignum vitae* with hammer and chisel. It is the hardest wood in the world, a tropical wood used for making bowling balls and the bearings of airplanes. It comes from Jamaica in oblong billets, and each billet has a darker heart or core. Mr. Zorach has turned the inflexibility of this material to account in the tense constriction and vitality of the limbs, while the black core has been manipulated to suggest a garment

1 Shed a tear to the memory of the horse opera of a bygone day, and the buckaroo who arrived none too soon to save the prairie-flower from the viper who threatened with mortgages and innuendo

2 Then came Custard's last stand. The actor who fell down oftenest rose highest in favour; and the stern and rockbound Pacific Coast was not more rockbound than the sterns that coasted upon it

5 But the foregoing *motifs* belonged to the silent films. Now that we have the noisies, the cinema turns to louder themes; and what more appropriate than giving voice to that dear Younger Generation?

6 The talking films, too, have revived the war drama. Warriors of the yeah? school battle through a coy welter of Charmaines whose knowledge of English is limited entirely to the affirmative

3 Next we had pathos flinging its wistful shadow across the silver screen. Unmarried mothers were turned into the storm nightly (and at matinées). Audiences began to think it never rained but it bored

Drawings by
COVARRUBIAS

4 Insidious dawned the day of the screen siren—who leered upon a leopard-skin and panted upon a panther. This magnificent woman had seventeen bones in her right hip, every one of them dislocated

like other arts, the art of the cinema moves in cycles; it has its periods, its changing mode. where, on this devious and diverting path, will it end ? quite possibly right at the beginning

7 And so we come to the father-and-sonny-boy racket, and the idea occurs: if all the tears shed in one of these dramas were gathered they would form a lake deep enough to close forever over Mr. Al Jolson

a history of the screen

linda watkins

the young and gifted heroine of "june moon" a new play based on a ring lardner story

The announcement that a play was to be made from Mr. Lardner's short story *Some Like Them Cold* came very pleasantly to his innumerable admirers. The dramatized version, which Mr. George S. Kaufman collaborated with Mr. Lardner in writing, is called *June Moon*—as the plot deals with song writers, the origin of this new title is all too evident. The "girlie" who temporarily ensnares the aspiring bard's heart is played by Linda Watkins, whose piquant young face and clever acting were all too briefly seen in A. A. Milne's *Ivory Door*, and in the Ibsen Dramas produced last year by the Actors' Theatre

the tie maketh the man

BY MICHAEL ARLEN

exposing an infamous monopoly prejudicial to matching properly one's cravats and prose

■ I should like, if I may, to write on a subject of the first importance to men. I refer to neckties.

It is a controversial subject, and has frequently led to bad blood and general nastiness between opposing schools of thought. Let us avoid that.

Owing to that amelioration of social conditions which is such a phenomenon of our times, there are now people wearing ties who never wore ties before. There are more people wearing ties every year.

Therefore more and more ties, cravats and gent's neckwear are being made.

The matter thus becomes one of major importance. How shall a man choose his tie from so many?

You will say that a man should follow his preference. You will be wrong. But that is not all. You will not only be wrong but you will err in good taste and very probably forfeit the respect of your fellows.

How shall a man avoid these pitfalls? Let me guide you.

Only in London can a man satisfactorily replenish a wardrobe depleted by time and ravaged by travelling. On my rare visits to London I, therefore, replenish.

Thus, one morning recently, I set out down Piccadilly to buy some ties. And where could I do this so well but at the establishment of Messrs. Sleep and Sluis, shirt makers and neckwear specialists?

Fearing that my business was not of sufficient importance to interest Mr. Sleep, I addressed myself to Mr. Sluis.

"I should like," I said, "to buy some ties."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Sluis," you could not have chosen a better moment. Our latest designs have just come in. Now here is a classical tartan effect on a magenta background which is—"

But my eyes had already been attracted. In a glass case near by was a selection of ties that made a very strong appeal to my sense of colour. How shall I describe them?

Each tie was of several colours, bright and daring, arranged in bold stripes. One in particular presented attractions of a very striking order.

■ "There," said I, on the nail, "is the tie of my dreams, Mr. Sluis. I shall take that one. And of the others in the case I shall take—"

"Those," said Mr. Sluis, "are club colours."

"They are in good taste. I shall take half a dozen like this."

"That one," said Mr. Sluis," is the I. Z. tie."

"I congratulate the I. Z., Mr. Sluis, I'll take a dozen."

Mr. Sluis regarded me in a way that surprised me. Should a good salesman look at a customer like that?

"Unless you are a member of the I Zingari Club," said Mr. Sluis, "you cannot wear that tie, sir."

"Well, then," said I, "I shall take some of these. The colours please me."

"That one," said Mr. Sluis coldly, "is the Free Foresters tie."

"Then I'll take this."

"Do you hold, sir, or have you ever held a commission in His Majesty's Brigade of Guards?"

"Unfortunately," I stammered, "no, never."

"Then," said Mr. Sluis, "you cannot wear that tie—or *any* of those ties."

■ "But," I protested, "these colours were granted to mankind through the infinite mercy of God. Can I be deprived of their use because I do not belong to certain clubs which, no doubt with the best intentions, devote their time to looking for golf balls with the naked eye?"

Mr. Sluis yawned.

"Anyhow," said Mr. Sluis, "it's not done."

I was about to leave the shop in some confusion when who should stride in but Potter-Parkins. Surely everyone knows old "Fruity" Potter-Parkins.

He was in too great a hurry to notice me. I looked at his tie with envy. It was a club tie.

Mr. Sleep and Mr. Sluis—flowing forward to meet "Fruity" Potter-Parkins—stood smartly at ease.

"Ah," said Potter-Parkins, "I'm running out of ties, Sleep. Ah. Believe me or not, Sluis, but I am? Ah. Well?"

"Shall we send you the usual, sir? I Z., Free Foresters, Crusaders, Guards, Eton Ramblers?"

"Ah. That's right—a couple of each. Ah. Well, good-day to you."

Let me confess at once that I spent that day in brooding. That "Fruity" Potter-Parkins should be able to wear these ties—and I not! Yet was not I a man too?

And the difference between "Fruity" Potter-Parkins and myself distressed my vanity. And that night I went to bed with a weight on my mind. And I dreamed this dream.

Now in my dream I was hurled into the presence of a Bright Light that blinded me. And I knew I was dead.

"His name?" said a voice, sweeter than music, from within the Bright Light.

"Algernon Charles Potter-Parkins," answered a voice. And lo, it was my voice.

I looked down at myself, at my long, lean, well-tailored legs, with surprise and delight. And I fingered my tie with satisfaction.

"Now," said the Bright Light, "let us have a look at you, please, Mr. Potter-Parkins."

"'Fruity' to my friends, sir," said I.

"Well, 'Fruity', just take that coloured thing from your neck—will you?—and let me see your face in proportion."

I found to my amazement that I, Potter-Parkins, was wearing all my ties. One by one, glorious in their colours, I took them off. They made a bright and brave heap.

"Now," said the Voice, "what does this heap of nonsensical colours mean?"

"Nonsensical, sir!" I cried indignantly. "Why, any man would be proud to be entitled to wear any one of those ties!"

"Why? Are they conferred for merit?"

■ I scratched Fruity's sleek fair hair. Were they conferred for merit?

"Well, no, sir—that is—well, no, sir."

"Then why should any man be proud, etc?"

"Well, sir—jolly good clubs, you know. Not everyone can get in, you know sir. Of course my father got me in. A stout fellow, sir."

"And you, Fruity?"

"Well, sir—I do my best, sir. For instance, I stood for Parliament this last election."

"And what happened?"

"Went down the coal-hole with the others, sir."

"Did you wear any of these ties while canvassing, Fruity?"

"Certainly, sir. And I still can't make out why all those girls didn't—"

"Perhaps, Fruity, they asked themselves what I shall now ask you—what, in exchange for all the advantages that have come to you, have you given in return? What, in short, do you *know?*"

"Well, sir—I used to be said to know a good horse when I saw one."

"Take him away," thundered the Voice. "Take him away and put him on a horse and give him a golf ball to hold in each hand and see he rides on the outskirts of Heaven until my pleasure shall let him enter, for he is a good man at heart."

And when I awoke in the morning I donned a black tie without envy, saying to myself:

"Let them wear their bold colours and bright stripes! Let them wear their club ties! For what shall it profit them?"

portrait of a doctor

a study by modigliani (franco-italian painter) of a recognizable type of french officialdom

Amadeo Modigliani, an Italian Jew, was considered an occasional drunkard and a wastrel while alive, and is universally acclaimed a genius now that he is dead. He has conferred on society such benefactions as this portrait study of a medical man. The half-contemptuous insight, the malicious perversity of this painting render a type and a man that the artist could not have found agreeable. Modigliani's method, not incomparable to that of El Greco, is a distorted simplification, almost angular in its woodenness. The subject of this portrait, which is a typical example of the artist's treatment, was in the French army during the war and received the *Croix de Guerre*. His military career, however, was confined to a Parisian hospital and to the café where the blue of his uniform attracted Modigliani's eye. The work of this eminent artist is being shown at the De Hauke galleries

theme-songs, I love you

BY BARNEY DOUGALL

a tremulous tribute to a new national ballad which the talking films brought to America

"When friends forsake muh,
Let 'em all forsake muh,
I still have yoo,
Sonny Bwah!"
—Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool"

■ Who could withhold his tears as Mr. Jolson sang these heart-rending words? What film patron's cheeks were not wet with the dew of honest emotion as this snatch of theme-song, redolent with the pangs of soul-throbbing sentiment, issued from the celluloid lips upon the screen? Who has not felt himself uplifted by such a surge of deep feeling as this theme-song offers? Who, in fact, has not felt himself a happier man when the film was over?

Nor is this the only theme-song to cause America's great heart to bleed upon its sleeve. Since Sound has come to the cinema our national emotion has been steadily on the increase. Poignancy has crept into our national entertainment. Week after week our sensibilities are racked anew by another sentimental ballad which celebrates or bemoans the passing of Little Dora, mother love, the wages of sin, or babies. Week after week we are overcome with a new rush of sympathy for the clown with a broken heart or the woman who went wrong with a smile. The theme-songs of the cinema have brought us a new national folk-ballad which we cannot longer ignore.

Among these messengers of a national emotional debauch, these overwhelming ballads of unrequited love or the futility of frivolity—for the theme-song is always extremely moral in the lessons it teaches—we have gradually seen our national heart-ache shape up into three distinct categories. First and foremost among these must be listed parental love, the theme which Mr. Jolson has found so eminently successful in wringing our hearts. Next, of course, is unrequited love, as in the famous story called *Woman Disputed*. And in the third division we find the theme-songs which point out to us a sound moral lesson.

An example of the parental love topic is to be seen in Mr. Jolson's latest song. Who can resist the temptation to cry aloud when Mr. Jolson, on bended knee, croons gently and with a tear in his voice? Who can deny that when he begs us, plaintively and wistfully, to witness his unbounded love for little Junior, the cinema becomes just one long sob? This newest ballad is entitled *Little Pal* (De Sylva, Brown & Henderson, N. Y., 25c), and is calculated to melt the stoniest heart,

Little Pal, if daddy goes away
Promise you'll be good from day to day
Do as mother says and never sin
Be the man your daddy might have been
Daddy didn't have an easy start
So this is the wish that's in my heart.

CHORUS:

What I couldn't be, Little Pal
I want you to be, Little Pal.
I'm putting my faith and my hopes all in you
To do all the things that your dad couldn't do
I'll pray every night, Little Pal
That you turn out right, Little Pal
If some day you should be
On a new daddy's knee
Don't forget about me,
Little Pal.

Of course, it is very difficult to define which quality of this lyric brings a lump to our throat. Probably it is the plaintive note—it's that "Don't forget about me" touch, that gnawing fear which every now and again assails even the best of parents.

The parent-love theme is quite as effective when the situation is reversed. Mr. Morton Downey broke us all up by singing to his mother at frequent intervals. Mr. Downey's song was entitled *I'll Always Be Mother's Boy** (Green & Stept, Inc., 25c); and we sat breathless and starry-eyed, waiting for it to be sung again and again. Mr. Downey was very nice about it all. He sang it something like twelve times. Like Mr. Jolson's songs, it employs the wistful *(Continued on page 106)*

*By a curious quirk of fate the picture was also called *Mother's Boy*, just like the theme song.

the horse-car must go!

BY COREY FORD

an expert makes a survey of the traffic situation in new york, and evolves a most ingenious solution

● We have been paying a lot of attention to the Traffic Problem in New York lately (Police Commissioner Whalen and I) and personally I have come to the conclusion, after viewing the problem from all angles, that the only practical solution lies in the abolition of the Horse-Car.

Now, I realize that when I say: "The Horse-Car must go!", thousands of loyal citizens will rise at once to reply: "No!" Yet surely, fellow-citizens, we must not allow ourselves to be swayed by sentiment in taking a firm stand upon this important problem. I admit that the Horse-Car is all very pleasant when the clip! clop! of the sleek horses resounds on the cobbles, the happy driver clangs his bell and smiles beneath his great moustaches, and the chummy passengers huddle for warmth about the tiny stove in the rear; but any pedestrian who has scurried across the street beneath the flying hooves of these fiery steeds must know that at times the Horse-Car can also become a terrible juggernaut of destruction.

Doubtless the majority of our citizens do not realize the enormity of the dilemma which confronts our city today. Our streets are cluttered with stalled vehicles, our business is at a standstill, our citizens' very lives are in constant danger. To be sure, numerous remedies have been attempted already by the harassed Traffic Commission, including One-Way Streets (a colossal plan whereby all traffic in the even-numbered streets moves steadily east and all traffic in the odd-numbered streets moves steadily west, as a result of which one line of cars will fall with a splash into the East River and one into the Hudson, thus disposing of thousands of cars nightly), Anti-Parking Laws, Stagger Systems, Traffic Lights, and Zones; but one by one these plans have proved ineffective, and have only served to increase the general confusion.

It was in this dilemma that I chanced recently to discover a number of photographs of actual conditions on the New York streets, several of which are reproduced on this page; and thus I received my first inkling of the real answer to our perplexing situation. After a careful perusal of these photographs, I am convinced that the aforementioned nefarious forms of public conveyance are the cause of all the confusion. With the possible exception of the Irish Mail, there is no more pernicious influence than the Horse-Car in New York traffic today.

● As a graphic illustration of the necessity for immediate action, therefore, let us first examine *Picture One* (lower left hand corner) which depicts a typical traffic tie-up at the Hoboken Ferry. Surely the disgraceful conditions which prevail here are a bitter commentary on the inroads of the Horse-Car into our placid city existence. When cows, pigs and other live stock are allowed to wander at will through the streets, there is no choice but to remain indoors. It is a time for action. There must be no further delays.

PICTURE ONE—VOYAGERS RETURNING FROM HOBOKEN GIVE THE TRAFFIC POLICE A PROBLEM

Consider for a moment, fellow-citizens, the difficulties of the embattled family group in the center of this significant photograph, surrounded by practically every known form of peril you could think of. With upraised arm the terrified father is about to fend off the attack of an infuriated bull. The luckless mother beside him is about to be accosted by a suspicious stranger in a broad-brimmed black felt hat, who will doubtless lure her into a confidence game and rob her of her pocket-book. The elder sister, who has just raised her parasol to beat off an approaching ox, will have her new straw hat seized and eaten in another moment by the hungry horse behind her. In the foreground the little brother has just tripped and fallen headlong over a wild boar; while at the right of the picture, unnoticed by the rest, the innocent little sister is gazing in fascination at a friendly but slightly intoxicated white horse which is just about to sit down and tell her a coarse joke. And in addition to these difficulties, as if to add insult to injury, there are at the present moment by actual count no less than seven Horse-Cars all headed at once toward this unfortunate family. How long will New York allow such outrageous conditions to continue?

● On all sides the questions are being asked: How did the Horse-Car come to creep so subtly into our national life? When did it make its initial appearance?

Although the actual origin of the Horse-Car is clouded in the mists of obscurity, it is generally believed that the objectionable vehicle was first introduced into New York by its inventor, Arthur F. J. Horse, to take the place of the old-fashioned tandem bicycle, which up to that time was the sole means of transportation. This tandem bicycle had several objectionable features. One was its inability to make very good time in case of marauding Indians, which were still infesting Times Square and scalping the pleasure-seekers. Another objection to the tandem bicycle was the fact that at best it could only carry two people, the motorman and the conductor, and as a result it hardly paid expenses.

It was in order to meet this exigency that the Horse-Car was invented. The invention of

PICTURE TWO—AN EMBARRASSING ACCIDENT ON MOVING DAY

PICTURE THREE—A RAINY DAY IN THE SHOPPING DISTRICT

this vehicle, of course, was necessarily preceded by the invention of the Horse; and unfortunately there is no authentic data on how this was accomplished. Suffice it to say that after this had been accomplished, the business of fastening a Car behind him was comparatively simple; and thus the Horse-Car that we know today was devised.

As long as there was only this one Horse-Car in New York, the traffic problem was not a serious one; but unfortunately the idea spread like wild-fire. Horse-Car followed Horse-Car, usually at a snail's pace, and thus the congestion in the streets increased proportionately until the unbearable condition was reached which exists today.

● Who, for example, can gaze unmoved at such a scene as that depicted in the accompanying *Picture Two*, shown at the top left-hand corner of this page? (I must admit it was this picture that really got *me* worked up first.) Here a Horse-Car has just finished running down an innocent wagon, which attempted to cross the right of way, and has spilled an incredible amount of furniture and bric-à-brac out into the street, as well as knocking down the horse. Does the offending driver hasten from his Horse-Car to make proper amends? He does not. Rather the insolent fellow falls upon his victim with upraised umbrella, assisted by a policeman (doubtless in the pay of the Transit Company) and a swarm of snobbish passengers in high hats. The fact that the driver of the wagon is apparently Peter Cooper doesn't seem to make the slightest difference.

Or glance at *Picture Three*, which depicts a typical scene in Herald Square during a January thaw. Despite the helpless situation of the ladies who have been trapped in the middle of the street, knee-deep in water, the heartless Horse-Cars are bearing down on them with bells clanging, the drivers cursing roundly as their horses spatter water in all directions. Encouraged by this depravity, two ruffians disguised as policemen have seized a couple of these cornered females and are carrying them away struggling in their arms, one toward the McAlpin and the other in the general direction of where Macy's now stands; while a third female, cowering beneath her umbrella, lingers in the very path of the flying hooves of the Frankenstein monster which all too soon must overtake her. Is it any wonder that decent citizens are rising as one against an institution so fraught with danger to our New York womanhood?

For that matter, gaze a moment at the typical winter scene on Forty-second Street, which is also depicted at the bottom of the page at right in *Picture Four*. Observe the traffic tie-up extending from Times Square to the Public Library (the fact that the Public Library is not even built yet will give the reader some conception of what the conditions will be when it *is*), and note the helpless, blue-lipped pedestrians marooned on the sidewalk in the howling blizzard, or seeking shelter perforce in the overcrowded interiors of the stalled Horse-Cars. But do the drivers care? By way of answer, we may discover in the background these caddish fellows callously driving their horses away from the tracks toward some sidewalk pub, their responsibilities quite evidently forgotten. Is it any wonder, then, that our traffic problem has reached its present proportions?

● Nor is the Horse-Car entirely the innocent means of conveyance that it is generally believed to be. In the unusual glimpse of the interior of one of these cars, shown in *Picture Five*, we see at last the true conditions of lust and depravity which prevail in these narrow spaces where human beings are crowded together like cattle, limb against limb. Observe, for example, the eagerness with which the elderly gentleman, seen seated in the foreground pretending to read a newspaper, has actually riveted his attention slyly upon the young lady standing opposite, who has so far forgotten her maidenly modesty as to lift her skirt and display a tell-tale inch of alluring ankle. Observe the look of pain on the face of the honest newsy, who has doubtless just been accosted by the brazen little hussy wearing her mother's ostrich-feather hat. Note also the suggestive manner in which the young swain standing in the center of the aisle is tickling the back of the neck of the young girl in front of him. Plainly the Horse-Car is a source of corruption to the young, as well as an annoyance to the Traffic Commission.

It is for this reason, therefore, that I earnestly advocate the immedate removal of the Horse-Car from the streets of New York. Once these pernicious forms of public conveyance are forbidden upon our thoroughfares, we shall have taken the first great step toward the ultimate solution of our Traffic Problem. Then if we can likewise remove, as fast as they are invented, motorcycles, automobiles, taxis, Fifth Avenue Buses, Coney Island Buses, Chinatown Buses, and pedestrians, we shall have our streets clear of Traffic at last.

And once we have gotten rid of the traffic, the Traffic Problem will take care of itself.

PICTURE FOUR—AFTER A HEAVY BLIZZARD

PICTURE FIVE—IMMORAL CONDITIONS

still more about love

BY PAUL GÉRALDY

a man experienced in the problems of love and marriage contemplates love's old age

1 They are everywhere about you, in the houses you visit, and in the crowded streets, and they are everywhere mingled with the men. . . . You are haunted. You feel dizzy. You tremble. . . . Ah! the drama is not that one grows older, but rather that one refuses to grow older.

One must be either a wise Ulysses or a theatrical manager to remain insensible to the beauty of women.

By renouncing harems and gynaeceums, men doubtless courted the danger of losing their own wives, but at the same time they rendered the wives of others accessible to themselves.

2 An affair? Be careful. If you love her, what a hopeless business! If you don't love her, what an infernal bore!

Men leave their family for love, and make another family, which they leave in turn for another love. . . .

3 Spiritual effusions, a vague sublimity, an ineffable harmony of two souls, lofty summits, an ideal . . . are what one demands of love at twenty. Later one demands lips, arms, torsos, knees . . . human warmth and freshness . . . youth.

4 She, too, is looking at the people about her; she is beginning to reproach you mutely with being only yourself.

She is not very happy, and you are not wholly at fault. It is very difficult to make a woman happy.

Even an exceptionally brilliant material success would not have made her happy. Men are disillusioned by success because it costs them too great an effort, and women because it does not cost them enough.

5 She is bored. Almost all women are a little bored. She does not like your friends. She loathes the sight of other women. She is not at all thrilled by your success. She would like you to be more attentive to her life, more devoted to herself.

She has splendid possibilities, which you notice rarely, and then only to lull them to sleep. She observes this and holds it against you.

"One never marries the woman one thinks one will marry," you confided to me one day. Perhaps the truth of it is that we kill the woman we marry. *Each man kills the thing he loves.* . . .

Think of the girl she was. Remember that Amazon. . . .

6 Consider the wives of your friends. They would have asked nothing better than to be faithful. But all too soon the man they had chosen for a master revealed his limitations. A specialist, such as he proved to be, is tiresome. His conscientiousness, his economy and foresight, his frankness, his objectivity, his sense of order, his logic, all make them ill at ease. They feel the need of childhood, of air. They take a playmate, meanwhile retaining their former master as a steward. . . .

They lie to him only because they are forced to do so. They would be delighted to make him their intimate friend.

"I never thought," said Molière in a letter to his friend Rohault, "that I was too austere for domestic society."

7 Take care. She is still very beautiful. A really beautiful woman retains her beauty for many years.

She is torn by conflicting impulses, by aspirations toward the sublime, by instincts that rise from the depths. You have taught her to love!

Women guide man toward one woman. A man leads a woman toward men.

8 She is changed. She is growing younger. She thinks more of self-adornment. In company she has a laugh, a tone of voice, a fascinating manner that you observe with amazement. . . . And how indulgent she is to the more and more open advances of the men who surround her!

You are angry at her for being too cordial to your friends. You do not like to see them linger at her side. You are beginning to avoid people you might have liked.

The rôle of the jealous husband makes you heartsick. . . . And yet. . . .

9 There are people who claim that a higher degree of intelligence would lead us to accept the infidelity of a wife; that modern facilities and the field wide open to our desires will cure us little by little of our mania for possession. . . . Doubtless property is only a form of bondage; doubtless it serves our vanity and nothing more. That which is not attached to ourselves we love more freely. The desire to monopolize a woman, to enslave her imagination, to paralyze her faculty of evolution, her instinct for self-contradiction, is a rash ambition. . . . But should we ever attain to this degree of wisdom and tolerance, we should love only with moderation: in other words, we should love no more.

We are repelled by moral dogmas. We think we have escaped our obligations to society. We proclaim our rights to new beginnings, to the liberty of love. . . . But we had parents.

André Maurois says that life is short, that we should expect nothing of those we love except the propitious "climate" which is necessary to our development, and that we must not attach too much importance to their actions. It is wisely spoken, but alas! man is not made in this fashion. He attaches a great importance to the actions of those he loves.

It was not in the nature of man to love. He was taught love by women. But he has developed it further than they.

Women invented love, and men fidelity. No! this is not a paradox.

The strongest man hides within him a shamefaced sentimentalist, and the weakest woman a stern realist.

10 Should you give her a little more of yourself, be more attentive, occupy her leisure, try to amuse her?

. . . But it would take every moment of your time. And what about your work?

The passion for conquest, even when it becomes a fixed idea that paralyzes all activity, all energy, still retains a certain beauty. And can we say as much for that fear of defeat and deprivation which is the passion for preserving?

11 Her mind is more open, more inquisitive. She knows people you have never met.

She is less tender, and shows you more consideration. She spends less time in the house, and your house is somehow kept in order. She is an incomparable friend and collaborator.

Has she a secret?

Those lovely, transparent eyes of hers. . . .

Ah! what do you know? Surely you cannot spy on her.

You doubt. In this doubt, there is already a confession of defeat.

Your child . . . and clasping your child to her breast, a stranger . . . an enemy?

12 Should you leave her? Arrange for a separation? What would become of her without you? She is a child. Freedom would destroy her. And you could not bear to feel that she was abandoned or unhappy.

There were times when you saw her suffer. You think of them now. . . .

For months or years one continues to love the woman one has loved. *(Continued on page 132)*

EDMUND HARRINGTON—LONDON

When *Madame Pompadour* was produced at Daly's Theatre in London, several seasons ago, the audiences of that not too impressionable town were at once enchanted by the beauty and ability of Miss Evelyn Laye, its principal performer. Since then, she has been besought by a number of American producers to appear in musical comedy in New York; but she has always chosen to remain a member of that small, mysterious group, presided over by Gerald du Maurier, of English actors and actresses who decline to come to America under any circumstances. Adamant was Miss Laye until this year, when Mr. Arch Selwyn approached her with golden offers to sing the rôle originally played (in London) by our own Peggy Wood in *Bitter Sweet*

the renowned english actress makes her american bow in noel coward's new musical show "bitter sweet"

evelyn laye

the fall of flora

BY GEOFFREY KERR

this pathetic story has a moral: it illustrates how unwise it is to seek for absolute perfection

No girl that ever walked the earth
Was prettier than Flora Worth.
She was the type of damsel that
One never tired of looking at.
The sort to make a mummy feel
The impact of her sex-appeal.

She had the most bewitching feet
And ankles, slender, trim and neat;
Two shapely legs attached to these
And, just above, two dimpled knees.
Her neck, her shoulders and her arms
Were, as they should be, added charms
And what her scanty modern dress
Concealed, permitted one to guess
The very little out of sight
Was just as absolutely right.

No "chassis", gracefully stream-lined,
Was ever quite so well designed,
And, crowning all, a lovely face,
Alive with animating grace;
A face so utterly ideal
One scarcely could believe it real.
But not a face that followed rules
Laid down by classic beauty-schools;
For all the beauty of this maid
Lay in the rules it *disobeyed.*

Her nose was not of Roman mould;
It was not large, nor firm, nor bold . . .
Quite the reverse . . . her "*petit nez*"
Was small and pertly "*retroussé*",
And gained a piquancy divine
By being slightly out of line.
Her hair, that matched the raven's wing,
Was long and straight as any string;
Her eyes, likewise as black as jet,
Were just a bit too widely set
Beneath dark brows, obliquely placed
And unsymmetrically traced.
Her mouth was not a Cupid's bow
But rather large . . . and better so,
For as she chatted, all the while
She wore a charming, generous smile
That curved above the smallest chin
That ever dimple nestled in.

"Well," you may say, "it's more than clear
The lady's looks were *rather* queer!"
But this description is absurd
For, honestly, the written word
Can not convey the vaguest guess
Of her surpassing loveliness;
A loveliness that stirred in men
That cardiac crisis called "a yen".

When once on Flora they had looked
Their sentimental goose was cooked,
And, ever after, one and all,
They hurried at her beck and call,
Deserting wives and sweethearts, too,
To join the vast, bewitchéd crew.

But I am speaking of the past . . .
All this was much too good to last,
For she, whose style was all her own,
Could not leave well enough alone.
One day, as in her glass she gazed
She suddenly fell back, amazed,
And murmured, in a voice of Fate,
"O, Lord! My nose . . . it isn't straight!
Nor is it in its proper place!
I have a most imperfect face.
My mouth . . . just look at it," she cried;
"I'd no idea it was so wide,
And see! my eyes are much too far
Apart! I mean, they *really* are!
My hair is straight; it should be waved
And half my eye-brows must be shaved.
They should be delicately thin . . .
And, oh! my God! . . . I have no chin!"

In short, she made the error great
Of judging each part, separate;
And, finding faults in one and all,
Her spirits started in to fall
Until, to all her friends' dismay,
She seemed about to fade away!
Then came a day of gladness when
Her "will-to-live" revived again
And o'er her spirit flooded clear
The bright light of a BIG IDEA!
"Courage!" she cried; "be brave, my heart!
When Nature fails, there's always Art!"

And so she went to Dr. Dwight
To have her features set aright,
And told her friends that she was ill,
While he employed his plastic skill.

He first, with microscopic care,
Transplanted eye-brows, hair by hair,
Creating two fine lines which met
Above her nose, which he re-set
And amplified with bits of bone,
Grafted, to give it weight and tone.
The next phase of the Doctor's act
Was, gradually, to contract
Her mouth, by fastening in her lips
Two things that looked like paper-clips.
"When these," he comforted, "are out
You'll have a most provoking pout."

He then proceeded to her eyes,
Which he reduced a lot in size
By making, here and there, a slit
And altering their shape a bit.
Which done, it was, of course, a cinch
To move them inward half an inch.
To give her chin a different shape
He used the jaw-bone of an ape
And, having still an hour to spare,
He permanently waved her hair;
Bobbed it and, with a potent brew,
Endowed it with a citron hue.

"You're done," he said, "and I may add
The net results are far from bad."
And so, her wrappings all unfurled,
Miss Worth fared forth to face the world.
But pride, as usual, met its fall:
She did not please her friends at all,
And though she tried to tell them how
Her features were perfection now,
Her one-time suitors turned and fled
And left her wishing she were dead!
In vain she argued, "I'm improved!"
Her "it", alas, had been removed.

On top of this there came a bill
So fearful that it made her ill!
Poor Flora gasped; she could not pay!
The thought obsessed her, night and day;
It drummed, incessant, in her brain
Until she nearly went insane!
Then came a night when through her dark
Despair there gleamed a tiny spark;
A glint, a beam, a hopeful ray!
"It is," she cried, "the ONLY WAY!!!"
In short, she married Doctor Dwight.
Which, if you ask us, served him right!

She now is something of a freak
And gets a brand new face each week;
But, be it clearly understood,
Not one of them is any good!

TO HIM WHO SPEAKETH EASY, COME THE SAD EFFECTS OF TOO MUCH RUM

BEHOLD THE POET, WHO TOO LONG
HAS SUNG, UNRECOMPENSED, HIS SONG

FROM OVERDOING WITH THE THROTTLE
HE'S PICKLED IN A DOCTOR'S BOTTLE

THIS LITTLE WISP IS SADLY RENT
BY GREAT EXCESS OF SENTIMENT

BY TOO MUCH LOVE OF LIVING MAY
THIS GASTRONOME BE KILLED ONE DAY

DRAWINGS BY R. DE LAVERERIE

examples of the intemperate life, in which enough is never so good as a feast, nothing right 'til overdone

nothing succeeds like excess

PINCHOT

mr. and mrs. eugene o'neill

the noted american playwright with the actress, carlotta monterey, who recently became his wife

things are sometimes otherwise

BY FERENC MOLNÁR

some striking examples of the mistakes created by too strong a faith in circumstantial evidence

■ Most of the time questionnaires sent out by newspapers are of the type which one answers only unwillingly and rather diffidently. (Tristan Bernard once ended his answer to one of these questions: "You are greatly mistaken if you think that I have ever had any set ideas about this problem. I made up my 'opinion' five minutes ago in order to answer your query.")

On my desk lies a questionnaire sent out by a German newspaper. Only a very hot summer could have possibly prompted it: "What was the most agreeable sight you ever witnessed?" I rack my brain but I cannot think of any "most agreeable sights." And whenever one occurs to me, it seems to me that it is not meant for the general public. As a matter of fact, the most agreeable ones have no place in a newspaper.

On the other hand, ever since I have received the questionnaire, another question has been pursuing me—a question wholly its opposite: "What was the most horrible sight you ever witnessed?" I could answer this any minute. In fact, the incident lives so vividly in my memory that I shall relate it here—although no one has asked me to.

■ I was a young student then and lived with my parents in a large four-story house. One night, I reached home after midnight. I was about to ring for the *concierge* when I discovered that the door was not locked. It was slightly ajar. I stepped into the hall and there I saw a woman lying prone on her back, with blood streaming from her forehead. A young man was kneeling by her side wiping the blood from her face with a handkerchief. Next to them, on the floor, lay the decapitated head of an old man with grey hair with a hideous wound on his face.

This was the most horrible sight I ever saw in my life.

I should not say any more in reply to the questionnaire, because I would adhere strictly to the answer requested. But here I shall explain the sight, for—although there is no moral to the tale—it is worthy of an explanation, chiefly because one could easily imagine what would have happened if only the witness had not been a student, but a police-officer suddenly confronted with the situation and asked to explain it.

As a matter of fact, the answer is simple, almost naïve. A young physician lived in the house, in a furnished room. He lived there because the house was near the clinic of the Budapest University and he spent all his time at the clinic. He was about to be appointed assistant to a famous professor, and he often worked at the Anatomical Institute, in the dissecting room, until late at night. In fact he was so zealous that he often took parts of human bodies home with him, wrapped in a piece of paper, and worked on them in his room. But no one in the house knew anything about this. All the *concierge* knew was that he often came home at night with big parcels under his arm.

On that, for me, memorable night, the student brought home with him the head of a man. He rang the bell and the wife of the *concierge* opened the door for him. A municipal ordinance set a small fee for this service but the young doctor had not paid the *concierge* anything for some weeks. That evening, he gave her a large banknote. The woman could not change it. "You will pay me some other time," she said. But the doctor did not want to owe her any longer. "Wait a minute," he said. "I'll run across the street and get change at the *café*." He put his parcel on the floor and went out.

The woman at last saw her chance to find out what the doctor's packages contained and, driven by curiosity, bent down to examine the parcel. She turned aside the paper wrapper, and the head rolled out. She was so horrified that she fainted and, falling, hit her head against the floor, receiving a wound on her forehead. When the doctor returned with the change, he immediately began to administer first aid. It was then that I entered the hall.

It seems to me—now that I have reached the end—that the incident is excellent material for a questionnaire. All one has to do is to describe the scene as I found it and ask famous detectives, police-captains, and coroners to explain it. One thing is certain; all the answers would be much more interesting than the actual truth.

■ The following incident took place in Budapest, during the late war. The actor, S., told it to me, a few minutes after it had happened, and he was quite beside himself as he related it.

He was walking along the Boulevard in the night. It was a damp, foggy, cold night. Suddenly he noticed a ragged, hungry-looking individual approaching, with the characteristic, short-paced, dance-like tripping of shell-shocked invalids. The actor took pity on him. He gave the veteran some money. The invalid thanked him and staggered on.

"Where do you live?" the actor asked him.

"At Kö-kö-köbánya," answered the invalid. Köbánya was a distant suburb.

"A stammerer, too," thought the actor. "Poor man. It's terrible, it'll be morning by the time he gets home." He noticed a hansom and beckoned to it. The cab drove up to the curb.

"Take this poor man home to Köbánya," he said to the driver and paid the fare in advance. The invalid stammered something that sounded like: "Thank you."

The actor helped him into the cab and shut the door. He loathed all expressions of gratitude.

The cab drove away. The actor ambled on toward the *Café New York*, where some friends were waiting for him. A few feet from the entrance to the *café*, in the bright light of the restaurant, he noticed his invalid from Köbánya. In a fraction of a second he perceived what must have happened: the driver, secure of his fare, had thrown the helpless, shell-shocked soldier out of his cab . . . outraged at this idea, he ran to him.

The invalid began to yell. "He-he-help! He wants to hurt me!" he screamed and he tried to run away from the actor.

In a moment, passersby gathered around them.

"What's happened?" they asked.

"He-he-help! He wants to hurt me," the invalid went on; "he won't let me beg. . . . Mu-mu-murderer! . . . He fo-fo-forced me into a cab! . . . I don't want to go home. . . . Help! . . . Sc-sc-scoundrel!"

The pitying crowd grew larger. The actor turned up the collar of his great coat, pulled his hat down, hurriedly crossed the street, and rapidly fled down a dark alley.

Moral: It is not enough to be good; one must be fortunate in the choice of one's beneficiary.

■ There was, a long time ago, a very popular actor in Budapest. The local press constantly referred to him as "the favourite of women," "the ideal of the ladies," "the perfect hero," and so on. He was a matinée-idol *ne plus ultra*. Young girls used to cut his name out of the papers, and frame his photographs.

This perfect Romeo appeared one day at the office of a physician friend of mine. He was in a state of utter despair and asked the physician to do him a great favour. He described his position as positively horrible. Years before, he had often complained of attacks of heart-burn. One night, at the Newspapermen's Club, he told this to a young doctor of his acquaintance. The young man examined him, prescribed for him a strict diet, and, in a short time, cured him of his unpleasant illness. The question of honorarium, of course, never came up. But the matinée-idol, wishing to express his gratitude in some way, sent the young physician a beautiful, large photograph of himself, with the following dedication: *To Dr.* *(Continued on page 108)*

the holler art

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

a celebrated dramatic critic glances a trifle impatiently at sound and talking pictures

1 A talkie impresario is one who seems to believe that the Four Marx Brothers would be just one-quarter more entertaining if Harpo spoke.

2 Such peculiar souls as believe that the talkies may satisfy the ages-long pull of the living theatre are invited to reflect upon the great crowds of movie enthusiasts that invariably flock to the personal appearances of the movie stars. Curiosity to see such canned performers in the flesh is even greater than the curiosity to see them on the screen. The day that traffic isn't blocked when Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford go by will see the triumph of the screen over the stage.

3 One of the damaging effects that the talking moving pictures will have on the dramatic theatre will be the histrionic corruption, at least temporarily, of the numerous competent legitimate actors and actresses who are resorting to them by way of making more money than the theatre can afford to lay out. This damaging effect, I have no doubt, will be clearly evident when these actors and actresses return to the stage from their Klondike holiday.

Talkie acting, for its best effect, calls upon the most obvious and artificial tricks in the mummer's craft; subtlety in any degree is dangerous; the best actor or actress in a talkie is the one who, were he or she to act the same play on the stage in the same manner, would be the worst. The acting values of the stage, voice excepted, are turned hind-end foremost in the talkies. If Jeanne Eagels, whose performance in the talkie version of *The Letter* has been highly praised by the talkie experts, were to play *The Letter* in the theatre in the manner she acts it on the screen, the audience would let out a yell as loud as would be that of a talkie audience at the screened spectacle of Grace George's excellent performance of *Divorçons*.

The legitimate player who sticks to the talkies for any length of time will naturally and inevitably reacquire all his early bad acting tricks or acquire a lot of bad ones that he has not had before. Look at any one of these players in even his first talkie and you will already thus soon see the ham streaks putting in an appearance. Exaggeration, face-making, overemphasis necessary to register effects in the back reaches of the spacious movie cathedrals, awkward pauses to time action and dialogue to the movie public's slow perceptions, an altered carriage to suit the constricted talkie stage—these will be brought back to the dramatic theatre when the truants return. And, as acquired evils are not quickly got rid of, the theatre is, accordingly, destined for some time after that return to witness acting beside which that of the late lamented John McCullough and the Cherry Sœurs was full-blown genius.

4 The stupidity of the talkie director is no more clearly to be observed than in his continued use of the close-up. The close-up was introduced into the old silent movie as an unavoidable necessity. Without the spoken word it had often to be relied upon to convey to an audience, through an intimate view of a character's play of features, that character's momentary mood and implied thought. With the addition of the spoken word to the screen, the device obviously no longer has any reason or sense, yet the directors, lacking in the faintest trace of imagination, have not thought to discard it.

5 The last word in movie nonsense is what is designated by the entrepreneurs as "cinematic descriptive music," demonstrations of which have recently been vouchsafed the art-lovers who frequent the various film *palazzos*. This cinematic descriptive music is, as the phrase implies, a combination of descriptive music and moving picture, the latter illustrating with hypothetically appropriate pictorial monkeyshines the progress of the composition. Thus, Saint-Saëns' *The Swan*, which purports to suggest the movements of a swan in terms of melody, is keyed to an accompanying movie which shows a swan or two in action, the swan or two in point being unfortunately somewhat deficient in musical understanding and conducting themselves in a manner most disturbing to the M. Saint-Saëns' idea of what is swanly seemly.

So-called descriptive music, as Polichinelle has long been aware, is generally more or less integrally asinine and has needed only this new adjunct to constitute it perfect moron entertainment. Within the year we shall doubtless see Rubinstein's *Barcarolle* accompanied by a movie of Central Park rowboats, Liszt's *Gondoliera* helped out by a Pathé travel film of Venice, Chopin's *Ballade in G Minor* pictured by a Hollywood ham dressed up like Konrad Wallenrod, and Beethoven's *Sonata in F Minor* illustrated by views of Vesuvius in eruption, together with a news reel showing panoramic pictures of the year's most disastrous railroad and automobile wrecks.

6 The reason for the dissatisfaction of a considerable share of the old silent movie customers with the talkies doubtless lies in the fact that the talkies are at their best a mere cuckooing of theatrical drama. The silent movies were more often a thing apart from theatrical drama, and hence offered the customers a different form of entertainment. Those customers could go to the theatre if they desired to, or to a movie if they desired to, and each gave them something distinctive, however bad. Today, with the silent movies gone, the customers have, to their way of thinking, only one form of diversion left to them: the spoken play. The novelty of the talkies' mechanism has already begun to wear off for them, and only the second-hand theatre play remains. Where once they had two essentially different ways to spend two evenings, they now have but one.

7 One of the most difficult things on the stage, any actor will tell you, is reading and playing a scene effectively behind a scrim curtain. Even so thin and veil-like a substance interposed between the actor and the audience seems to take from the audience a sense of the actor's physical being and render him less a convincing, articulate creature of flesh and blood than a perplexing anomaly. If a mere strip of gauze can so delete an actor's words and performance of persuasiveness and reality, what are we to expect of an actor's words and performance filtered through a thick film and a Westinghouse boiler-factory?

8 In the "Society" column of the Birmingham, Alabama, *Post*, there recently appeared the following news item, forwarded to me by a correspondent:

"Went to a luncheon the other day at which a most novel feature *(Continued on page 134)*

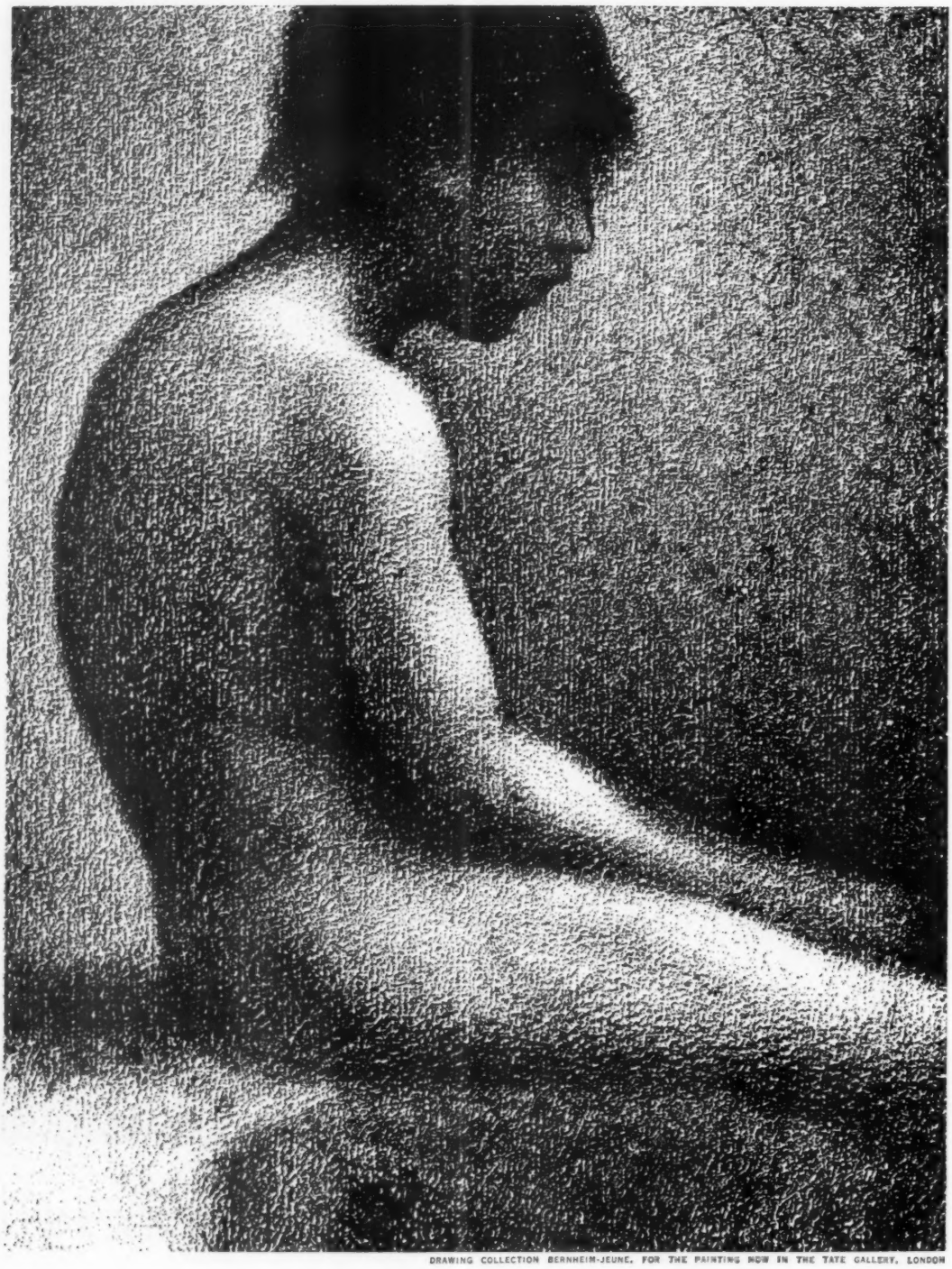
FRUHAUF
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

STEICHEN

the wistful jimmy savo

the artful comedian of john murray anderson's "almanac" singing one of his whimsical songs

More than a decade ago, the audience at the old Hurtig and Seamon Music Hall was treated to an amateur night. Among the eager performers who were exposed to this audience's distrustful gaze was a small young man, loosely accompanied by garments of a startlingly informal cut and a dead cigar butt. This was Jimmy Savo's début in the American theatre. He spent the next few years in Vaudeville. His one appearance in a Broadway revue did not create any perceptible stir, but when John Murray Anderson's current symposium disclosed the little Italian-American in some plaintively hilarious numbers, Fame was no longer coy. Mr. Savo was seen to be a comedian who blends a strain of pathos and a touch of art with his humour as in the sly ballad, "I think you're wonderful, but I may be wrong"



DRAWING COLLECTION BERNHEIM-JEUNE. FOR THE PAINTING NOW IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

drawing by georges seurat

a study for "la baignade" by a french painter whose work will be in the first show of the museum of modern art

an american museum of modern art

BY ALFRED H. BARR, JR.

new york's newest gallery will occupy the position which, in paris, is filled by the luxembourg museum

L'ARTISTE—BY GEORGES SEURAT

■ For many years, certainly since the riotous, epoch-making Armory Exhibition of 1913, an increasing number of people have thought and talked about and set their hearts upon a museum of modern art in New York. Urgent editorials have been written, excellent dinners eaten, and fulminating speeches delivered, but until this autumn no positive, large-visioned effort has been made to bring about a public institution which might give New York a consistently adequate idea of modern art. Tentative experiments have been tried such as the extreme leftward exhibitions of the heroic Société Anonyme, the Whitney Studio Club, and the Gallery of Contemporary Art at Washington Square College. But these, worthy as they are, have lacked scale and resources and the capacity for growth.

The Metropolitan Museum, New York's single important public art gallery, has only at times been persuaded to touch, a little gingerly, the less controversial phases of modern art. This reluctant policy has induced facile critics to call—or cat-call—the Metropolitan a mausoleum. Apparently they forget those remarkable achievements which at times have put the Metropolitan ahead of other great museums. Long before the Louvre or any other European gallery had recognized Manet's existence as an artist the Metropolitan had acquired two of his paintings. Before the Luxembourg could tolerate the post-impressionists, indeed while Paris was still debating over Claude Monet's art, the Metropolitan had purchased a Cézanne. But these bold steps were taken, alas, long ago, before the war. Since then the inadequate French exhibition of 1921, the Bellows Memorial Exhibition, and the recent "modernistic" decorators' show have been the only events at the Metropolitan which might be called modern.

■ Meanwhile, museums throughout Europe and America have left New York far behind. Little German industrial towns such as Halle and Erfurt, Essen and Mannheim, Russian cities such as Witebsk and Kharkov, have galleries devoted primarily to modern art. Tourists who visit Utrecht or Novgorod, Bremen, Strasbourg, Prague, Hanover, in search of the quaint and picturesque are surprised to discover rooms in public museums which are alive with an emphatically contemporary atmosphere.

And in our own country are Worcester with its Gauguins and Dufresnes, Detroit with its Matisses and Chiricos and its splendid modern German collection. Brooklyn, without the means to purchase extensively, has given temporary space most courageously and generously for all phases of modern art from impressionism to *sur-réalisme*. The Los Angeles Museum, through the Preston Harrison gift, confronts its citizens with Dufy's wit, Picasso's abstractions, Derain's power. Columbus, with Ferdinand Howald's encouragement, prides itself on its Demuths and Marins.

More enviable still to the poor New Yorker are the Birch-Bartlett and Martin Ryerson rooms in the Chicago Art Institute. Here are magnificent Van Goghs, Seurat's *La Grande Jatte*, Cézanne's greatest still-life, works of the first rank by Toulouse-Lautrec, Henri Rousseau, Segonzac, Utrillo, Picasso, Lhôte and others.

Yet even more pertinently important are the modern collections of New York's peers—the great "world-cities". Berlin, Paris, London, Moscow, Amsterdam, Munich, while they force us to most uncomfortable comparisons, also offer us valuable suggestions. The Louvre, the National Gallery at Trafalgar Square, the Rijksmuseum, the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, these, like the Metropolitan, are great historical museums, national collections of supreme importance. But they differ in one essential from New York's institution: they do not even pretend to any interest in modern art. Their function is to preserve the past rather than to explain the present. But in addition to these shrines of the traditional there are in all of these cities separate institutions with distinct organization, staff and buildings, which are given over specifically to modern art.

■ Berlin has its *National-Galerie* in the former Crown Prince's Palace where the abstract impressionists, Kandinsky and Klee, and the cubists, Picasso and Feininger, prove their victory over popular contempt. Moscow has three or four museums of modern art both native and "western". In the latter, housed in the Tchukine and Morosov Palaces, may be seen the greatest collection of modern French painting in the world, including, one may remark in passing, twenty Cézannes, sixteen Gauguins, nine Rousseaus, thirty-five Matisses, a dozen Derains and fifty-five Picassos. Even in placid, conservative Munich, one can leave the *Alte Pinakothek* to visit the *Neue Staats-Galerie* where, among a half-dozen Van Goghs, is the most famous of his *Sunflowers*.

Another and equally fine version of the *Sunflowers* has found a permanent home in an even more surprising place, the Tate Gallery of London—surprising, that is, to Americans who tend to consider the Tate sacred to the memory of Turner, Watts and Sir Frank Dicksee, R. A. Yet one may leave the Pre-Raphaelites, pass through a magnificent room of Daumier, Manet, Degas, and Renoir, into a shrine where hangs one of the greatest modern paintings, Seurat's *La Baignade*, surrounded by first-rate Cézannes, Matisses, Bonnards, Utrillos.

But of all these *(Continued on page 136)*

berlin, the

BY PAUL MORAND

DINE AND SWIM AT THE WELLENBAD

• Anyone who goes to Berlin with pre-war expectations and ideas will be enormously surprised. Where are the turnouts, the Imperial automobiles which had for a warning signal the first notes of Siegfried's horn? What has become of the dachshunds and the clashing of swords? Berlin has become a great cosmopolitan city, more Jewish and Slav than Prussian, as well lighted at night as Broadway, late in going to bed—as animated and as international as some great seaport.

Beer has been replaced by wine, by drugs, and by strange synthetic drinks; in the bars posters urge you to drink the "Animator". There is no longer such a thing as living cheaply there; Berlin is the most expensive city in Europe. Dealers in antiques are making fortunes; new quarters have sprung up, like bath rooms; you see, on all sides, houses with swollen, rounded fronts, bloated, their walls in glass and white faïence, as if, in the last ten years, architects had been replaced by sanitary engineers. The galleries devoted to modern art leave those of 57th Street far behind in their audacities, and a new word has sprung into favour, echoing in our ears with an unaccustomed frequency: this word is "erotic."

Farewell to *Götterdämmerung!* The theatres offer *The Beggar's Opera* and *The Cap-*

CHAMPAGNE OBLIGATOIRE

THE JOCKEY BAR—CHEZ FREDDY

LIVING PICTURES AT THE INDRA

new york of old europe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK VON REPPERT-BISMARCK

(ABOVE) SCENE AT HAUS VATERLAND

(BELOW) EVENING AT THE DOMINO

tive. The Beggar's Opera is played there in a jerky, colourful, and brutal fashion, which reflects, at Piscator's, the direct influence of the stagecraft of Moscow.

"We shall have morals," cry the beggars, "when our bellies are full!"

Reinhardt is becoming a back number.

There are packed houses every night for *Rivalen*, which is none other than *What Price Glory?* and the American uniform is loudly applauded, as, after the show, that French singer in the Jockey cabaret will be when, sitting on the piano, she sings *La Madelon*, with everyone present joining in the chorus. The hostility of the two heroes, which is the theme of *What Price Glory?* seemed to me to be rendered with much verisimilitude; I soon heard that the two military actors had entered so fully into their parts that they pursued one another still, behind the scenes, with so violent a hatred that the manager was wondering whether he could come to the season's end without bloodshed.

● At the cinema Dr. Van der Velde's film about marriage, *Die Ehe*, is active propaganda for a more intimate understanding of the sexes; we are shown illustrious examples of everything that serves to create discord in the modern *ménages* of Berlin, sadly fallen from the Venusberg; graphs and diagrams teach young people what their elders still know nothing about; the slow course of emotion in the woman is shown, in contrast to the leaping ardour of the male, and this lesson in physiology, in which, from time to time, appears the bearded and spectacled face of the learned doctor, seems to presage a new era of scientific happiness for humanity, a sort of synthetic well being.

Here is a centre of culture that rivals Paris; one sees as many good Picassos and Braques in the Flechtheim Gallery as in the *rue de la Boétie*; one meets the Crown Prince at the Rot-Weiss playing tennis; one chats with Count Kessler concerning his latest book about Rathenau, with Theodor Wolff about his excavations and researches at Bergama; the Baroness de Goldschmidt-Rothschild and her friend, the Princess Lichnowsky, have a dazzling modern salon in the Pariserplatz, rivalled only by its neighbour, that of Madame Roland de Margerie, at the French Embassy, where one may meet Harold Nicolson, the most brilliant of English diplomats, who is actually writing a life of his father, Sir Arthur; Professor le Coq, who continues to uncover the admirable frescoes of Turkestan; and Professor Einstein, who says, with a modest bearing, that the problems of relativity are very easy to grasp, and that they "demand only a little reflection." The *Querschnitt* review sounds, most exactly, the note of this brilliant and witty society, of which it is, in a sense, the official organ.

MÄDCHEN BALLETT

● The Germans speak of themselves as very poor, in this Spring of 1929. Are they so poor? The hotels, the theatres, the night cabarets are full; caviare and Impressionist French paintings soar to ridiculous prices; the concrete automobile roads, the electrified railways, the parks devoted to sport, testify, on the other hand, to a definite prosperity. Or, rather, as in all new Europe, there are two camps: that of those who died in the war—the living dead—and that of those born of the war; the German provinces, from Munich to Dresden, are in the first category, but Berlin is in the second.

Let us drop in, a little after the theatres close, at the Vaterland. That is a caravanserai of five stories, divided into as many great rooms as is Europe into nations, so that one may, within the hour, take a glass of port in a sombre Spanish *bodega*, go on to eat cream cheese and sip a light white wine in a Swiss *chalet*—to say nothing of the coffee one may taste, while one lies stretched out on the divans of the Turkish room. In the Tzigane room, its sill decorated with red pimentos, gypsies in vivid embroidery will tell your fortune. A vast Bavarian room, a veritable cathedral of beer, a temple of sausage, with bare kneed Tyroleans, good natured girls who sell pretzels and horse radish, wearing spruce leaves, offer the delighted drinkers a vision of glaciers so truly suggestive that one feels that one is suddenly filling one's lungs with the sparkling air of the Herzogenstand and the Starnburg.

● But where the Vaterland attains to the sublime is in the Rhenish room! Everything is dim. The decorations amid which one drinks sparkling Moselle and Riesling from long necked bottles vanish into the night. It is a Walpurgis night, with artificial clouds which pass to and fro, while invisible choirs sound the motif of the Rhine Maidens, and illuminated boats float on the stream; everyone present is seated, religiously, ready to see the day break; an electric dawn appears at last over the Black Forest, and the old, sacred river is to be seen. *Hoch! Hoch!* And all the while an avalanche of liverwurst, of hot dogs, of hamburgers, of Viennese sausages, of Prague or Westphalia ham, falls from the heights of the Wagnerian skies, and one hears the constant rattling of metal from the lids of the steins!

But in the South-East of Berlin there are places still more picturesque. At the Alexander Quelle, a sort *(Continued on page 110)*

MURAY—HOLLYWOOD

a beguiling recruit to the films, miss loy, will play in "under a texas moon", a new talking picture made entirely in colours

myrna loy—a new type for the screen

and now the yearning celluloid

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

the art-cinema—a new way of bringing beauty to men's souls and cash to the box-office till

■ A moving picture made in Germany is Art.

So is a moving picture made in Russia. And a moving picture made in Russia which is about the Russian Revolution is *very great* Art. This is the credo of that part of the film-going public which wears its eyebrows high and its lips in a perpetual small circle of ecstasy. This credo extends still further.

Any nature film, and particularly any nature film treating vividly of the sex-life of the dragon-fly or the amoeba, is Art. And, by a curious process of developing grandeur, the amount of art involved seems to increase in ratio to the size of the animal featured; so that the fact is indisputable that any nature film devoted to very large animals in their native environment is tremendous Art. Thus, *Chang* is High Art, and *Simba* is High Art.

The early films of Charlie Chaplin are Art. And, since this is true, so—by a trick of flicker hokus-pokus—any revival of Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon, Buster Keaton, and their compeers is equally Art. In short, any picture so old that it has become slightly decomposed, so badly photographed that it is hard on the eyes, and so scarred by a long career in the honky-tonks that it is apt to break off in the middle in a frenzy of blind staggers, is Art. An old moving picture is a quaint moving picture; if it is quaint, it is Art; and if it is Art, it will find a home in one of those angular little houses glowing with amber light which call themselves "Art Cinema-Theatres" because (1) they are too small to hold a greater portion of the public than those exalted few who want something peculiar in their movies, and like to call it Art, and (2) they are too poor to spend money on films other than occult pictures from Europe and revivals of old favourites. The revival idea is a pretty one. How gratefully we sit in these little temples, watching the serial pictures of our youth restored to our dimming eyes; once more, we are blissfully imperilled with Pauline, exploited with Elaine, englamoured with Louise Glaum and embarrassed with Theda Bara! For every break in the film, as it pauses crazily to announce, at the height of the plot, the end of Reel One, or Three, or Five, a heart in the audience breaks too, exquisitely shattered by its burden of quaintness. It is a feast of charm that lies before us, and one that has no ending; for, in a few years, the pictures of to-day—commercial, costly and gigantic productions—will have aged sufficiently to become Art, too, and then we shall be able to enjoy them at last. The first talking pictures, for instance—how arty they will all seem!

The magic wand, gilded with UFA, a-flutter with nature films, and tipped with revivals, which is thus conjuring an illusion of beauty before our dazzled eyes, goes, then, by the elegant name of the Art Cinema Theatre. It is a curious hybrid, in which our country's nascent love of beauty and its older efficiency clasp hands and go dancing joyfully down riotous lanes of celluloid. Their chorus is one of gladness; and sheer profit, decked out in the draperies of Art, frolics at their heels; for twin discoveries have been theirs. They have discovered that a certain section of the film-going public wants the better and higher things in the blink-and-flicker drama, and, simultaneously, they have found that these things are ridiculously easy to procure.

■ There are, consequently, a round dozen of theatres in two competing chains busily procuring them; and the inside information is that, by the first of the year, one of these chains will have permanently annexed fifteen of the new art temples to itself alone. Competition between them is bitter, and teeth are being gritted and tempers frayed as the rival organisations scour the country, outbidding each other for disused auditoria and outworn livery-stables in which, once they have made them sufficiently startling on the outside and sufficiently dark and uncomfortable in their interiors, they may peacefully exhibit their triumphant examples of Higher Things in Motion Pictures.

And these higher things—what are they? German films, Russian films, revivals, films depicting the life of the insect, the wild beast and the flower; any film, in short, which is less adapted to giving its patrons a good time than it is to making them acutely conscious of their own intellectual processes. And, since the great American public (outside of the art-lovers) is willing to pay high for entertainment but, adversely, continues to ignore what does not amuse it, such films as these, being low in entertainment value, cost the theatres little to present. There is no great demand for them, save in the hungry heart of the seeker after Art. So the theatres get their pictures cheaply, and half of their problem is solved. The other half is equally simple. Take a screen patron who is entranced by his discovery of Art, and by his appreciation of it, and set before him a moving picture which succeeds in making him think that he is thinking; so absorbed will he be in his own cerebral spasms that he will not care, or notice, if the chair that he sits in be lined with spikes. The building which actually houses the theatre, therefore, presents but a brief problem. It must have walls, a roof, a door and enough space inside for succeeding rows of seats. For the rest, stark though it be, it is clothed in beauty, adorned by Art; and—an added charm— it costs so little that it is able to give its coffee and cigarettes away free.

Behold a fortunate coincidence for the business managers of the art-theatre racket—that the only two ingredients necessary to its success—pictures and a theatre—should both come so cheaply!

It is a triumph of business to have developed so subtle a graft. It is the triumph of an idea that people come and come, and come again to see these phony "art" movie-shows. One little cinema-theatre makes twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and another two thousand a week, because they come, and keep on coming in eager, receptive droves. They arrive, in a sort of solemn hush, to be regaled with the same coffee, night after night, and the same convulsions of UFA expressionism; they leave, always in the same exalted state, glowing with praise of the modernistic angles on the walls, and the angular modernisms on the screen. They adore pictures without subtitles, because they are subtle; and they love Russian revolutions, because Russia gave Tolstoy to the world, and perhaps a little more intimately, because most of them themselves, hail from somewhere within a yoo-hoo of the Volga. They go into ecstasies over *Caligari* because of the unnaturalness of the setting, and they rave over *Chang* and *Grass* because of the unspoiled beauty of the scenes.

■ Hollywood they denounce by the curve of an eyebrow as too melodramatic, but a UFA picture with seventeen spies, an arch-villain with disguises, an arch-villain without disguises, assorted lesser villains, a train-wreck and a motorcycle race is perfectly acceptable. Wagner on the Phototone, coupled with a sliding German exposition of the *Nibelungen Lied*, is Art, and they stand in line entranced to peer at the old legend. They teach themselves pathetically to like Chaplin, after the first shock of seeing him in the hallowed house of silence and angles. And when they come out, they *(Continued on page 124)*

a duel without seconds

BY DJUNA BARNES

wherein a lady discovers that an ordinary theft may involve one's honor in more ways than one

■ The Baron and Baroness Otterly-Hansclever were two at dinner, each immured in a lonely little canopy of light flung by the candles at either end of the long table. The third course had been served, and the Baron had helped himself to three cutlets in place of his usual two; for, now that his duelling days were practically over, he had no need to keep free of fat. The Baroness sat with lowered eyes, breaking her bread in silence and thinking of the days that were no longer.

Silent and preoccupied they both were, while between them the long, hard expanse of mahogany mocked them with a false gaiety of silver and glass and with shadows of candlelight that danced along its bland surface like ghosts of the company whose laughter it once had known. There was silence too, in the room that brooded darkly over the lonely couple—silence heavy and complete save for the whisper of the butler's feet as he moved pallidly in the dimness beyond the high, brocaded chairs. But to the Baroness the very silence was loud with echoes of the past, and to her wistful eyes the fleeting shadows now seemed to take form, almost to assume the outlines of phantom guests crowding around the table in a staccato pattern of talk and colour as vivid as in the days, not so long ago, when this same room had buzzed with conversation, had rung with laughter. So strong was the illusion that she half-turned her head toward the place on her right hand where the old Duke of Yarhoven, with his daughters, had been accustomed to sit—then to her left, where the bosoms, bright with medals, of famous generals and politicians had once swelled with confidence and gaiety. She sighed now as she recalled, one by one, those delightful friends of a happier day. . . . There had been the lanky Hoving Twins, eager young sportswomen whose laughter rang across a drawing-room in a kind of prolonged, double echo like the baying of hounds, making everyone think of pink coats and crisp, autumn fields so that they all felt enormously cheerful, even the sundry officers suffering from malaria contracted while doing the right thing by the colonies. There had been actresses, statesmen, princes, even a king—and always, like the charming, sentimental refrain running through an operetta, there had been that assortment of wistful little wives whose husbands had been sent out of their own country to do some kind of political injustice in another.

But those days were tragically over; and now the Baron and his Baroness were alone, and as lonely as dethroned royalty. The money which had once been so plentiful had diminished until now it hardly served to cover the pheasants with their appropriate dressing. Their riches were gone, their friends were gone; before them lay nothing but a thin and dreadful solitude. But while the Baroness grew hourly frailer and more despairing, her husband seemed unaffected by their misfortunes. Indeed, looking at him now down the grim length of that deserted table, she reflected that he seemed to live entirely in the past; placid, pink, and stupid, he busied himself only with his history of duelling from the sixteenth century up to his own time—when, he assured everyone who would listen, he had been no mean hand at the fine art himself. He carried a long and nasty scar across his right cheek to attest to his veracity, and although the story of that scar altered brilliantly from year to year, it gave him tremendous *cachet*.

■ When he had first met his future Baroness (she had been Gertie Platz, then, and sweetly gullible) he had assured her that it was but a month old, having been won in defense of her beauty and fair name; but scarcely had the glow in her heart begun to brighten into something akin to love for her valiant defender, when she overheard him telling the Duchess of Yarhoven that he had come by his scar one unfortunate night in Madrid when he had righted a wrong half a mile out of town. In the succeeding years (there had been twenty) he had changed the story as often as he could find anyone to tell it to; it was, variously, on a point of personal honour that he had been wounded, for the honour of the church, for the honour of his country, for the honour of a woman . . . but it was always a highly entertaining tale. In the early days, the Baroness had been thrilled. She winced and breathed faster as he drew out, in an illustrative gesture, his bloody rapier; she shuddered and paled, and murmured: "You are wonderful!" But, God of custom, that was long ago! Now her nostrils quivered slightly, and she turned her head away.

As her friends deserted her, and her life narrowed to a barren path of debt and despair, this once great lady's smile had come to be, of late, a little iced; her infrequent laughter a trifle shrill. Lines appeared about her fine eyes, and her step was slower as she walked in her lonely garden and listened to her gardener talk of winter packing for the strawberries and the gentler flowers. Alas, she knew too well why her friends had left her; as vividly as though it had been carved by a bitter blade upon her mind and heart, she could trace the first indication of disaster to that dreadful evening, five years ago, upon the occasion of their fifteenth anniversary ball, when the most deplorable, the most tragic event of her life had taken place.

■ The Baron, that night, had just been telling the pretty wife of General Koenig how he had come by his scar in Budapest, fighting beside the blue Danube in waltz time with an adversary who would not keep step, when one of the Hoving twins, with a long, resounding wail (the acoustics of the Baron's mansion being peculiarly perfect for rendering anguish) screamed that she had been robbed not only of her mother's emerald pendant but of her father's father's time-piece, as big as a turnip and wound with a key in the shape of a spade, which she valued not so much because it was her grandfather's as because it was worth a thousand British pounds, its equivalent in dollars, its twin in marks, and its replica in lire. To this day, the Baroness shuddered as she recalled the stark silence that had followed the announcement of this loss, then the excited hum of voices as the guests began hastily to compute the loss in various currencies. Uncomfortable pauses there had been, too, lips tightened with unspoken doubts, eyes that rested a little too long, a little too thoughtfully on other eyes. . . . All the curious, eager, yet reluctant suspicion that is so easily roused among friends dwelt like an evil fog in that brilliant room. The thing had been hushed up, of course, although neither pendant nor watch was ever found, and there the matter might have ended; but from that day the Baroness, her eyes shadowed with anxiety, noticed that at each of her parties that followed something of value was lost. Her drawing-room lacked spontaneity after that; fewer and fewer guests came, and always there was that nervous expectation of someone rising to proclaim the loss of a jewel, or—worse still—considerately hurrying away, murmuring something about having misplaced a cuff-link or a tie-pin, a bracelet or a ring. The servants were questioned, and several were dismissed under suspicion; but still the thefts continued, and the Baroness grew as thin as a leaf in the wind, and seldom, now, raised her tired eyes to the faces of those friends who were left to her. Soon, *(Continued on page 116)*

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HOYNINGEN-HUENE

tini meller

the spanish dancer makes her american début in the revue "wake up and dream"

Tini Meller is, of course, a sister of the celebrated Raquel, and was, until recently, little known save for those small, perfect dances which she contributed to the Casino de Paris. With the London première, last Spring, of the new Cochran revue *Wake Up and Dream*, however, her own personal triumph was as immediate as that of her glamourous sister; and now she has paused on the way to success to stipulate amiably but firmly in her contract that she wishes to stand on her own merits, and not to be exploited as the sister of Raquel. Accompanied by her own guitarist, Tini Meller dances peasant dances of Spain with an effective simplicity as remote from the usual cabaret interpretations of Spanish dancing as are the tranquil fields of Andalusia from the hot glitter of Broadway

IRA MARTIN

And now New York can muster an even more intimidating total of vertical inches—in the Walter P. Chrysler Building at Lexington Avenue and Forty-third Street, to be the tallest inhabitable building in the world, overtopping even the Woolworth Building and itself abased only to the Eiffel Tower in Paris. This leviathan, distinguished by its 3750 windows, its 900,000 feet of floor space, its 56 stories, and 809 feet of height will be completed by the spring of 1930. It is astounding to think that this titan of telescoped cubes is merely the economic result of a ratio of land prices to construction costs, rather than an extravaganza of human bravado

a new solution to the geometry of new york city: the uncompleted w. p. chrysler building

more topless towers for new york

the unimportance of luxury

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

why comfort is the permanent, profound, and ennobling basis of true good living

■ The ancients, as also the moralists of the middle ages, depicted luxury as a vice: thereby according to it an importance which it does not deserve. It is true that to them the word signified, as in Italian it still signifies, something wholly disreputable: a degree of self-indulgence which is ruinous to health as well as to morals. Today, and in the English tongue, the word means only an excess of comfort. And since all excess has a saddening effect upon the human soul, we regard the habit of luxury, or we should regard it, with disapproval. In this we are right.

For luxury is in the first place the least durable and the most superficial of human indulgences. It is not merely that the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next; it is that Monday's luxury is already a dull necessity by Thursday afternoon. The particular bath-scent which on Monday had seemed to awake Poppaea, is by Thursday merely the stuff that one puts in one's bath. And by next Monday one is longing again for the Lavender Water of Mitcham or even for the sharp ammonia of Mr. Scrubbs.

Comfort, on the other hand, is permanent, profound, and ennobling. It is the basis of the good life. It must carefully be distinguished from its sister, luxury: it is in no sense parasitic; it pays for itself.

IRA MARTIN

This distinction can be pressed further. Comfort is essentially personal; luxury is essentially impersonal. Comfort represents the gradual adjustment of externals to the needs of one's own temperament; luxury is merely something which has been bought in a shop. The greatest luxuries (such as hot water bottles) are frequently derived from the essence of one's need for comfort; but there are no comforts, so far as I am aware, which derive from luxuries. For the latter, all too frequently, are just a bore.

Let me first examine comfort. It responds primarily to the elemental instincts of the body. We desire food: it is most uncomfortable not to obtain it in sufficient quantity. We desire drink: here again we suffer if deprived. Warmth also is a necessity, and we must have clothes, and, I suppose, central heating. We must see with our eyes, and for that we require not merely electricity, but electricity conveniently to hand. We must be clean, and for this requirement baths are a necessity, and hot running water at all hours of the day. Sleep also is essential to the human frame, and for most human frames this can only be secured by beds, mattresses, pillows, and other soft and soothing objects. This, as far as I can see, completes the list of essential comforts.

It is however the more personal comforts which ennoble and delight. A large writing table. Not that little escritoire on which are balanced Buhl blotting pads, calendars, inkstands, stamp-dampers, scissors that fall into the waste-paper basket, a letter-weight that prevents one opening the blotter, a tray in which the pens huddle together, a large erection containing note-paper, little silly boxes with india-rubber bands, and nibs.

In fact "The guest's writing table".

■ Is it a sense of luxury which tempts the hostess thus to clutter up a writing table with objects neither useful nor beautiful? Never would she admit of her own table being thus encumbered. The guest's table, however, has to show signs of "luxury" such as the box for the india-rubber bands,—and comfort, in the process, is smothered under little things.

A large writing table. The very phrase has about it the calm note of noble comfort. And by large, I mean huge. A table on which typewriters, flower vases, despatch boxes, books, filing cabinets, golf-balls, rose secateurs, wireless sets, clocks, tobacco-jars, telephones, hats, walking-sticks, shoes, statuary, and the Encyclopedia Britannica can all rest without attracting notice. A table on which, when fully served with necessaries, one could, if one so desired, lie spread-eagle without displacing a single object; a table, at the same time, so constructed as to render each of the above objects readily attainable without rising from one's chair. I know such tables. I have one myself. That is comfort.

Or take one's luggage. I once possessed, when I came of age, what was fitting described as a "luxurious dressing case". It contained two brushes in hammered silver, a clothes brush ditto, a hat brush ditto, bottles for scent and hair-wash and shaving lotion, two or three little boxes for what were called "trinkets" in which I put the Dutch, Belgian, Swiss, Italian, and Rumanian centimes which were left over from my travels, a spirit lamp, a clock, a writing desk, a paper-cutter, a flask, a separate case containing utensils with which to extract thorns, and two large objects employed to pull on hunting boots. The whole thing smelt of pig-skin, and there was an outer cover of silk waterproof to prevent the pig-skin getting damaged. There was a small space left in the centre which was too big to hold a book and too small to take an evening shirt. The thing had to be lifted by a crane. It was too heavy for any rack, and too fat to slide under any seat. It stood on the floor of the compartment accumulating looks of hatred from fellow passengers. It did not even last as an article of expense and beauty. The clock stopped; two of the bottles broke and pervaded the pig-skin with an oily scented stain; the outer cover became tiresome and was discarded; the spirit lamp caught fire at Danzig; and one of the things for pulling on hunting boots, having inadvertently been used as a hammer, broke in two.

■ There are few objects in life more unwanted than the survivor of a pair of things for pulling on hunting boots. I still possess this dressing-case, but I do not use it. I have abandoned luxury for comfort. I have purchased a large attaché case which is sufficient to contain the necessities of washing, brushing and sleeping. I have learnt the great secret of having two sponge-bags, one inside the other. I have learnt the great secret of bundling brushes, combs, and other things into a small brown holland bag. I am thus comfortable and self contained. Books and papers go in another *(Continued on page 114)*

THE CENSOR

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

the necessity for making mrs. grundy shock-proof and educating her to the correct hellenic attitude

FAUNS AND NYMPHS

● Mrs. Grundy resembles the King and that infernal worm of the Bible—she cannot die. *La Grundy est morte. Vive la Grundy!* There is no getting rid of her; she is immortal and succumbs only to be re-born. Disguised as Sir William Joynson-Hicks (for she frequently wears trousers), the dreadful old female has been very active in England during the last few years. When the General Election put an end to Jix (Sir W. J. H.) and his party, the optimists hoped that an end had been put to Mrs. Grundy. But the optimists, as usual, were wrong. In the sphere of sexual behaviour the new government is as rigidly orthodox as the old, and as actively intolerant. Almost the latest acts of the departing Jix were to ban D. H. Lawrence's new novel and to confiscate the registered letter containing the manuscript of his poems, *Pansies*. (And we poor innocents who thought that the official opening and stealing of registered letters were only done by Russians and such like!) One of the first acts of Jix's successor has been to set the police on to the same D. H. Lawrence's exhibition of paintings. Thirteen of the paintings were confiscated and just escaped being burnt. *La Grundy est morte. Vive la Grundy!*

Sexual orthodoxy preserves not only its Athanasian Creed, but also its Grand Inquisitor. "I believe in one Love, monogamous and indissoluble. And I believe in Respectability. And above all in Silence." Against the heretics who will not accept this profession of sexual faith, the Grand Inquisitors are permanently at war. At the beginning of the last century, English Catholics and Jews had no political rights; atheists were expelled from English universities; blasphemers were severely punished. To-day a man is free to have any or no religion; about the Established Church and its divinities he can say almost anything he likes. But woe to him if he deviates from the narrow path of sexual orthodoxy! For writing certain forbidden words and the description or representation of certain acts which everyone performs—the penalty ranges from confiscation of the offending picture or writing to a fine and, possibly, in certain cases, imprisonment. It will thus be seen that, as things stand at present, the Holy Trinity may be insulted with almost perfect impunity. But do, or say, or draw anything to offend Mrs. Grundy, and the avenging Inquisitor will immediately swoop down on you.

Mrs. Grundy, in a word, is the only deity officially recognized by the English State. Men are free not to worship the God of Anglicanism; but the law compels them to bow down before the divine Grundy.

● To argue the case against Grundyism would be easy, but wholly unprofitable. For these matters, it is obvious, argument is perfectly useless. Argument appeals to reason, and there is no reason in Grundyism. There are at best only rationalizations of prejudices—prejudices that, in most individual Grundyites, date back to the teaching received in childhood. Those who accept the creed of sexual orthodoxy do so because, in Pavlov's phrase, their reflexes have been conditioned at an impressionable period. It would be absurd to doubt the sincerity of people like Jix and Mr. Sumner. They are obviously quite genuinely shocked by such things as Lawrence's paintings. Such things *really* disgust and outrage them. Given their upbringing it is inevitable; just as it is inevitable that Pavlov's dogs, after having been regularly fed to the sound of a bell, should start to dribble with hungry anticipation each time, in the future, that the bell is rung. Jix (or Lord Brentford, as we must now style him) was doubtless brought up in surroundings where an improper word, an over-frank reference in Saxon phrases to such matters as the processes of reproduction (notice how perfectly respectable all this sounds when shrouded in the decent obscurity of a learned language!) was accompanied, not by anything so mild as the tinkling of a bell, but by appalling silences, by the blushing or swooning away of maiden aunts, by the sadly pious horror of Jehovahistic indignation of clergymen and schoolmasters. So that to this day Jix and his fellows cannot hear these words or read these descriptions without at once recapturing (the process is as automatic as the salivation of Pavlov's dogs) the painful emotions aroused in them during childhood by the portentous accompaniments and consequences of what I have called sexual blasphemy. At present, most of those old enough to be occupying positions of power and responsibility were brought up in environments which conditioned their reflexes into the form of Grundyism. A time may come, perhaps, when these posts will be filled by men whose reflexes have not been so conditioned. When the contemporary child takes a normal, healthy interest in sex and such matters, the majority of young parents do not weep over him, or beat him, or tell him that his soul will roast in hell-fire. It follows, therefore, that his future reactions to sex will be less violently painful than the reactions of those who were (*Continued on page 102*)

RED WILLOW TREES

Mr. D. H. Lawrence, the celebrated author, recently presented the rewards of but three years of painting in an exhibition in London of some twenty decorative canvases. The English authorities immediately confiscated thirteen and announced their intention of burning them, but they were later returned intact to the gallery. The point of offense to the English public resided presumably in the grouping of both male and female nudes in the same canvas. Three of the paintings which were not confiscated are reproduced here for the first time in America. They demonstrate to an amazing degree Mr. Lawrence's native ability in this new form

A HOLY FAMILY

canvases by a writer turned artist, from the exhibition of his paintings which was held in a gallery in london

PAINTINGS BY D. H. LAWRENCE

ex-husband

BY JOHN RIDDELL*

another of those thinly disguised broadway novels that mention you and you and you

● Novel-writing in America seems to have struck a windfall. For years our lesser fiction-writers struggled in vain to create so much as one real person in our native literature; and then one day, glancing about them in despair, these harassed writers suddenly made the unique discovery that there were something like 150,000,000 real persons about them here in America and all they needed to do was to mention an actual name and presto! they would have a real life-like character for their novels, all ready-made, thus saving tremendous wear and tear on their literary imaginations, as well as insuring their novels at least one ardent reader.

From this beginning the idea has swept literary America like new brooms. Each day the presses turn out more and more novels of New York and Chicago and Hollywood which include all the current Broadway celebrities (either by name or by reputation), list some anonymous scandals, tell over (and over) the sacred beads of the Algonquin Rosary, mention with nice tact each literary critic, and name Walter Winchell at least four times. And these real persons in turn, far from being offended at being thus rudely conscripted to furnish local color for their friends' novels, have rushed out themselves to gather this literary hay while the sun shines and have written still more novels mentioning their contemporaries, until the whole literary life in New York has come to resemble a vast happy (if vicious) circle, marching around and around in lockstep with hands on shoulders, like a Rotary picnic, all humming to themselves that old, old chant: "Merrily we roll a log, roll a log, roll a log. . . ."

Therefore, encouraged by the critical murmurs of "How lifelike!" which have arisen, as the New York reviewers, one by one, have recognized their own names in print, as well as by the increasing public curiosity in identifying the thinly-disguised characters in these novels, our own staff novelist, Mr. Riddell, has prepared here in these pages his own Big Confession Novel of New York, wherein, according to the custom, he hints at several ambiguous affairs with disguised celebrities, mentions all the critics, and includes enough other New York names to assure him of a sale of at least ten editions. This book, to be even more mysterious, is dedicated to "J. R."

Solutions to the identity of the characters in this novel must be in the offices of *Vanity Fair* not later than Friday.

CHAPTER ONE: Never shall I forget the fatal day that K., my wife, decided to leave me. One moment I was living in a world of happiness, my career, my home, my future all assured; the next my dreams were crashing about my ears. To be sure, my wife had once been the mistress of a prominent New York publisher in the Upper Forties with a wen on his left thigh, a blonde moustache, and a slight but noticeable lisp, as well as having had an affair with a certain well-known Broadway producer wearing a striped blue suit, yellow shoes, light grey felt hat, and answering to the name of Harry; but that had all been before I married her. I had never thought that K.—my K.—could cease to love me!

At the time that she broke the news to me, I had been blissfully reading the newspapers in our cozy little apartment. One moment I was enjoying the entertaining columns of Broun, Sullivan, F. P. A., Hope, Winchell, Crouse, Phillips, Hellinger, Johnson, Sobol, McIntyre, O'Hara, F. P. Dunne, Jr. (*Note to Printer:* Check up on newspaper columnists and add any names I may have omitted.) The next I was plunged in despair.

"I am leaving you," K. announced casually.

"You cannot leave me," I gasped. "What shall I do without you? Who will support me?"

"Support yourself," she replied callously. "Get a job as a dramatic critic like Kelcey Allen, John Anderson, J. Brooks Atkinson, Whitney Bolton, Robert Benchley, John Mason Brown, Charles Darnton, Rowland Field, Gilbert Gabriel, Robert Garland, Percy Hammond, Robert Littell, Burns Mantle, George Jean Nathan, Arthur Pollock, Gilbert Seldes, Alison Smith, Walter Winchell, Richard Watts, Alexander Woollcott (*Note to Printer:* Add any others that you can think of). Get a job as a literary critic like Harry Hansen, Carl Van Doren, Isabel Paterson, Joseph Wood Krutch, Henry Seidel Canby, Burton Rascoe, William Soskin, Mary Rennels, Jonathan Edwards, William Benét, Christopher Morley, Agnes Smith, William Allen White, George Currie, William Lyon Phelps, Bob Sherwood, David Cort, H. L. Mencken, Kerry Scott, Laurence Stallings, Harry Salpeter, Ward Marsh, Elrick Davis, Nat Ferber, Ted Shane, Baird Leonard, John Neihardt, Lincoln Colcord (*Note to Printer:* Do you think of any others?). Get a job as a motion-picture critic (*Note to Printer:* Fill these in yourself). I buried my head in

(*Continued on page 122*)

*Don't let on that I told you about it though.

GUESS WHO?

BEING SOME STANDARD RULES FOR THE LATEST PARLOR-GAME OF IDENTIFYING YOURSELF AMONG THE CURRENT CROP OF NOVELS ABOUT LIFE IN NEW YORK

1. HOW TO PLAY DEDICATIONS

Dedications may be played successfully with most of the current Broadway novels, the game being to guess the owner of the initials mentioned in the Dedication of the novel. For every set of initials that are identified, moreover, the owner of these initials will pay the finder a substantial reward, if only to keep his mouth shut. Score may be kept as follows:

Discovering the initials _____ 100
Discovering that they are your own initials _____ 0

(*Note:* In a slight variation of this game, known as *Fanfare* or Dedications Wild, the young author of *Fanfare* lists in his Dedication the initials of thirty-two persons who have been "most responsible for the general outcome" of his young life. By arranging these initials in the form of an Acrostic, and reading down left to right in a diagonal line, the reader will not only solve the name of the young author, but also the plot of his novel.)

2. HOW TO PLAY THE NEW GAME BROADWAY INTERLUDE

Can you identify yourself as one of the following characters of this novel?

1. "A theatrical producer known affectionately as 'The Wizard of Broadway' with snow-white hair, a smooth, cleverly benign, clean-shaven face, priestly hands, a silk robe of royal purple cut like a cassock, Hebraic nose and, just to make it harder, a large wart on his left nostril and a pronounced limp."—"Broadway Interlude," Page 3.

2. "A dramatic critic named 'Lysander Cotton', fat, catty, witty, indolent, affected."—Page 43.

3. "A wealthy banker, the Maecenas of Broadway, backer of operatic ventures and intellectual little-theatre enterprises with which to pry open the door of die-hard Christian society, surprisingly good-looking, white moustached, rosy-skinned and, oddly enough, reminiscent of a retired colonel of British cavalry."—Page 115.

4. "A newspaper columnist who knows everyone on Broadway, a walking Blue

(*Continued on page 136*)

STEICHEN

leslie howard

the english actor returns to the new york stage in "candle light" with gertrude lawrence

we nominate for the hall of fame

STONE

ERWIN PISCATOR

BINDER

JULES PASCIN

SZECSEN

RODION MARKOVITS

BERENICE ABBOTT

EVELYN SCOTT

PINCHOT

DUBOSE HEYWARD

because:

● ERWIN PISCATOR is the greatest exponent of the modern technique in the theatre today; because by disregarding all the traditional rules of the stage, he has found a way to blend film insets, magic lantern effects, and moving stages into dramatic action; and finally because he has just founded his own stage school in Berlin

● EVELYN SCOTT was practically an exile in Brazil at the age of twenty; because she is the author of a book of verse, and a successful play as well as a number of volumes of fiction; because *Escapade* was an unusual autobiography; and finally because her new book, *The Wave*, is the first outstanding prose study of the civil war

● JULES PASCIN is an international painter, a hybrid deriving from Spain, Serbia, Italy, and Bulgaria; because he won renown in Germany, France, Cuba, and the United States; and finally because he is a portraitist, an etcher, a water colourist, a painter of nudes, an illustrator of books, and the master of a brilliant satiric genre

● RODION MARKOVITS is a Hungarian who was a successful journalist and later a successful lawyer; because he gathered literary material during his five years in a Siberian prison camp; and finally because his first book, *Siberian Garrison*, became a European literary sensation overnight and has just been published in America

● DUBOSE HEYWARD is one of the important figures in the literary renaissance of the south; because he left the insurance business to write poetry; because he has written three successful novels, one of which, *Porgy*, was dramatized into a Broadway success; and finally because he has just written a fine new book, *The Half Pint Flask*

who wins at contract?—and why

BY LELIA HATTERSLEY

the value, in bridge, of psychology, intuition, hunch, or whatever you may call it

● Why does one player, although bringing to the game what is apparently the same degree of skill, almost invariably lose at Contract, while another almost invariably seems to win?

We all know Bridge players who have all the rules down pat and play their cards with more than a little ability, and yet consistently lose; and we know others, seemingly quite slip-shod in their methods, who consistently win.

And this brings us to the question: Is there such a thing as continued bad luck or persistent good luck at Bridge? The chronic loser will generally claim that there *is*, and that he himself is the victim of a relentless jinx which hoodoos his every play. Unbiased observation, however, usually shows that the root of his trouble does not lie in bad cards. It springs rather from a lack of card psychology, from an inability to read the idiosyncrasies, the moods, and failings of his fellow players. The chronic loser always lacks that certain sense which enables him to suspect dangers, to see traps, to know when to do, when to dare, or when to lie low and say nothing.

● The player who wins, in spite of the fact that he has never really studied the strategy of the game and could not tell a *grand coup* if he met one face to face, invariably has this certain something—card-sense, card-psychology, call it what you will.

It is not always easy to discover why one person persistently loses and another wins, because this element which so largely makes for success or failure at Bridge or Contract is usually manifested in a branch of the game where finesse is most difficult to observe—namely, in the bidding. A clever play seldom goes unnoticed because it is made on the board for all to see and admire. But an equally clever bid may readily pass unobserved. In the general run of contract games, players seldom take note of each other's original holdings or seek to check up on the motive which might have prompted a given declaration. Each one is usually too busy explaining why he did not show a certain suit, lead another card, finesse a different way, and so on.

What happens in an average game of contract is something like this: In competitive bidding against Y and Z, A, being vulnerable, is pushed up to a declaration of four Spades and doubled. Immediately the hand is played with A down three tricks. He rushes into a recital of the extenuating circumstances: certain cards which he expected to find in Y's hand turned up in Z's; every break was against him; Y's bidding was unwarranted, his double ridiculous, etc. If A would only stop to view the situation thoughtfully instead of emotionally, he might learn something to his advantage. Namely, that Y, knowing his psychology as a persistent overbidder, had deliberately used camouflaged declarations to lead him, A, into a wide open trap.

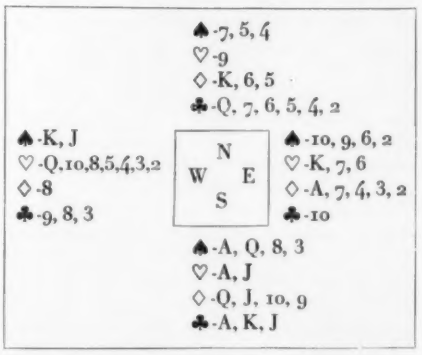
● Again, when A and B are bluffed out of their easy game declaration at No Trump by an over-bid of three Diamonds from Y, they are far more prone to bewail their ill luck than to realize that Y may have executed a well planned coup.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is a well-known fact that ability to play the cards with exceptional skill sometimes develops a chronic loser at Contract. The result is that "bull-dog" type of bidder who simply will not give up a disputed contract. This type is not only easy prey for a discerning opponent, but during any session of Contract his opportunities to hang himself are frequent, and seldom neglected.

At the same time it is certain that the successful Contract player must be endowed with a well developed gambling instinct. This fact is frequently overlooked because in the main, the gambling instinct is only recognized when it evidences itself in reckless and illogical plunging.

Though on the surface the two bear a close resemblance, there is in reality a wide disparity in the card strategy of the far-sighted, judicious gambler and the irrational speculator; a disparity which usually marks the line between success and failure. The difference between the two types is fundamental. One embarks upon a speculative bid or play because, after weighing all the odds, he *thinks* it is worth trying, the other because, without weighing the odds, he *hopes* it will prove worth trying.

Less frequently than in the bidding, but affording an even greater kick when successful, the play of a hand offers the opportunity for a heady gamble. Here is a case where the declarer was able to make his game contract by anticipating an opponent's reaction to a given situation.



Both sides were vulnerable. South, a keen psychologist, playing with a weak partner against two competent opponents, dealt and bid three No Trumps. Everybody passed, and West lead the five of Hearts. With this lead and East's play of the Heart King, South was confronted by a situation to give any one pause.

He could see that holding up his Ace of Hearts would be worse than useless as the fall of the Jack would immediately betray his fatal weakness in the suit. Including his Ace of Hearts, eight tricks were of course in sight. But how to get the ninth and still escape the menace of the ten remaining Hearts against him?

The obvious venture for his contract would seem to take in his six Clubs and then try the finesse in Spades. But South did not choose the obvious way. He played his Ace of Clubs followed by his King. On this lead East signalled with the seven of Diamonds. Promptly South switched the suit and led his Queen of Diamonds.

To East it now seemed plain that South, being out of Clubs, was trying to coax the Ace of Diamonds and establish an entry in Dummy. As to the situation in his partner's suit, East knew from the rule of Eleven that South held only one remaining high Heart. But there was nothing by which he could place its denomination, nor the unusual length of West's holding. So East passed the King of Diamonds.

His extra trick secured, South took no more chances, but cashed *(Continued on page 118)*

manhattan stenographer

BY LOUIS GOLDING

a traveler discovers the united states in the person of patty, a metropolitan typist

• It's an odd business. It's twice now that I've been to America, and I've met all the proper people—millionaires, political ladies, gangsters, revivalists, Harlem charmers, morticians. And the creature who stands out head and shoulders above them all is a young lady named Patty. She is a Manhattan stenographer. I met her many weltering leagues this side of the Nantucket lightship. She is more America than the whole continent I travelled through subsequently during two hectic half-years. It's an odd business.

You see, I'm in Morocco. I feel that in this cliff-top house I can survey the things that happened to me in America and the people I met there with more detachment and completeness than I was able to achieve from the parapet of any sky-scraper in Wall Street or the last loft of any grain-elevator in Ohio. Below my feet, the Pillars of Hercules stand up in the middle day. Behind me lie all Africa and all antiquity. Westward beyond the aloes and yellow lilies of the garden, through a latticing of pines and fig-trees, the unbroken western ocean extends towards America, into a new order, into a new adventure, into the high chasm of Seventh Avenue where the antennae of the wireless station probe the morning air, into a realtor's office in Houston, Texas.

The western ocean extends into a new adventure?

No, that's precisely what I don't want to say. The pretty rhythm of the words betrayed me. Patty of Manhattan made me realise how America was to be the consummation of all my old adventures—that America was to resolve into pattern Greece and Hungary, Tunisia, Spain; how in a barber's shop in Long Island, I was to see more clearly than ever I did in Sicily the blinding salt-pans of Trapani in the unvisited north-western corner of the island, and the great limestone mass of Eryx where they worshipped the Phoenician Astarte with ten thousand maiden votaries and a hundred thousand doves; how in Pawhuska in Oklahoma, among the Osage Indians of the oil-reservation in that region, the vision came to me of the reserved and secluded Samaritans in the steep town of Nablus in Palestine, between the flanks of Ebal and Gerizim. Or how in Chicago—

But I'll keep away from Chicago, lest I hardly find my way out again from the black and tan night-clubs of the South Thirties, where so frighteningly I saw again the glaring eye-balls of the Aissouias dancing in a Saharan oasis on the night of the birthday of Mohammed; where, in the great German boulevards along the lake, the whole bourgeois pageantry of Berlin was so comfortably and opulently recreated.

That's the sort of adventure to which Patty of Manhattan ushered me. I don't use the word in the sense of those gentlemen who proceed to describe their single-handed encounters with Polar bears in the Great White Silence or their beleaguerment by platoons of rattlesnakes in the desert of Arizona. I don't hope to compete with them. I confess that I'd have a poor show to put up against those other gentlemen, the wild and wooly ones, whose belts bristle with revolvers, who convey (or unmask) vast train-loads of hooch disguised as tapioca, who hold up banks with such dexterity. What have I to put up against adventures on that plane? A pipe of opium in Chinatown—but it made me sick; a knock on the head in a Chicago speak-easy—and that was even sillier; a defective carburetor on the road to Galveston, Texas, and never a bandit for leagues around. No, that is not much to put up against what has been claimed by Professor Ridgwell Cullum and Dr. Peter B. Kyne.

• But I repeat I don't believe that, in the subtler sense of the word, even these perilous gentlemen ever had such an adventure as mine was when I met, on the train from St. Louis to Louisville, that very same little Albanian murderer—such a dapper little fellow he was—as I met four years ago on a little cattle-boat cruising among the Ionian Islands in a tranced turquoise sea. And when they gave me absinthe with my oysters in that dive in New Orleans (I don't like the beastly stuff, but they insisted on my swallowing it)—how vividly those green submarine glooms at the bottom of my ten-cent tea-cup brought back to me a night in Marseilles, and that gang of fierce French visionaries who pledged in absinthe the simultaneous destruction of France and Germany, Great Britain and Russia, and the immediate establishment of the United States of Europe and the Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth.

But to get back to Patty. I sometimes feel that I'd have had America clearer in my mind if I had turned back in mid-Atlantic after a few days with that young lady, and never seen the Woolworth Building climb hand over fist into Heaven. It happened quite suddenly, the moment I set eyes on her on deck. She was America triumphant, uncompromisingly America; and yet in this uncanny multiple way in which all things American seized my imagination, she was in her sole self a pageant of all the world's fair women.

• She was a pageant that began with a dusky girl in the sands of the Sahara, smoothing with her deft thumb a disk of unleavened bread upon a shield of black iron. I saw her, quite distinct beyond the taffrail of the liner, move to get some water from a pool under the date-palms. She moved easily under a huge water-jar. In the breaking of a foam-cap she became America again, a Manhattan stenographer swaying to a jazz rhythm on the deck of an Atlantic liner headed for her homeland. In that swift instant the two lovely ladies reached out their hands to each other, for the circuit had been completed. It did not seem unfitting that the Manhattan lady assumed the voluminous blue camel-hair garments of her desert sister, and the Saharan lady suspended from her dusky shoulders her sister's smart little frock lately bought in Paris. For the flower of the dusky girl's simplicity is a certain wild sophistication, and at the heart of the fair girl's sophistication she cherishes a wild simplicity. The first maiden was the last and the last first. Together they were Eve. The circuit, as I have said, was completed by the joining of their hands. And under the archway their hands made, a pageant of the world's maidens passed—that fair-haired English girl with blue-green eyes and that slim lamp-like creature in Genoa in the carnival season and that Greek girl in the lonely mountains of the Peloponnese and this daughter of old Nile—this maiden, that maiden, all a world's maidens.

Now this experience has come to me sooner or later in all the lands where I have wandered; that a certain girl has isolated herself from her attendant meynal, and has taken unto herself all the qualities of her people. A sort of splendour is about her. She is metaphysical. It was just so with Patty. Dancing to the strains of the Victrola she was, upon the top deck. And beholding her, her eyes, her freedom, her reality . . . . I can't *(Continued on page 108)*

MURAY—CULVER CITY

norma shearer

miss shearer, whose fame has grown with the advent of talking films, plays a modern juliet in her new picture, "their own desires"

a golfing week-end at deauville

BY BERNARD DARWIN

an ardent follower of the game describes the newest of the fashionable european courses

■ There are some places which I, as a humble and tranquil citizen, rather like to read about but which I have never in my wildest dreams expected to visit. I picture them to myself as I sit in my own workaday home, as wonderful, gilded paradises fitted with resplendent creatures who fling gold pieces about with airy gestures, turn day into night and live in a whirl of dancing or sun-bathing and casinos. My pictures of them are probably quite unlike the real thing but they amuse me, partly because I feel a certain reflected splendour from them, and partly because I am rather glad that I shall never have to go there.

Of such places are Palm Beach in winter and Antibes and Deauville in the summer. And yet by one of life's little ironies I have just been to Deauville. More than that, I was not stricken blind by the sparkle and the gorgeousness. I survived the shock and enjoyed myself very much. As this is a golfing article and I went to Deauville purposely to play golf I must try to tell something about it.

LEVICK

BERNARD DARWIN

The author of this article is an authority on every department of golf, as he has been following the game for thirty years. He is a fine player himself, and his comments, many of which have appeared in *Vanity Fair*, are followed by golf enthusiasts in both Europe and America

I went there as one of a team of eight to play in a match against the amateurs of all France. No selective committee chose us; we were entirely unofficial; we were chosen by a kind friend. Some of us were not so young as we should like to be, but we had four players who played in a Walker Cup match, with Wethered as our leader. We were not such a bad team and, in fact, we beat our adversaries with something to spare. Victory or defeat, however, were small matters compared with friendliness, and no team ever met more friendly enemies or were received with more overwhelming kindness than we were. The great M. André who is the uncrowned King of Deauville and of half a dozen other French resorts, made us his guests, and that was to be royally treated indeed.

■ Deauville is only some two hours by train from Paris. If you go there from London you take a boat from Southampton to Havre, a crossing of some six or seven hours. You then get on to a much smaller steamer which takes you around the mouth of the Seine, in about three-quarters of an hour in fine weather, to land at the pier at Trouville. Then you cross the bridge that divides the older Trouville from the newer and more chic Deauville and there you are. When I and two others—an advance guard—got to Deauville, we were not allowed on to that small boat. Our thoughtful hosts had feared lest we might arrive in a limp and storm-tossed condition, as we did,—so there awaited us a vast golden motor omnibus attended by gorgeous minions bearing on their brand new uniforms the legend "New-Golf". They had expected "*Douze personnes*" and we could hardly persuade them that we insignificant three were all the party for that gigantic chariot. Then we rolled away kilometres upon kilometres through lovely Normandy country with a range of high chalk cliffs above us. We got, in course of time, to a spot opposite a charming little blue and white, spick and span town where we were to take a ferry boat across the Seine. We had just missed the ferry and it would take "*une demi-heure—à peu près*" before it came back. So we had a subsidiary breakfast at a tiny roadside inn, drinking our coffee at a long wooden table in the sunshine, and listening, not without apprehension, to our driver's story of a lad that had skidded down the slippery slope to the river's edge and made a *culbute* into the water. There were moments when we wished that, like humble folk, we had crossed to Deauville by the little puffing packet but all was well in the end, we got to Deauville and had a lunch—I shall still remember its fragrance when I lie dying—in a delightful flowery countryside, and shelter from the sun under striped umbrellas.

After that we drove a little drowsily and reluctantly to the brand new golf course—which was to be opened by our match—perched on the top of a hill above the town with one fine view out to sea and another over a rolling and wooded landscape. Next door to it there looms up the big hotel "New-Golf". It was to have been ready by the time of the match, but even M. André is not quite omnipotent; he cannot defeat the weather, and the cold winter had thrown the building back. Still, we had one example of his genius for hustling. We were told confidentially, that the great restaurant where we were to lunch on the match day was still full of loose bricks and we saw with our own eyes an old house which blocked the view from the windows. Next day when we arrived the old house had vanished as if it had never been. Our view was unimpeded, and we ate our lunch, with some hundreds of other people, in a restaurant so perfectly carpeted and curtained and generally made beautiful for us, that it might have been there from time immemorial.

■ Deauville has always had a golf course, and I think the illustrious Arnaud Massy was for a while the professional there. The original course was made out of excellent seaside material, but it was altogether too small, and so this new one has been made on inland soil. Mr. Simpson, who has made, and is making many French courses, was the architect. If I had been in his shoes I should have been a little discouraged, for he had to begin with nothing to help him in the way of natural advantages save some helpful slopes and undulations, and he had serious artificial obstacles in the remains of a big British camp which had been there in the war time. Nevertheless, out of this apparent sow's ear he has made something very like a silk purse. He has not made any overwhelming number of bunkers, but those which he has made are of a dominating character and utterly refuse to be disregarded. Every natural slope has been used to throw the imperfectly struck ball off the line and to help the well played shot. In short, he has made a *(Continued on page 116)*

country frocks that are chic indoors

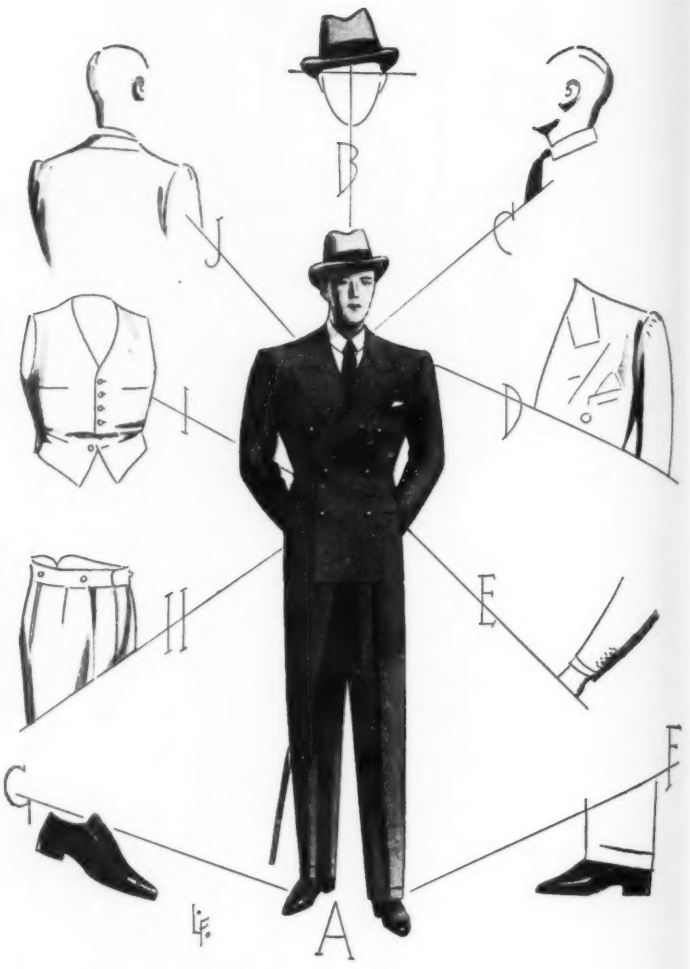
lightweight woollen fabrics are used for frocks with a dressmaker touch to substitute for rough, heavy out-door tweeds

The prospect of a rainy day in the country is one of the most baffling in the world, as Claire, Lois, and Harriet have discovered. Theirs are not the vagabond spirits that revel in a tramp over deserted roads or through the woods, they much prefer the convivial warmth of the fireside and the cocktail. Consequently, they have laid aside the shaggy sports tweeds which they would have worn if the weather had made it necessary for them to bestir themselves.

Dressed in frocks, which allow of more coquetry than their uncompromising sport clothes, they are prepared for an amusing afternoon of bridge, and the usual feminine chatter, all of which bores Boris who lies casually on the floor. Claire, at the extreme right, wears a grey tweed dress with a circular peplum and flounce; from Lord & Taylor. Lois, in the center, has gone autumn in a "nigger" brown wool crêpe two-piece dress with an ocelot scarf; from Jay-Thorpe. And Harriet, ever feminine, is charming in a red and black woollen dress with "taffy" buttons and a circular collar, longer on one side; from Jay-Thorpe.

for the well-dressed man

details which are the foundations of smart dressing and advice on wearing clothes well



The sketch above illustrates nine of the details which are important in producing a smart appearance. "A" is the complete ensemble, employing all of these. "B" shows the proper tilt of the hat; "C" the correct slope for the collar; "D" a well-tailored sleeve and shoulder; "E" the smart narrow cuff; "F" trousers properly cut on the bias at their bottoms; "G" a smart shoe; "H" proper trouser tops and drape over hips; "I" the correct single-breasted waistcoat; "J" correct wrinkles and low collar

● A proper fit is only one of many factors that contribute to a smart appearance. Certain ones of the many details that constitute a man's turn-out are much more important in producing the right effect. In addition to choosing suitable materials and colour combinations and having hats, shoes, collars and the like of becoming proportions, a man should see to it that every detail of cut and tailoring is correct, and finally, he must know how to wear his clothes. He must appear at ease in them. If the toes of his shoes are too broad, or his jacket too tight, or his collar too high, the entire effect is spoiled. Failure to carry out all the details properly or even one of them can make an otherwise smart turn-out appear ridiculous.

Of course, perfection in men's dress is entirely a relative matter. There can be few absolute rules. What rules there are must often be modified to suit an individual, but for the majority of men there are some definite principles of dress to follow. Striking effects are not the aim of a truly well-dressed man. On the vaudeville stage, exaggeration is the rule, rather than the exception, but in so-called polite society a man must be unobtrusive in his clothes. Rich effects are permissible only if they are quietly done.

● Effects which are obviously fussy and tend towards effeminacy must be avoided. A certain studied carelessness is desirable, but carelessness must never be carried to the extreme or it becomes mere slovenliness. Briefly, a man should avoid all extremes. What is extreme and what is not extreme again is relative, depending solely on what the better dressed men are wearing at the moment. The clothes that men are wearing today are radical compared to the fashions that prevailed ten years ago, as a glance at the photographs which used to appear in the periodicals of those days will prove.

Nine details which contribute to a smart appearance are illustrated on this page, and the figure shows the complete turn-out. Taking them in the order of their notation, "A" presents the ensemble in which the various details are carried out. The first detail sketch, "B", illustrates the proper tilt of the hat, which should never be set squarely on the head, but slightly at an angle, almost carelessly.

The collar should slope from its highest point at the rear to a low front, as illustrated in sketch "C". Not only is this the most comfortable collar, but the sloping line is more graceful than a direct horizontal which makes the neck appear thick. The cravat has a small knot tied well up on the collar and hangs naturally—not stiffly—over the shirt bosom.

Sketch "D" illustrates the way a well-tailored shoulder appears from the front. The sleeve is put on, full at the head where it puckers slightly and hangs naturally over the arm. The armhole fits closely, though the sleeve-head is full, and over the chest and shoulder blades extra material permits the arm to move freely without disturbing the hang of the jacket. The correct narrow cuff is shown in sketch "E", tapering from a fairly full elbow and generous upper arm.

In order that the trousers may hang properly over the instep, without a break, they should be cut slightly on the bias, as shown in sketch "F". The shoe, sketch "G", should taper to a narrow toe, making the foot appear small and slim and the toe-cap short, adding to that effect. Sketch "H" illustrates the way trousers should be cut at the waist and hips, fitted at the former and hanging free over the latter. One or two pleats may be necessary for a man with an exceptionally thin waist.

The smart single-breasted waistcoat, and, of course, a single-breasted waistcoat is always worn with a double-breasted jacket, is cut as shown in sketch "I", well fitted at the waist; only buttons at waistline and above are fastened; the bottom button is generally left undone. "J" illustrates the correct low jacket collar and wrinkles necessary at the back of the jacket for free and unhindered arm movement.

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our london letter on men's fashions

differences between the evening clothes for town and those correct for country

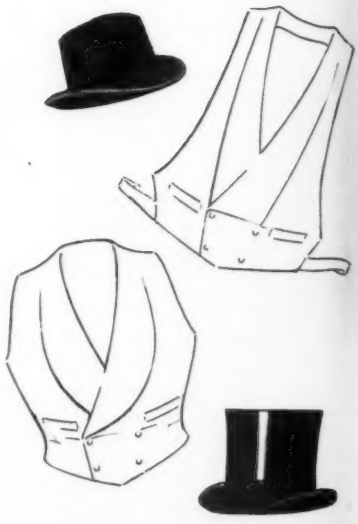
• The title of this article, *Evening Clothes for Town Wear,* is intended to point out the difference between these and evening clothes for country wear—a difference which has lately come to exist.

A tail coat and white tie is naturally the most formal evening dress, and is rarely seen anywhere except in town during the season, with the one exception of hunt balls in England, where the men who are not in pink coats always wear tail coats. But it may be said here that a man is never incorrectly dressed with a tail coat and white tie when he is dining at a private house, and even if most of the other men are in black ties, he need not feel in the least out of place. In London, a man nearly always wears the white tie in private houses, in restaurants and at the theatres. In Paris, it is not so; a dinner jacket is supposed to be good form for theatre and restaurant wear, while the white tie and tail coat are worn mostly at private houses, or at some special occasion at the Opera. Again, in Rome, the white tie is worn as it is in London, since social life in Rome is much more formal than it is in Paris, where one is more in public restaurants and night clubs than in any other city in Europe.

But, to explain further what is meant by evening clothes for town wear—one must realize the fact that there now exist two dinner jackets instead of the one and only single-breasted dinner jacket of the past. The second, the double-breasted dinner jacket, has become the dinner jacket for country wear, while the single-breasted jacket is now almost never worn except in town. It is not incorrect to wear a single-breasted dinner jacket on any occasion when dinner jackets are worn, but, in general, a distinction between these two jackets is justified. It naturally follows that the white evening waistcoat that is always worn with the single-breasted dinner jacket and never with the double-breasted dinner jacket, has become an article of town rather than country wear. And so we have a tail coat with a white tie and white waistcoat, the single-breasted dinner jacket with black tie and white waistcoat for town wear, and the double-breasted dinner jacket with no waistcoat for country wear.

On this page are illustrated types of waistcoats that are most worn. Each is backless. One which is becoming more and more popular is an evening waistcoat cut as high as any double-breasted waistcoat for day wear, so that the white of the waistcoat shows above the opening of the dinner jacket when buttoned.

In London, a man always wears a top hat at night whether he is wearing a dinner jacket or a tail coat. But on the Continent it is the fashion to wear a black felt hat with a dinner jacket, (such as the one shown here, from Gelot). In connection with hats worn with evening clothes, it is not amiss to say something here about the overcoat, which is the same dark blue "guards" coat which is worn during the day in town with a bowler hat. In other words, the smart town overcoat is now both a day and evening coat—dark in colour.



• the illustration above shows correct formal and informal evening dress—the tail coat for evening affairs in London, and the dinner jacket for Paris

• at the right are illustrated correct hats and waistcoats for evening wear. These waistcoats are cut on the same lines as day waistcoats—rather high

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The Censor

(Continued from page 88)

children in the high old days of Podsnapian respectability. We are thus justified in cherishing a mild hope for the future. For when I said that Mrs. Grundy was immortal, I was exaggerating. She may, old cat that she is, possess nine lives; but she is not everlasting. That a time may come when she will be, if not stone dead, at least enfeebled, chronically moribund, is, as we have seen, quite possible. Moreover, it is perfectly certain that during long periods of history she hardly existed at all. If we throw our eyes over the whole expanse of historical time, we perceive that active Grundyism is an entirely abnormal phenomenon. During the longest periods of recorded history puritanism has been, if not absolutely inexistent, at least without significance or power. The epochs of highest civilization have been conspicuously un-puritanical. It was to the naked Aphrodite that the Greeks of the fifth and sixth centuries B. C. made sacrifice, not to the much-petticoated divinity worshipped by the Pilgrim Fathers, by the later Podsnap, and by our contemporary Jixes and Sumners. Seen through the eyes of the philosophic historian, the Puritan reveals himself as the most abnormal sexual pervert of whom we have record, while Grundyism stands out as a supremely unnatural vice.

It is against this unnatural vice and the life-hating perverts who practise it that Mr. D. H. Lawrence appears to be fighting. A militant, crusading author, he hurls himself on what he calls "the evil thing, the wicked people." But the evil thing is sacred in our modern world and the wicked people are precisely those Good Citizens who wield the powers of the State. Mr. Lawrence is often discomfited. The giant Grundy props her huge crinoline over him and extinguishes him by force. But not for long; his zeal and his energy are inextinguishable and, in spite of the Jixes, the dangerous flame of his art breaks out again, the warning voice is heard once more.

Cultured and tolerant people often ask: What is the point of this crusading? What is the point of shocking the Jixes into legal retaliation? What is the point of using the brief Saxon words that people shudder at, when you can express the same meaning by means of circumlocutions and Graeco-Roman polysyllables? Might not Grundyism be attacked without ringing those particular alarm bells which cause the mouths of the smut-hounds, not indeed to water, like those of Pavlov's dogs, but to foam with righteous indignation? In a word, might not as good or even better results be obtained if the crusade were conducted with tact and circumspection?

The answer to all these questions seems, to Mr. Lawrence, to be No. What he is crusading for is, apparently, the admission by the conscious spirit of the right of the body and the instincts, not merely to a begrudged existence, but to an equal honour with itself. Man is an animal that thinks. To be a first-rate human being, a man must be both a first-rate animal and a first-rate thinker. (And, incidentally, he cannot be a first-rate thinker, at any rate about human affairs, unless he is also a first-rate animal.) From the time of Plato onwards there has been a tendency to exalt the thinking, spiritual man at the expense of the animal. Christianity confirmed Platonism; and now, in its turn, what I may call Fordism, or the philosophy of industrialism, confirms, though with important modifications, the spiritualizing doctrines of Christianity. Of all the ascetic religions, Fordism is that which demands the cruellest mutilations of the human psyche—demands the cruellest mutilations and offers the smallest spiritual returns. Rigorously practised for a few generations, this dreadful religion of the machine will end by destroying the human race.

If humanity is to be saved there must be reforms, not merely in the social and economic spheres, but also within the individual psyche. Mr. Lawrence concerns himself primarily with these psychological reforms. The problem, for him, is to bring the animal and the thinker together again, is to make them co-operate (as they always have co-operated in the finest human beings of whom we have record) in the building up of consummate manhood. In order to effect this bringing together, certain barriers must be broken down. They are strong barriers; for the conscious mind has taken extraordinary precautions to keep itself out of contact with the body and its instincts. The spirit refuses to be livingly aware of the animal man. Early training has so conditioned the reflexes of the normal bourgeois and his wife that they shudder whenever one of these words is pronounced. For these words bring the mind into direct contact with the physical reality which it is so desperately anxious to ignore. It shrinks with horror. But it ought not to shrink with horror. Among the ancient Greeks, when civilization was in most respects higher than it has ever been since, the conscious mind did not so shrink. What men have once achieved they can achieve again. Admittedly, the task of re-capturing anything like the Hellenic attitude towards life is now incredibly difficult. But it can be done—at least, one hopes it can. A reuniting of animal and thinker is possible. D. H. Lawrence is a crusader for this re-union. And the use of forbidden words, the describing and portraying of decorously veiled acts are, he thinks, essential tactics in this crusade. The mind must be made conscious of the physical reality; it must be brought into living, intimate contact with the body. And it is only in this way that the desired end can be achieved. The fact that we are shocked is good proof that we require shocking. Our reflexes have been wrongly conditioned; let us get used to being shocked, until the conditioning is undone. But meanwhile, at every ringing of the "obscene" and "pornographic" bell, the smut-hounds furiously foam at the mouth. And unfortunately they are in a position to do more than foam. They are in a position to open and steal Lawrence's letters, to confiscate his books and burn his pictures. And the rest of us can only sit by and impotently look on, and from time to time relieve our feelings by registering a protest, a perfectly useless protest, as I do now.

ONE HAPPY CHRISTMAS EVE

meaning your wife, SIR ADAM, with the silver gift you give her

Being one of Eve's daughters her feelings and instincts are just as feminine as the curl of her hair or the curve of her mouth.

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And being one of Adam's sons you'll strive to please her. Especially at such a mellow season as Christmas. Perhaps she's been struggling along resignedly, using a lot of old and ill-assorted silverware for 1,000 meals a year! No woman's pride was ever made for that. But Christmas, and silver gifts, were made just to change the situation.

Let your dealer show you the silverware to make your wife a happy Christmas "Eve" on Christmas day . . . and for long, long years to come, for 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate is guaranteed without time-limit. And you needn't be a Wall Street magnate to buy her 1847 ROGERS BROS. . . . even though it's the finest of all silverplate. For it's really inexpensive . . . as the prices quoted, for your convenience, on this page will prove.

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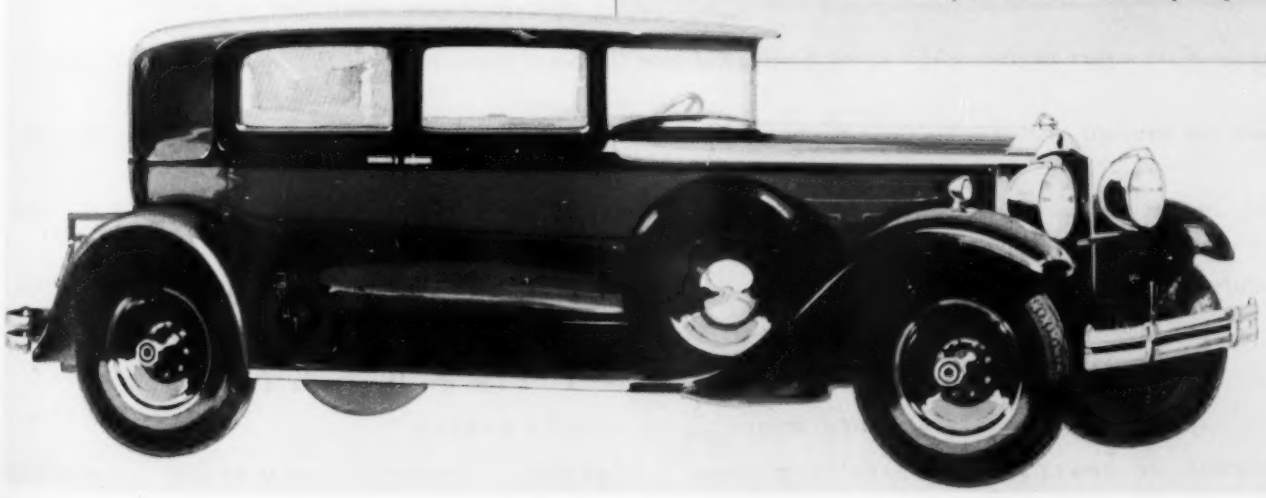
PACKARD

ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

The slaves of the Caliph's household gently carried the women of his harem in luxurious palanquins



INCOMPARABLY GREEN

EMERALDS. . . . *Out of the nests of griffons in the depths of Jebel Sitkait, legend brought them to deck the tawny skins of Egypt's princesses . . . great glowing stones greener than Nile, greener than palm trees by the river's brim, filled with a slumberous light* ❧ *And so it has always been, wherever women are. This marvelous color, compounded of the leaf's hue, the wave's tint, seems to hold for them an eternal fascination, blooming bright-faceted upon a velvet robe, a gown of silk, a cloak of priceless ermine . . . in its incomparable green the perfect accent for a beauty individual and arresting* ❧ *With a sure instinct which is the heritage of four thousand years, many of the smartest women of today have chosen the emerald as that stone most becoming for more formal wear. And at Marcus & Company they may select either rare emeralds carved five centuries ago . . . or exquisitely cut stones fresh from the wheels of the most talented craftsmen of our day, mounted as brooches, necklaces, rings or pins. The prices are from* $30,000 *to* $500.

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NO CAR in the world better exemplifies the fine ideals of smart design, true devotion to quality, scientific engineering and exacting requirements of custom craftsmanship than the magnificent Chrysler Imperial, with new Multi-Range Gear Shift.

Merely to look at it is to see that the Imperial is primarily and particularly designed for those motorists who not only appreciate finer things, but are able to possess them.

In addition to being impeccably smart and luxurious in every detail—the Chrysler Imperial definitely and easily rules the road in performance.

There is literally no describing the sensation of this car's performance. It has the already-famous Multi-Range Gear Shift—a brand new and unparalleled development of Chrysler engineering—creating an amazing difference in driving ease and acceleration, in smooth and quiet operation, and in power ranges which enable you to dominate all the conditions of modern traffic.

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Roadster (with rumble seat), $2895; Sedan (5-pass.), $2975; Town Sedan, $2975; Standard Coupe, $2995; Convertible Coupe, $2995; Phaeton (7-pass.), $3095; Sedan (7-pass.) $3095; Sedan-Limousine, $3475; Custom-built Phaeton (4-pass.), $3855. All prices f. o. b. factory.

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Theme-Songs, I Love You

(Continued from page 67)

touch, though not quite so noticeably,

Let fortune come my way,
Let skies be blue or grey,
I'll always be MOTHER'S BOY.
If all the fame and gold.
Were mine to have and hold,
I still would be MOTHER'S BOY.
I'm not ashamed to show,
How much I love you,
There's no one else I know
That I would place above you.
I pray we never part,
But if we ever part,
In dreams I'll be MOTHER'S BOY.

Is it any wonder, then, that we feel ourselves melt in exquisite anguish, and reach shyly for a handkerchief when such songs are crooned to us?

Nor are all films based on parent-love. Every now and then the producers favor us with a love story. Quite often we see a hero or heroine faced by the eternal triangle. Frequently we watch a silken vampire steal the heart of a poor but honest hero; just as often we observe a marcelled villain with a tiny moustache charm away the honest love of an innocent heroine. Occasionally we see two men fighting bitterly over a melting damsel in distress. This situation gave us the immortal song, *Woman Disputed, I Love You** (Witmark & Sons, N. Y., 25c),

Don't you sigh,
Dry your eye
I love you woman disputed
Scorned by men
Rise again
Though you may be persecuted
You're like a saint of olden to me your heart is golden.
Plan anew
Just we two
Woman disputed I love you.

What chance had we to remain unmoved at the sight (and sound) of such a love? The song caught us in a mesh of admiration and awe. Here, we could not help but feel, was a love as sacred as that of Mary Magdalene.

Another type of theme-song which never fails to move our hearts with sympathy and pity is the lyric which describes the clown with a broken heart. He laughs and laughs, yet inwardly he is weeping over unrequited love. Every yama-yama suit hides a heart of gold. Lon Chaney started it all with *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*—"Don't let your heart grow too mellow: Just be a gay Punchinello,—Fellow"** And Mr. Chaney was but the forerunner of a host of similarly broken-hearted zanies.

Occasionally a theme-song has the added advantage of a sound moral lesson, as was the case with *Glad Rag Doll*† (Ager, Yellen & Bornstein, Inc., N. Y., 25c), that tearful ballade which made us wonder about the Meaning Of It All. It seems worth quoting in its entirety, simply in the event that some erring youth or gay little gad-about might happen to heed its warning.

All dolled up in glad rags,
Tomorrow may turn to sad rags,
They call you Glad Rag Doll.
Admired, desired
By lovers who soon grow tired,
Poor little Glad Rag Doll.
You're just a pretty toy they like to play with;
You're not the kind they choose to grow old and gray with.
Don't make this the end, dear,
It's never too late to mend dear,
Poor little Glad Rag Doll.

And as though these words weren't enough to incite worry in the parental breast, the writers conceived a recitation in the same vein.

Rags! Rags! Rags!
On beautiful women and hags.
The rags for which someone demands heavy toll.
The price tag is plainly marked "body and soul".
The rags that mean heartaches and sorrow and shame.
They're lovely and gorgeous,—but rags just the same.

Such lyrics make a man stop and think. What's the country coming to? This younger generation—what's it all about? A city-full of glad rag dolls—Broadway butterflies with poor, singed wings. There ought to be a law.

There was also the unique love between Clara Bow (The It Girl) and that staid college professor. He called her his Wild Party Girl and made us like it. We felt all along that in the end Miss Bow would see the error of her ways, and the next thing we knew, sure enough, she was repenting for all she was worth. And all because of that theme-song, *Wild Party Girl, I Love You*††. (Though she was a devil, she *was* on the level, etc.)

Sometimes we are favoured with a simple love song done in the manner of the Old School. If it hadn't been for such a one we wouldn't have learned, for example, that *Yo Te Amo Means I Love You*—a fact which we suspect is an important prerequisite to our national romance and well-being. Neither should we have known that Sophie Tucker was *Doing What She Did* (in spite of Will H. Hays) *For Love.*

So it is that almost any theme-song can place us in any desired mood. Mr. Jolson and Mr. Downey demand our utmost sympathy in their domestic tribulations, and by singing to Sonny or Little Mother they gladly receive our compassion. We wring our hands solicitiously, hoping against hope that all will one day be well. When we see a beautiful star going the way of all flesh we are plunged into the depths of despair. When we see two ardent lovers torn asunder by a cruel fate or a leering villain, our heart bleeds for them. The theme-song is responsible for it all. It makes of our feelings a veritable gamut of emotion, playing upon us at will. We weep or laugh or smile or hope or despair—just as the theme-song desires.

In this humble spirit of genuine emotion and sympathy, we have under-

(Continued on page 142)

*Here again, by an odd coincidence, fate had its little joke, for the picture, strangely enough, was called *Woman Disputed.*

**Other rhymes for this word are: cello, bellow, hello, jello and tell-oh.

†Again fate played a curious prank, for th title of the film was *Glad Rag Doll.*

††By an odd cast of fate's dice, the picture itself was called *The Wild Party.*

Clothes can lengthen the season

No longer does the enthusiastic golfer stow away his clubs at the first hint of frost in the air.

With proper clothes and shoes he may play in reasonable comfort until the greens become miniature skating rinks or the course is buried in snow.

A tweed suit with short and long trousers and two or three sweaters of different weights are desirable for Fall golf. A & F Drigolf Shoes (absolutely leak-proof) are almost essential. Stockings, golf gloves and other accessories must not be chosen carelessly.

Realizing that love of the game is extending the season, we have put in a splendid stock of Fall clothing for your choice.

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Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK

Things Are Sometimes Otherwise

(Continued from page 75)

Charles S——r, my saviour, who has cured me of my unfortunate malady. His eternally grateful friend—and the signature. The young doctor considered himself greatly honoured and, very proudly, hung the photograph above his desk so that every one of his patients might see it.

But ill-fate pursued the young doctor, and he decided to leave Budapest. Somehow he scraped together a little money and went to Paris, to Professor G., who, at that time, was the world's foremost specialist in social diseases. He stayed with the professor for a few years and became an authority on the subject. Later he returned to his practice in Budapest and, in a very short time, became the best known and most sought after specialist in that particular branch of medicine. He had been practicing medicine for some three years when, one day, the actor, who had continued his work at the National Theatre, was accosted by one of his many friends:

"After all you are a fool. Why did you give a photograph to Dr. S—? And why did you write on it that he was your saviour and that he had cured you of your unfortunate malady? If this gets around, I am sure it will injure your reputation."

The actor nearly swooned when he realized this. But when he convinced himself that the grateful doctor still honoured his dyspeptical old photograph above his desk, he ran to a friend of the now great specialist. He begged him to do everything in his power to remove the photograph.

How the story ended, I do not know. It is of no importance anyway. But I wish to add that when I told this twenty-year old Budapest story, whose every character I personally knew, at a gathering of authors in Paris in 1927, a French writer remarked that he had already heard it.

Copy of a letter.

Dear Sir:

"Among other things, you write this in your letter: '. . . next Autumn, I shall register my son at the Budapest Academy of Dramatic Arts, because the boy likes the stage, and when one chooses a profession, inclination, after all, is most important.' Permit me to remind you of the following. There was once a boy who had such an inclination towards chemistry, so passionate an inclination, that in 1848, when all Hungary was full of revolutionary ideas and everybody dreamed of nothing but battle and the coming war for liberty, he wrote a long essay entitled *The Volatile Acids in Cocoanut Oil* and published it in the Journal of the Viennese Academy of Sciences. The name of this boy was Arthur Görgei, and a few months later he was Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian army.

"And then there was another boy who had so little inclination towards music that his father, who wanted to make a musician out of him, was forced to apply strong, almost brutal, measures to make him learn at least the rudiments of music. The name of this boy was Ludwig van Beethoven.

"Very sincerely yours, etc. etc."

Manhattan Stenographer

(Continued from page 94)

get closer than that . . . her reality—I knew at once that she prefigured America and gave it flesh. I knew that all I should henceforth observe and learn regarding America was implicit in this, oh, this more-than-charming, person. The pale-haired lawyer from Cornell who danced with her became faint and thin as the flame of a candle at noon-day. The deck steward adjusting rugs about the prostrate figures of that girl's aunts and grandmothers fell apart like the seeds of a blown thistle. She only survived, youthful America, graceful, keen, alert, *acharnée*—she only, and I that observed her, and the Atlantic liner that was the theatre of this spectacle and the arched sky, and the suspended sea. And the Bedouin maiden stepped forth out of the horizon's edge where a group of six palms were etched upon an indigo-blue sky. And a bell rang. And certain phantoms conceived this to be a summons for luncheon (soup, choice of cold meats, but this damn turkey is the waste product of a tyre factory, and do you call this coffee? Coffee, I said, not shaving-water). Certain phantoms, I say, conceived the bell that rang to be a summons for luncheon. But the bell was a camel-bell slung round the neck of the camel leading the caravan into Gabes on the haunted marches of Tunisia. And the bell was the bell of a typewriter when the carriage has clicked its way forward to three spaces from the right-hand edge. And in that two-fold music Sahara and Manhattan joined hands.

I seem to be suggesting that this girl on the liner was the first American girl I had ever set eyes on. In a sense I do so deliberately, though obviously there was no land in which I had failed to meet her. But in all those other places she was divorced (so I realized now) from her own elements. She was not herself.

And Miss Manhattan, I say, was one of these, though her present duty lay with the keys of a typewriter and not the udders of the milch-cows of her tribe. When I beheld her wandering with her little red book among the three Bellinis of the *Accademia* at Venice or on a large charabanc doing Paris-by-Night, she was a forlorn creature, consumed with a secret nostalgia for her Broadway or her Main Street. however valiantly she disguised it from herself. Here, however, upon the great sea, on the great boat that flew her own flag, she had an assurance which gave a new brilliance to her eyes, a new rhythm to her movement. It was that brilliance and that rhythm which evoked for me the eyes of that lady who is at once so completely her antitype and her complement—the lady of the other spaces, the yellow spaces of the Sahara. I saw the brilliance in the eyes of the Bedouin maiden, all

(Continued on page 110)

Mrs. Charles Lionel Nicholson was married in this beautiful costume of ivory satin with veil of rose point lace.

An outstanding bride of the year

Lovely Mrs. Charles Lionel Nicholson

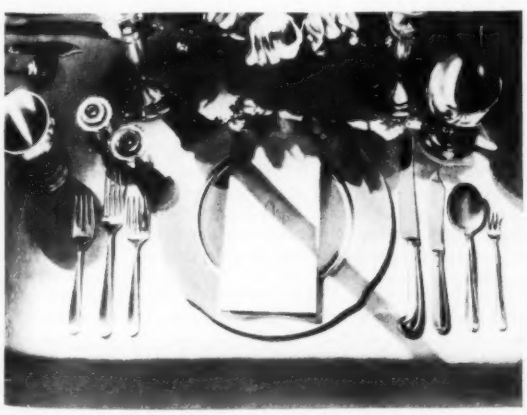
OF INDIANAPOLIS

chose the Dolly Madison pattern for her wedding silver

WINSOME—petite—radiantly fair—a fascinating combination of Dresden china loveliness with a marching, modern eagerness . . .

In these or similar words the countless friends of young Mrs. Charles Lionel Nicholson describe her. She is considered one of the most popular and distinguished brides that Indianapolis has known for many seasons.

Her recent wedding to the son of Meredith Nicholson, novelist and short story writer, was an event of widespread interest . . . All the plans and activities of this lovely young bride are watched with keenest interest.



The lovely Dolly Madison pattern of Mrs. Nicholson's choice—as it looks in a dinner setting!

Particularly significant is her choice of wedding silver, that most important of table appointments; for her home will be a center of interesting and gracious entertaining.

Mrs. Nicholson has chosen this beautiful Dolly Madison silver, the new pattern by the famous Gorham artists.

"I think it the loveliest I've ever seen," she says of this silver. "I'm sure it will always be a joy to me."

For generations distinguished brides have chosen Gorham Sterling. And now you may choose complete settings of this exquisite flatware . . . for an amazingly moderate investment.

Gorham Sterling can be purchased on convenient terms through the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild Purchase Plan. Reliable jewelers will gladly explain.

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☐ Please send me your FREE illustrated booklet, "Prominent American Brides and the Silver Patterns They Have Chosen."

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In the new Dolly Madison pattern of Gorham Sterling chosen by Mrs. Nicholson, six teaspoons are but $9

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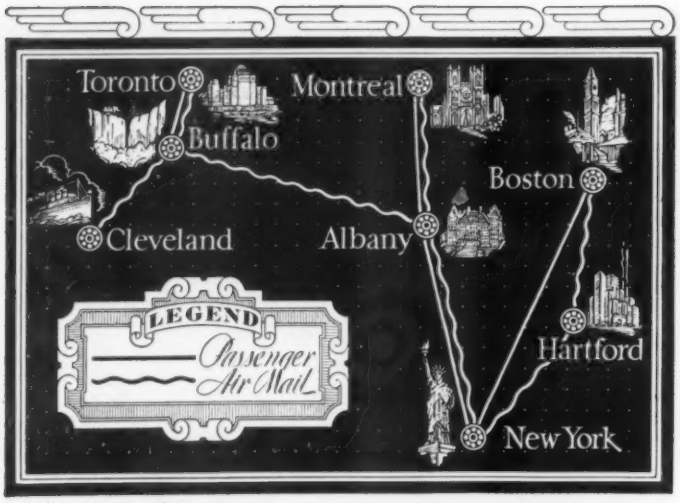

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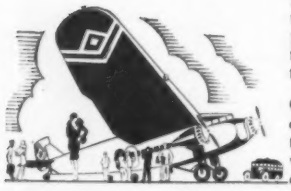
In developing commercial sky lanes—in making the AIRway a recognized mode of travel—Colonial is a pioneer. Colonial planes fly Air Mail Route No. 1, for which the first air mail contract was awarded by the government.



Colonial, operating more than 2,000 miles of organized airways, is a unit in the Aviation Corporation, on whose combined airways, more than 20,000 miles are flown daily.

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Berlin, the New York of Old Europe

(Continued from page 81)

of popular *Bal-Musette* adorned with flags, communists, in capes and black skin helmets, in the Moscow style, wearing a bunch of lilacs, dance among themselves; the Spartacist groups, in scarlet blouses, come there to empty a dish after the exertion of preparing for civil war; at the Groben Gottlieb, in a setting of rural *chalets*, recalling the Tyrolean cabarets of East 86th Street, in New York, they serve you with sausages in an individual dish, a very German sort of pleasantry, the while that, in the subcellars, skeletons emerge from their coffins to clink their glasses.

In the cellars of Lutter and Wegner (not Luther and Wagner) students sing, as in Old Heidelberg, the while they embrace their blonde fiancées. At the Nussbaum, that cabaret with a sinister appeal such as one imagines Hollywood to have, in a Sixteenth Century house, which is to Berlin what the *Lapin Agile* is to Paris, one must visit the rooms decorated by the cartoonist Zille. Besides, in a "dancing" that is very fashionable—the "Resi" bar—there is an automatic telephone on each table; you can call any lady who has appealed to you without leaving your chair; they send for her, she answers, and then you ask her to dance. It is the custom, in Germany, to ask ladies you haven't met to dance; those who are only waiting for something of the sort generally have bare arms, while the others retain their wraps.

Finally, there are bars, like the *Mikado* or the *Silhouette*, where ladies with voices too solemn, with feet too big and large hands, with false hair and bosoms swathed in elastic, would have enchanted certain of Marcel Proust's heroes. Further down still, around the Stettin station of the *Schlesischerbahnof*, there are queer places, where Polish emigrants are robbed on their way to America. Stevedores sleep there, heads in their hands, waiting for dawn; drunken women try to lure young men for bawdy purposes, while, on a table, a trained dog watches to see that no robber steals the pink sausages which hang over the counter like strings of beads.

But there is more than this Berlin of the night; there is another, in the suburbs, muscular, athletic, that of the open air clubs where people gather for the dances and the games which no clothing hampers.

That which strikes you, as you pass through the great pine woods, and as you see the Navel, and all those lakes full of white sails, of canoes in bright colours and gleaming yachts, is the health and the beauty of these fine young people. It is a new race, finer, less well fed, more akin to America than to the old Europe, which revels in the water, swims, dives, dries itself in the sunlight.

Germania no longer wears a helmet, but a tennis visor, like that of Helen Wills. Adjutants have given way to Boy Scouts; philology yields its place to sports, and the brasseries to the open country. But the implacable German love of system remains; in a travel exposition which took place, last Spring, at Dresden, one could see an artificial forest, with false turf, over which greasy papers and empty tins were spread, and a sign, reading: "The Forest As It Must Not Be Left." Close by was a spot green and virgin, and the sign: "The Forest As It Should Be Left on Sunday Evening."

Already the fat Germans, with cropped heads, with gross, shaven cheeks, have disappeared, with the Tyrolean hats and the moustaches à la William II. In the empty halls of the Palace, in the Emperor's apartments, at Berlin, abandoned, now, to tourists, stripped of all their furniture, except the desk on which the declaration of war was signed, despoiled of all their arrogance, one feels, far more keenly than in Paris or London, that a new capital is being born, more human, more intelligent, more beautiful, than the old military and political city.

"Movement and frankness," Harold Nicolson, very justly, wrote of this new city. "Berlin is the New York of the old Europe."

Manhattan Stenographer

(Continued from page 108)

the more brilliant in that she drew her veils about her head on the approach of the white infidel, and left no more than an inch of space between her veils through which his eyes might challenge hers, and her eyes take up the challenge. And though the Manhattan girl moved in the rhythm of jazz, when I first set eyes on her that morning in mid-ocean, and though jazz is indeed the latest progeny of the rhythms which convulse the dark heart of Africa—it was not the *aspect* of the movement which evoked the swinging image of the Bedouin maiden, but the *quality* of it; its absolute freedom and naturalness; its complete adequacy to the circumstances which gave it birth.

Each of these girls was the child of a world so spacious that it eludes the scope of the imagination.

And would you ask what folly is this to utter regarding a daughter of Manhattan, that most constricted of earth's cities, I would say that Manhattan is not smaller than the camel-hair tent of a Bedouin tribesman. I would say that the camel-hair tent and the city of Manhattan are two watch-towers from which a man, or a maiden, surveys his continent. I would say also that in the solitude of the desert the things the Bedouin maiden trafficks in, her clay pots, her rugs, her twigs for the fire, become things larger than themselves; that they become symbols. Just so the quantities the Manhattan stenographer negotiates upon her typewriter (five hundred thousand bars of soap, two million pairs of suspenders) are abstractions and symbols. Fatima of Gabes, Patty of Manhattan, mistresses of space not less than its daughters, join hands, I bid you, oh my two beautiful ones, while the camel bells ring at the head of the caravan, and the typewriter bells ring at the head of the space-carriages, and the luncheon bells ring amongst the winches.

Something to it

There's something to a dentifrice that wins leadership in 4 years. Listerine Tooth Paste, 25c.

Every Saturday . . . in every stadium . . . SORE THROAT !

Gargle with Listerine when you get home . . .

HERE, as any doctor will tell you, is a bit of sound wisdom for those who attend late season football games.

Before going, and after returning from them gargle with full strength Listerine. This pleasant little precaution may spare you a nasty siege with a cold or sore throat or their more dangerous complications.

Medical records show that after football games, there is marked increase in the number of cases of colds . . . sore throat . . . influenza and bronchitis.

They are caused by germs in the mouth which get the upper hand when body resistance is lowered by over exposure, change of temperature and emotional disturbances, all of which are coincidental with seeing a football game.

Listerine checks them effectively because, used full strength, it is powerful against germs —kills them by the million.

Even such stubborn organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds, repeated laboratory tests show. Yet Listerine is so safe that it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Use Listerine systematically during winter weather. It is a pleasant habit, a cleanly habit, and one that may lengthen your life. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

TO PREVENT COLDS

Colds are often caused by germs transferred from the hands to food which then enters the mouth. Rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal kills such germs. State Health Boards recommend similar measures particularly during epidemics of influenza.

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

Linen, courtesy of Mosse, Inc.
Glass, courtesy of Ovington Brothers Company

OF COURSE THEY NOTICE YOUR SILVER

THE guests are seated, the laughter wanes—there's a momentary pause in the rythmic rise and fall of witty conversation . . . In that hushed moment before service begins, all eyes—subconsciously, perhaps—survey the appointments of the table . . . Are you pleased to have them notice your silver?

You may decide—as many other hostesses have—that you *should* have sterling silver in the Francis First design . . . This beautiful pattern reflects the taste of that French king, who was the great patron of the art of the silversmith—whose royal decree brought forth the exquisite masterpieces of Cellini.

The Francis First pattern in flatware

The Francis First pattern, by Reed & Barton, has unusual charm, grace and individuality. Its workmanship is superb—its weight substantial, and its value enduring . . . It is characteristic of the work of Reed & Barton, for more than a hundred years . . . Ask to see the Francis First design at your jeweler's.

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TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS
STERLING ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS SILVER PLATE

The American public knows full well that the new La Salle models introduced early this autumn are exclusive Cadillac creations partaking of the same social and reputation value that has made Cadillac the choice of the admired and the notable everywhere . . . ¶ In these distinguished new La Salles this social and reputation value is expressed in a price value that is far and away the most generous offering in its own fine car field . . . ¶ The newness of the new La Salles affects every phase of performance and ownership. It includes still greater smoothness and flexibility; still more power in the famous V-type, 8-cylinder engine; a new harmonized steering mechanism that assures an amazing ease in traffic and in parking manipulations as well as in cross-country driving; a perfection and refinement of the exclusive Synchro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission and Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes that make these revolutionary contributions to greater ease, control and safety more valuable than ever; roomier, more beautiful Fisher and Fleetwood bodies that are a fascinating realization of youthful dash and verve; and a wealth of features that clamor for personal inspection and for a test on the road. Any Cadillac-La Salle dealer will cheerfully place a new La Salle at your disposal so that you may make this personal test.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

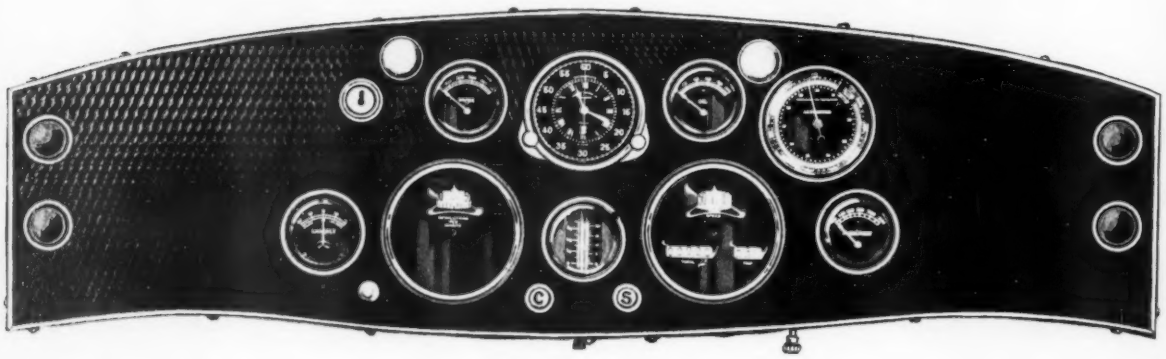
La Salle

"The World's Finest Motor Car"

Duesenberg

265 h. p.

The Duesenberg is sold on exactly the same basis as the world's cheapest automobile, that is, on dollar for dollar value. The price of the Duesenberg is not based on the intangible but on its structural superiority.

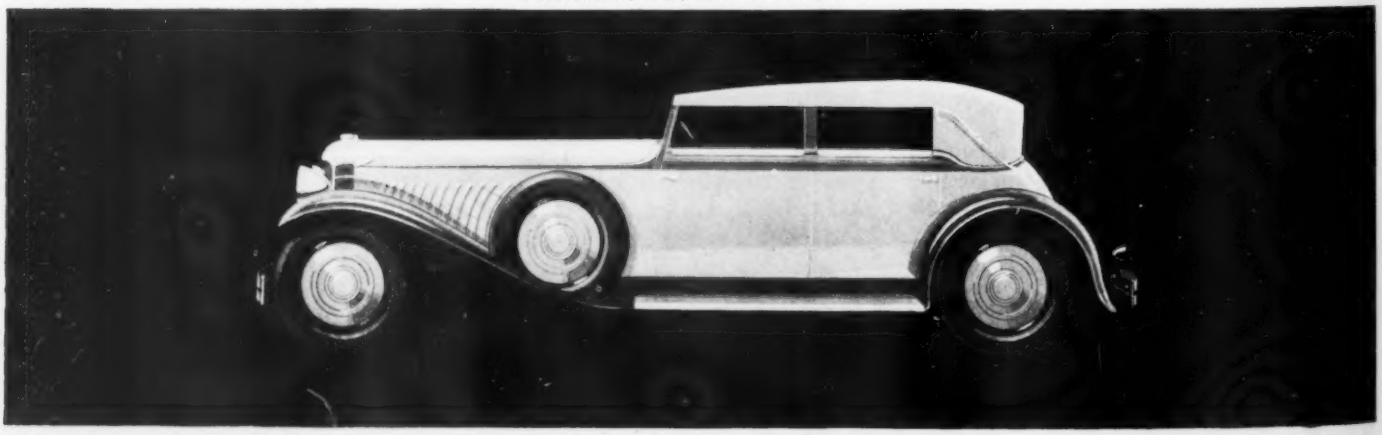


THE DUESENBERG is simpler and easier to operate even than small cars of short wheelbase. It is more readily and safely controlled. In driving, it places the very minimum of effort upon the man or woman at the wheel. Gear shifting is easy, due to special Duesenberg "light shaft" construction. Gearshift and brake levers stand high, so that they are easily reached. The steering wheel is placed at a more nearly vertical angle for better handling of the car, and its height is adjustable. Only a moderate pressure of the foot upon the pedal is required, to bring the car to a smooth, quick stop, as the specially designed four-wheel brakes are unusually powerful.

In care as well, the Duesenberg is as nearly automatic as a motor-propelled vehicle can be. A pair of signal lights on the dash glows at every eighty miles to indicate that the automatic system of complete chassis lubrication is functioning; a light glows to remind the driver that oil should be changed and another warns that the battery may need water. Among the other valuable aids to easier driving found on the most complete instrument board ever supplied to an automobile are a tachometer, a split-second stop clock, a 150 mile speedometer and an altimeter barometer, suggesting that Duesenberg's striving toward motor car perfection extends to even the minutest details.

Chassis, $8,500

DUESENBERG, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



LIMOUSINE—*with top up, partition and side glasses up.*
TOWN CAR—*front of top rolled back and partition up.*
OPEN PHAETON—*with top and partition down.*

. . . this New Freedom

You who still think of flying as all right for the other fellow, are missing a supreme freedom—in glorious hours aloft—in escape from earth-bound hindrance.

For flying today is no different from a dozen other diversions in the world of sport. Once you jump your first fence—take your first dive, or find your feet on a skimming aquaplane—*you belong*—and How?

And it's the same with flying: Specifically, when you fly a Command-Aire. For the incomparable stability and airworthiness of this smart, graceful ship win your confidence and give you a keen thrill of enjoyment your first time up. After that, you fly—just as you swim or ride—when you feel the urge or want to be somewhere else *Pronto.*

For Command-Aire is far more than just another airplane. Its unique engineering and all-steel construction stand alone—and by reason of its slotted ailerons, perfect balance —AND BECAUSE IT WILL COME OUT OF A SPIN UNAIDED— Command-Aire rides the air as serenely and securely as a launch rides the water. Convincing proof of this is found in our factory test flights wherein the pilot leaves the cockpit, riding the back of the fuselage, while the plane flies on under perfect self control: Not a daring stunt, but an every day demonstration of Command-Aire's inherent stability.

Better find out more about this powerful, swift thoroughbred of the air which will bring a stimulating new freedom to your leisure (and business) hours. A de luxe copy of Command-Aire's Pedigree and Performance will be mailed on request, and demonstration flights arranged to suit your convenience. Just address

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As much a British institution as the Derby

In the lavish picnic hampers that go to the races at Epsom, English crispbread is inevitable . . . as it is on the English table, wherever a bread is called for.

Delicious, nut-brown, wafer-thin squares of whole wheat, commended to the English table by eminent British physicians, Peek Frean's All Wheat Crispbread (known in England and Canada as "Vita-Weat") has become a national preference.

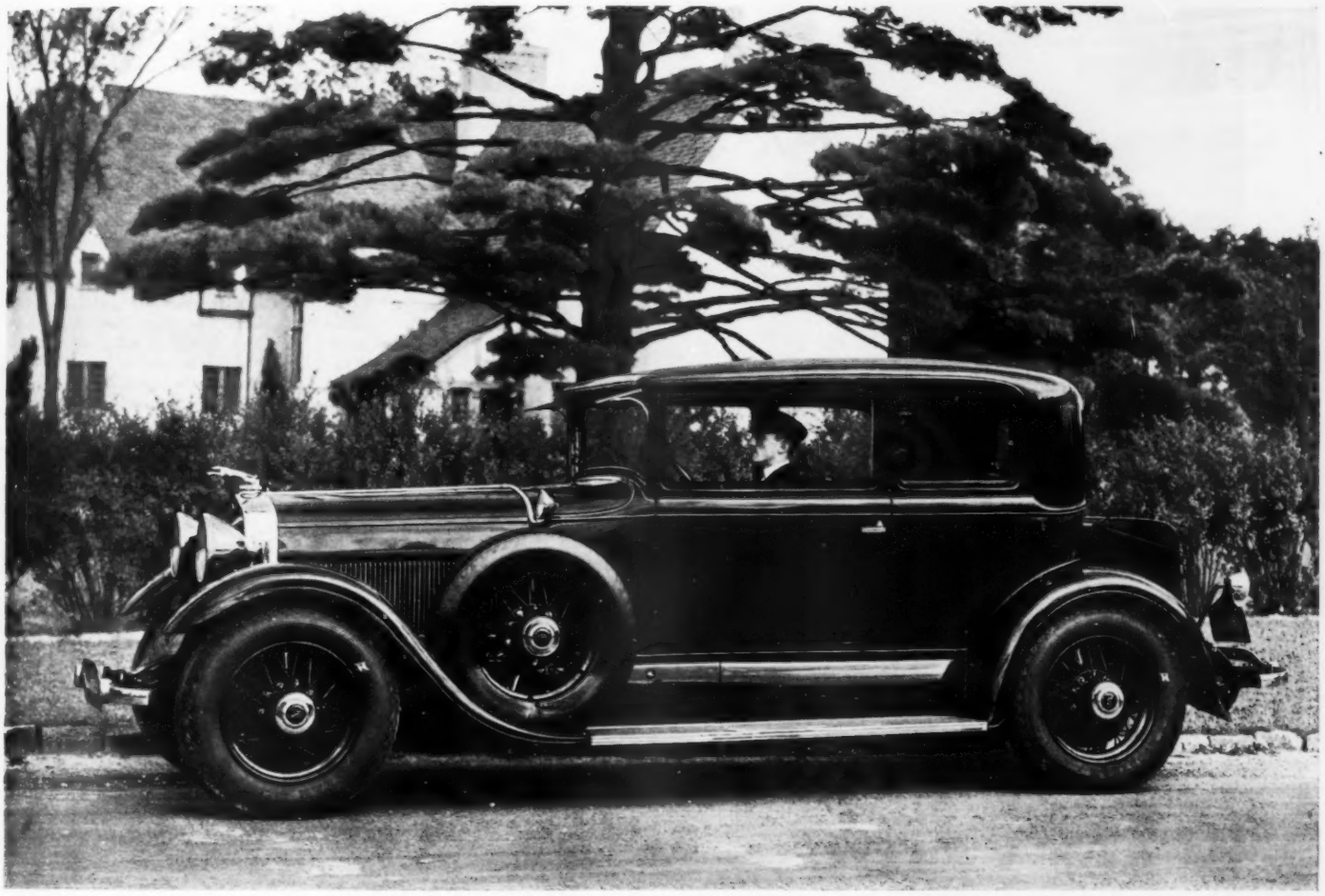
The English sportsman, who chooses his diet with epicurean care, values its daily measure of healthfulness . . . for Peek Frean's Crispbread contains the natural roughage of bran, and all the vitamins and mineral salts of wheat. English women have found in it an additional benefit. Because the starch content is completely modified, All Wheat Crispbread is a tempting bread for the slenderizing diet.

Now this delicious crispbread has come to America. Its makers, Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., have tempted English appetites for over seventy years. Their superb mastery of blending and baking has won for them twenty-two royal appointments.

Already in thousands of American homes, the daily preference is for Peek Frean's crisp, flavory wheat squares, served toasty warm with a spread of creamy butter, or eaten plain. A delightful addition to your daily menu. Leading grocers and delicatessen stores everywhere in America have it. Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., London, England.

PEEK FREAN'S AllWheat CRISPBREAD

IT IS UNUSUAL TO DISCOVER SO MANY HIDDEN VALUES IN A MOTOR CAR



The new Lincoln Coupe, smart and compact, seats five persons comfortably. Its unusually wide doors afford access to the rear compartment without the necessity of those in front leaving their seats. An admirable car for owner-driven use.

THE POWER of the Lincoln is evident, even to those who watch it sweep along a road or through the city streets. Its distinguished beauty is immediately felt. But the character of this motor car, like that of all fine things, demands full acquaintance to be rightly known.

The enthusiasm of Lincoln owners grows with the thousands of miles that they drive this automobile. Everything they expect of it—in power, performance and comfort—is fulfilled. But more than this, the Lincoln increasingly reveals its own particular excellence in every detail of motor, chassis and body.

Those who drive this automobile discover for themselves how well and to what exacting standards the Lincoln is made. It is, above everything else, a precision-built car—made and assembled in one of the famous precision plants of the world. It is a car which, in the course of its building, is tested with unique thoroughness for performance and quality.

Precision, in hundreds of instances as exacting as 1/1000 of an inch, is the rule in the machining and assembly of its mechanism. The same insistence on exact quality finds expression in the 30,000 testing operations through which the car as a whole is put. Literally, it is as fine an automobile as it is possible to produce.

The entire resources of the Ford organization are behind the Lincoln. Ford experience and engineering skill, Ford laboratories and raw materials, Ford methods of scientific production—all contribute to the value of the Lincoln. No separate company could make so genuinely excellent a car at a price which even approaches that of the Lincoln.

With such background and equipment, those responsible for this automobile are able to give full expression to their ideal of making a motor car as perfect, in mechanism, chassis and body, as it is possible to produce . . . a motor car with every evident and hidden value . . . the Lincoln.

THE *LINCOLN*

THE CORRECT ANKLEWEAR

STYLED by a famous English designer . . . tailored in every detail to match England's finest anklewear . . . BOND STREET spats are not to be compared with any other domestic spats.

They are cut over correct patterns that combine snug and stylish fit with luxurious comfort. Only the finest domestic and imported materials are used. Authoritative styling and superior workmanship give them that smartness found heretofore only in the very finest imported spats.

BOND STREET spats are sold at the best shoe stores and men's wear shops. Ask for them by name and look for the BOND STREET label inside. It is a guarantee of superior style and quality. The Williams Manufacturing Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

BOND STREET

Spats

The Unimportance of Luxury

(Continued from page 87)

attaché case of the same size. Clothes in a revelation suit case. Comfort, at last, has been achieved.

The more I think about the lap of luxury, the more do I dislike it. It entails, for another thing, a great many servants. Servants may be necessary but they are always horrible. It is a distressing condition to have a great many valets to whom one daily ceases to be a hero.

I should like my servants to be anonymous, unknown, unseen. As are servants in the best hotels. One leaves one's bedroom, as a scene of disorder. The untidied bed, the pyjamas on the floor, the coffee-tray upon the eider-down. A gross spectacle. And then one returns to find that in the interval willing but unknown hands have straightened this disorder, that in the bathroom the soap has been removed from one's shaving brush, a fresh towel has superseded the one that fell into the bath. One has no sense of personal obligation the next morning for all this thoughtfulness. One feels no obligation the next morning to leave a little less disorder. Luxurious people, whose servants are at the same time grand and personal, place themselves in a false position. They have to be considerate.

Comfort again is infinitely more portable than luxury. The latter requires for its indulgence all manner of accessories which cannot be obtained, for instance, in Mitylene, which most certainly cannot be obtained in Shiraz. Comfort, on the other hand, consists in having about one the things that one requires.

It is true, of course, that the real mobility of comfort can only be enjoyed in the East. In so-called civilized countries hotel keepers would be hurt if one arrived with one's own bed and bedding. Nor is this the only difficulty. In the East one knows in advance that no plumbing will exist and one travels, therefore, with the most elaborate and charming contrivances of one's own. In the West, however, one is obliged to endure defective drainage, and I admit that much suffering is thereby entailed. But surely here again is a proof of the futility of luxury? The moment it ceases to be of the approved pattern, it becomes far worse than no luxury at all.

I admit on the other hand that I resent the absence of luxury when I am not paying for it myself. The rage that I feel, when in a hotel or when a guest in some private house, at any denial of luxury is quite out of proportion to the indignation caused by such denial when I am on my own. If the light beside my own bed fails to work for a day or two, I take the incident calmly and with philosophy. If, however, I am staying away, much righteous indignation is caused by the failure of any modern appliance. This shows again the essentially parasitic and impersonal nature of luxury. For luxury is merely the excess of such comfort as one does not wish to afford for oneself. One welcomes it only when paid for by other people. And (such is the demoralising nature of luxury) one at once resents its absence when it is others who are paying. I am saddened but not unduly angry when the bath water is not hot at home. But if in some hotel or house the water runs tepidly from the tap, I feel that I have been betrayed. Nor do I tolerate the absence, at dinner, of all that other people's wealth can offer.

Assuredly this argues a bad state of mind. It all comes from not looking luxury in the face and observing the pimples on her irritable brow. Did we know her better, we should realize how fallen she is from her country sister Comfort—that placid maiden of the satin skin. We should learn that comfort can offer us the stable joys of marriage, whereas with luxury we shall find only the restless excitement of an affair. It is good, doubtless, to have known luxury; but it is very bad to live with her for long. Age withers her, and custom stales. She has no feeling for moderation. She asks daily for something more.

It is well, therefore, to divide one's life sharply between comfort and luxury. The former is what one will be prepared to secure or purchase for oneself, the latter what one will expect to obtain from one's friends. For my own comfort I require a limited number of objects and conditions. I ask for old clothes, and good tobacco and a lot of room to put things. I ask for a good light to read by and a reasonable absence of noise. I do not like having to pack my own luggage or to start my own car. I definitely dislike having to wash up plates and forks, or make my own bed. I do not wish to be bothered about household matters, or asked to order food, or expected to be economical. And yet I have no desire for especial riches. I do not want a yacht. I should like to have an uncle who owned a yacht and who invited me occasionally. But I do not want one myself, nor do I desire a large house or many motor cars. I wish only to live my own life with the minimum amount of trouble. That, to my mind, is comfort. On the other hand, I expect my friends, if they can afford it, to supply me with luxury. I want the things they offer me to be expensive and large and soft. I want to feel, when I am with them, that I am costing them a great deal of money. But I do not exaggerate these things. I am, in the last resort, perfectly prepared to make friends with people who are even poorer than myself. I do not like these sort of friendships, but in the last resort I am prepared to make them. And even then I am exacting.

But if we are very prosperous let us avoid falling, ourselves and for ourselves, into a Ritz habit of thought. One's pleasure in Byzantine bathrooms lasts only for a day or two. Thereafter comes an oppression of the soul. The joy of life is given us by a continual sensation of unexplored capacities. The capacity of luxury is quickly explored and holds no secrets. But if one keeps to comfort one can for ever delude oneself with the dream that, beyond the simple hills that bound one's horizon, stretch great forests of aromatic essence, and the marble and onyx mountains of indulgence.

Luxury, as other artifices, remains attractive only so long as it remains unknown. Once realized, it becomes stale and unimportant. Whereas comfort retains its importance all the time.

BRAND-CHATILLON *presents*

Watches

for Formal and Sports Wear

A particularly striking man's wrist watch for sport's wear. In green gold with leather cord. ***$175.00***

•

Cleverly fashioned wrist watch for the sportswoman. Horseshoe and bit design. White and green gold. Leather cord. ***$200.00***

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Dainty all-platinum sports wrist watch with brown leather cord. ***$250.00***

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For formal wear. All-platinum wrist watch, set with round and baguette diamonds. 17-jewel movement. Gray silk cord. ***$1025.00***

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Exquisitely fashioned all-platinum wrist watch of miniature size. Set with baguette and square diamonds. 18-jewel movement. Black silk cord. ***$1175.00***

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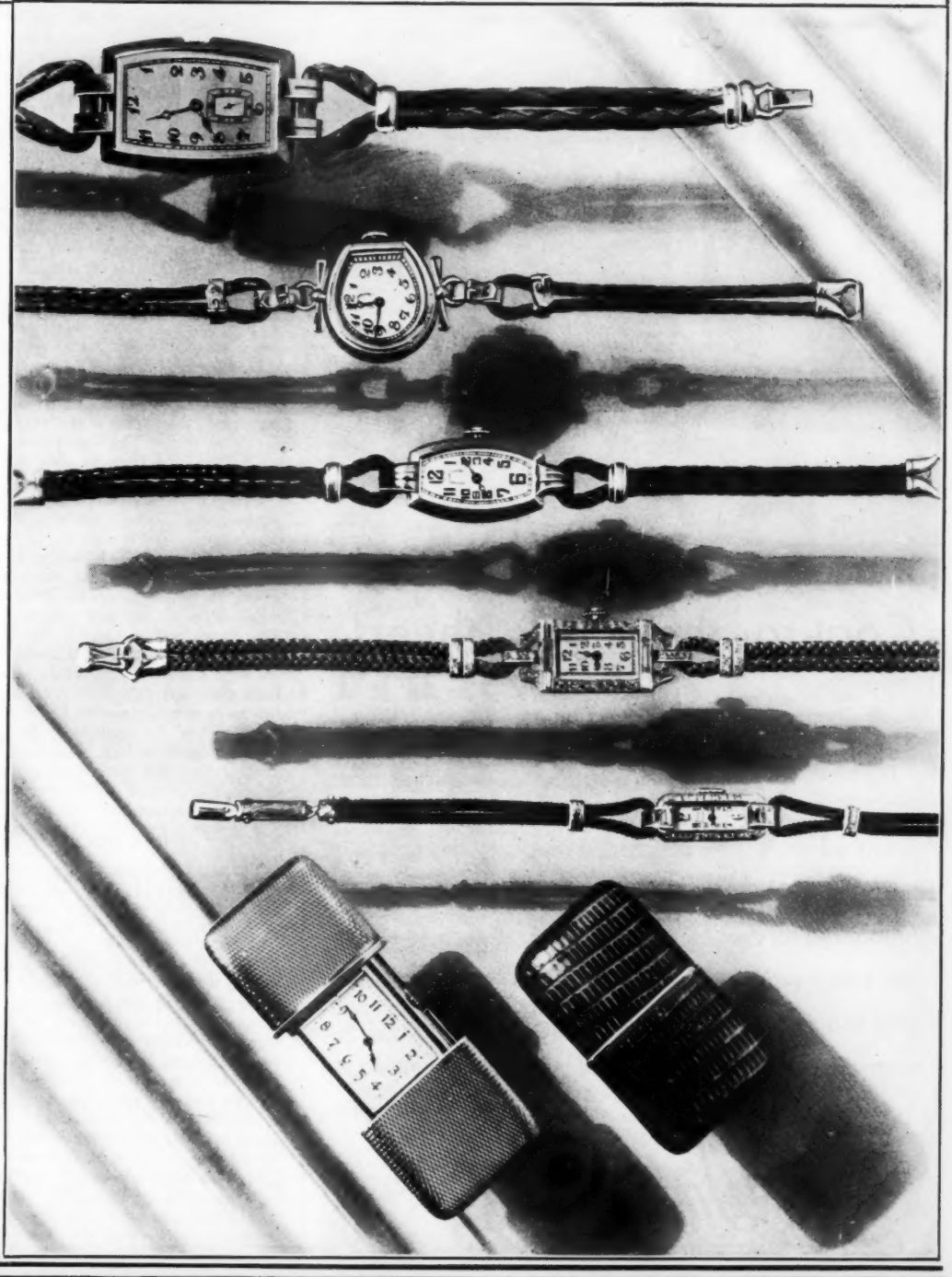
Miniature Ermeto automatic-wind slide watch.
In leather, ***$85.00***
In gold, ***$225.00***



THE
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Savoy-Plaza

775 Fifth Ave., New York

GENUINE Duro Gloss RAINCOAT FABRIC

A "Gray Day" Coat for those who cheer!

Football games don't stop for rain and you who watch have a part to play. But what to do for the horrid feeling of cold drops trickling down your neck? • Duro Gloss "Gray Day" Coats are especially designed to give rainy day protection when it is most needed. And because they are finely tailored to please the masculine taste, they hold their place quite proudly at every sport event. • If the sky looks gray and you are wrestling with the problem of what to wear and be well dressed, choose a coat of Duro Gloss.

Duro Gloss

J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY · NEW HAVEN · CONN.

A Duel Without Seconds

(Continued from page 84)

even the last of these drifted away, and the Baron and Baroness Otterly-Hansclever were alone; alone, and somehow, she felt, disgraced.

It occurred to her now, as she tasted a salad-dressing that seemed almost utterly tasteless, that had she been a younger woman she would have wept, and opened her heart to her husband. But armoured and inert as he was among his papers and notes on duelling, he, too, was lost to her. So she ate in silence, turning over and over in her mind the thought that had been ripening there like a dark and cruel seed, that their honour had gone unavenged. Not only had their guests been despoiled, but their own family plate had disappeared, piece by piece, and even her own little rope of pearls could not be found. Was there, she thought fiercely, no alternative, no future for the Otterly-Hansclevers but to sit supinely, while the dark hand of disgrace closed upon them and their friends, one by one, turned surely and dreadfully away?

Why did the Baron say nothing, do nothing? Was he so engrossed in the history of duelling that he had no time nor inclination to fight when it was needed? Well . . . . of what avail was the delicate art of duelling against the grim, evanescent shadow that hovered over them? Their adversary was the phantom, Doubt; so would the battle be a ghostly one. And she alone could fight it. Her fingers tightened around the worn silver of her salad-fork, and in her eyes a resolve grew until they seemed like liquid pools of fire in her tired face. Yes, she alone would avenge the honour of the Otterly-Hansclevers . . . . . and she would prove in the doing that faint blood was not her portion.

When the Baron had kissed her hand and excused himself for a long night among his papers, as was his wont, she mounted slowly to her apartments. The rooms waited emptily for her, for her own maid had been dismissed not long ago, since they could afford no servants except the old butler and the gardener; but she walked across the threshold as proudly as though trumpets went before her. A duty awaited her—one last gesture to accomplish in defence of the honourable name she had assumed in marriage; and it was a gesture which must be accomplished beautifully, exquisitely. She must die.

She knew how she would die, knew that it would be by her own pistol which her mother had given her on her wedding day "in case of burglars". A handle encrusted in diamonds it had, and a long, gleaming barrel. No one had ever seen it but her husband and herself, and they had laughingly locked it away in the secret drawer of an escritoire—for, as the Baron said, "With a master of the rapier, a duellist of international fame in the house, what need could we have of pistols?" Often, in the years that had followed, she had looked at it fondly and had locked it away again.

To-night it would serve.

Slowly she lit the tall, twisted candles in their heavy sconces; one by one the tiny flames wavered, hesitated, then grew into small spires of light, pale and steady in the high shadows of the room. The Baroness drew the curtains. . . . . So, she reflected, must her courage grow and crystalize until it burned without faltering, and then —as the flame of a candle is extinguished in a breath, so would she die, quickly and alone. Her heart beat faster as she moved toward the drawer in which she knew the pistol lay. Then she paused, a hand at her breast, a dreadful indecision surging within her. Was it, after all, the best thing to do? Would her husband, her friends, know how truly, by this act, she had kept her tryst with honour, had sacrificed herself to an ideal? Or would they merely think her melodramatic? Would it, perhaps, be better to go on living, sleeping, eating, trying to forget? . . . . No! To die was the only vindication—and to die magnificently, by candle-light, the diamonds in her pistol flashing a last challenge to the heartless world.

She moved to the escritoire, and put out her hand toward the fateful drawer. The words, "Death, honourable and alone" came to her in a half-whisper, but as she tried to say them, her breath caught in a little knot of pain at the base of her throat. She trembled . . . . but she did not falter. She pulled out the drawer, and thrust in her hand.

For one instant she stood as if turned to stone. Then she gave a faint, inaudible cry. The pistol was gone.

A Golfing Week-End at Deauville

(Continued from page 96)

thoroughly good course full of entertaining shots. At the moment, it certainly does not err on the side of shortness; the two-shot holes are emphatically worthy of their name but that will soon be set to rights, for there is a wonderful virtue in the trampling of the human foot. The same remark applies to the greens, which, being new, are as yet rather slow but should soon be excellent. One remarkable thing about the course was that in a hot, dry summer when our courses in England were as hard as stone and as yellow as quinea, the Deauville grass was of a luxuriant greenness. That was a good augury for a course that will have to withstand much sunshine.

I am not going to describe the holes in detail. I have often read other peoples' description of holes, and they have never conveyed any real picture or impression to my mind, and I am not vain enough to think that I can do better. I will only say in general terms that the course is full of interest and amusement and wants playing. In yards it is about 6,300 and the par is, I suppose, as low as 70. It has five one-shot holes, which always help towards a low par, and that 70 will take a deal of getting.

Our small caddies were for the most part quite new to their job, which they probably thought a very singular one.

(Continued on page 118)

Postal Telegraph
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ST LOUIS MO SEPT 6 1929
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Who Wins at Contract?—And Why

(Continued from page 93)

in four Clubs and the Ace of Spades.

When the rubber had been scored, South's partner drew him aside, anxious to inquire why, instead of trying the Spade finesse, he had risked the Diamond lead.

"Because," explained South, "the odds in the play were more favourable than in the Spade finesse. The finesse meant a fifty-fifty chance, while it was a hundred to one that East, being a good player, would refuse to put up his Ace of Diamonds. With an inexperienced adversary who wouldn't have realized the danger of establishing an entry in Dummy, or with a super-expert who might have sensed my trap, the odds offered by the finesse would have been more attractive."

Whether or not there is such a thing as card sense, *per se*, is a disputed question. Some one has put forth the theory that there is a certain bit of the brain which has never been mapped, which responds only to the stimulus of such problems as are found in cards. Fantastic as such a theory seems, we can all enumerate several players among our acquaintances who would seem to bear it out.

There, for instance, is Smith—stupid enough at college; a failure in business; as boring a dinner partner as was ever encountered. Put him at a Bridge table to make a fourth with a brilliant author, an affluent bank president, and a world-famed scientist. He will proceed to out-think, out-guess, and out-wit the lot of them.

Then there is Jones who, in the ordinary affairs of life, is accounted little better than a moron. Give him a pack of cards and immediately something clicks in his otherwise dull brain. With far-reaching calculations, he can carry out an intricate plan of defense or attack. With brilliant strategy, he will swing a game in his favour or save a rubber.

From whence are these powers of deduction, inference, and imagination derived? Why do they function only at the card table and remain quite dormant elsewhere?

Of course, all brilliant card players are not morons. Heaven forbid! Many gifted men and women, outstandingly successful in the world of affairs are notable Bridge players: Charles Schwab, Paderewski, and hosts of others. But it is indisputable that a great number of people of real intellectual power can never learn to play more than a passable game; and that there are innumerable couples of marked intellectual disparity where the less intelligent partner, wife or husband as the case may be, entirely eclipses the other at the Bridge table.

The artistic temperament does not seem to offer a fertile soil for the development of good Bridge. Writers, singers, actors, artists, are rarely skillful at the game. But lawyers take to Bridge with amazing readiness. Among business men, the bankers seem to contribute the greatest number of good players.

Do men or women make better Bridge players? Considering the greater opportunity for development, afforded by their more abundant leisure, it is surprising that the women Bridge players do not outstrip their male competitors. That they don't is probably due to the fact that the female of the Bridge species is less daring than the male. At the same time, because a woman is dependable and sticks more closely to the rules, she is often the more acceptable partner to an expert.

Barring the ideal combination of two experts, the happiest partnership at Bridge is made up of an imaginative and brilliant player with a thoroughly dependable routine partner. Many of the best known Bridge teams have been formed from this combination.

There is no partner whom the expert so dreads as the would-be psychologist, the type of player whose erratic tactics are based, not on practical deductions from a given situation, but on his recollection of strategic plays which he has seen made by superior players.

A fact which many players never clearly grasp is that the expert does not disregard a sound rule except for some reason which, at that particular crisis, is sounder than the rule.

A Golfing Week-End at Deauville

(Continued from page 116)

Our conversation with them was chiefly confined to the reiterated command *"Ne bougez pas"*, which gradually had its effect, so that they stood statuesquely still.

Some of us played mildly and lost a little money at the Casino; some of us, with greater caution, only looked on, watching players from all the nations of the earth, with infinitely different features and colouring, but all wearing the same strange impressive mask of the gambler, who is such an unintelligible creature to those of us who have neither his courage nor his folly. The really high play had not yet begun. That would come soon, we were told, with the races and the full glory of the season. There were one or two tables where the minimum stake was quite high enough to take my pusillanimous breath away, but at most of the tables ordinary mortals could play if they had a mind to.

Nobody seems to dine at Deauville until half past nine at the very earliest and when they go to bed I am not prepared to say. Most of the golf to be played there will be after luncheon.

Wisely no doubt, the course has been made in two circuits of nine holes apiece, both beginning and ending at the club house, which is in the hotel. The course is, however, too interesting to be played in any such idle spirit, even though the lunch is so good as to induce a lotus-eating frame of mind.

We left Deauville on the Sunday night, rather jaded and faded after three friendly, delightful, amusing, hectic days. Each of us took away a charming little silver cup as a souvenir of our visit, and mine now reposes by the side of another cup full of pleasant memories which was given to me at another friendly and delightful place, the National Golf Links at Southampton, Long Island, in 1922.

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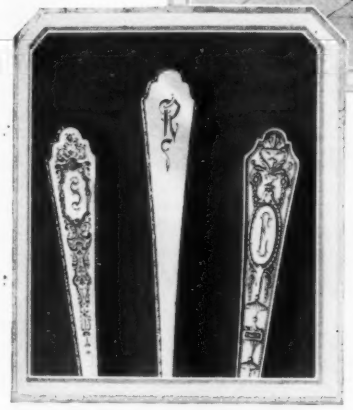

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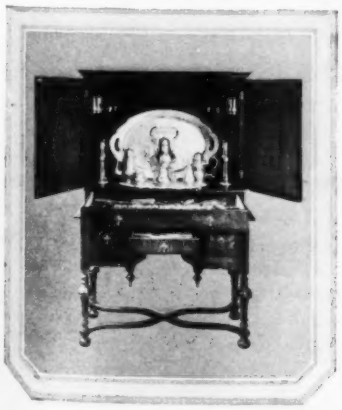

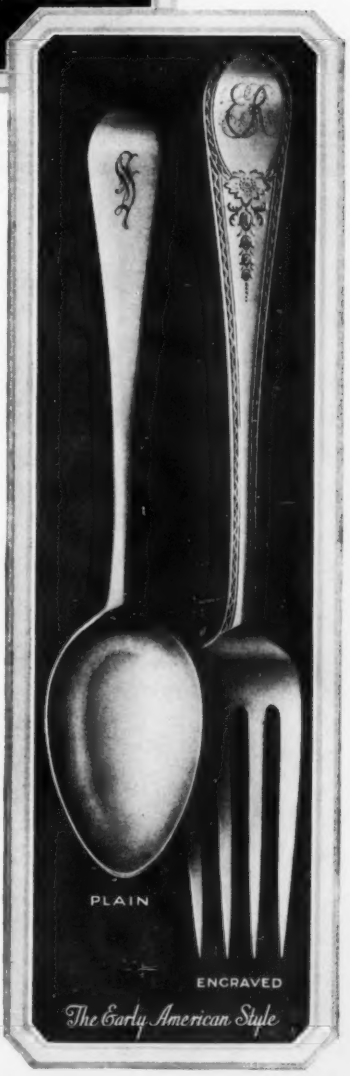

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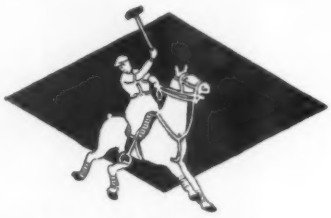
The Shops of Vanity Fair



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Ex-Husband

(Continued from page 90)

my hands. When I raised it again she had finished.

"You are leaving me for someone else," I accused her bitterly. "You are going to live with a certain notorious newspaper columnist on a New York tabloid, short, thick-set, thirty-three years of age, with a deep baritone voice and a luxurious apartment in Greenwich Village where he throws elaborate orgies."

"On the contrary," she denied hotly, "I am leaving because of your affair with a well-known Broadway model, blonde, vivacious, of immigrant extraction, the curves of whose soft body excite male appetites to unholy passion and the letters of whose name, if rearranged, would spell 'Obelisk'."

I looked her accusingly in the eye.

"That is not true," I said slowly. "I have heard on authentic source that you love another—a prominent motion picture actor from Hollywood—who is it? John Gilbert? Lionel Barrymore? Victor McLaglen? Buddy Rogers? Richard Arlen? Louis Wolheim? Karl Dane? William Haines? Bull Montana? Eddie Quillan? William Boyd? Douglas Fairbanks? Jr.? Bob Armstrong? Ronald Colman? Emil Jannings? Charles Chaplin? Raymond Griffith? William Powell? George O'Brien? William S. Hart? Walter Winchell? Lon Chaney?—"

"Stop!" she interrupted. (*Note to Printer:* Inasmuch as she interrupts me here, we don't have to finish the above list.) "Do you suppose I am ignorant of your *own* scandalous behavior? What tongue on Broadway has failed to link your name with Lenore Ulric, Ethel Barrymore, Helen Morgan, Florence Nash, Mary Nash, Clare Eames, Mrs. Fiske, Margalo Gillmore, Pauline Lord, Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Lynn Fontanne, Beatrice Lillie, Marilyn Miller, Esther Howard, Ann Harding, Zita Johann, Libby Holman, Violet Heming, Francine Larrimore, Elsie Ferguson, Helen Westley, Walter Winchell, Queenie Smith, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen (*Note to Printer:* And the rest of Equity's list.)"

We faced each other defiantly.

"Then it is—good-bye?" I asked.

The slam of the door in my face was her only answer.

CHAPTER TWO: She was gone! K. was gone! I was alone—terribly, horribly alone. Where should I go? Where should I eat? To whom could I turn? Disconsolately I seized my hat and stick, descended to the street, hailed a cab. Life was closing in on me. Alone!

"To the Algonquin," I told the driver.

For a moment I stood in the familiar lobby and gazed half-heartedly at the well-known faces crowded about the famous Round Table: George Kaufman, Marc Connolly, Harold Ross, Dorothy Parker, Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, Robert Benchley, Charles Brackett, Frank Sullivan, John Peter Toohey, Charles MacArthur, Ben Hecht, Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, Neysa McMein, Brock Pemberton, Peter Arno, George Abbott, Percy Crosby, Sidney Howard, George Chappell, Rollin Kirby, Jack Shuttleworth, Deems Taylor, Theodore Dreiser, Ruth Hale, Sherwood Anderson, Norman Anthony, John Held, Ralph Barton, Donald Ogden Stewart, Katherine Ursula Parrott, Lindsay Parrott, Hugh O'Connor, Alice Hughes, Walter Winchell, Reinald Werrenrath, Robert Bridges, George Palmer Putnam, John Farrar, Ray Long, H. N. Swanson, William Seabrook, William McFee, Joan Lowell, Guy Holt, Katherine Brush, Don Marquis, Russell Patterson, Jefferson Machamer, Eugene O'Neill (*Note to Printer:* That should be enough to give you the general idea.)

I turned sadly and went out the door again.

CHAPTER THREE: Fifth Avenue!

On all sides as I strolled north a procession of familiar faces streamed past me one by one, faces from all walks of life. Henry Ford. Mayor Walker. Jack Dempsey. Clarence Darrow. Herbert Bayard Swope. Thomas A. Edison. Clarence Chamberlain. John D. Rockefeller. Ida M. Tarbell. Babe Ruth. President Hoover. Lee

(Continued on page 138)

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Inseparable

(*Continued from page 56*)

Galleries of Vanity Fair

pany. They met at four o'clock, and ate their cakes in the comfortable twilight of some favourite tea-room, letting the sweet morsels melt deliciously upon their tongues as they listened to the faint throbbing of the violins in the orchestra. After tea, they strolled only far enough to reach a taxi; and if, in the street, an urchin sometimes turned to stare at them and to comment impudently upon their size, they didn't mind—for each one thought that he meant the other. Together, they hunted up and found a dressmaker who swore that he could make them look like sylphs, who assured them lavishly of his vast success with the "full figures" of other women. They were contented. They had the same absence of opinion about everything; the same placid agreement with everything; a smiling fatalism, a passivity which even the snarlings of their husbands failed to disturb. The antipathy which the two men manifested toward each other only served to bind the women more closely together, to encompass and hold them secure in a kind of brave glow of defiance.

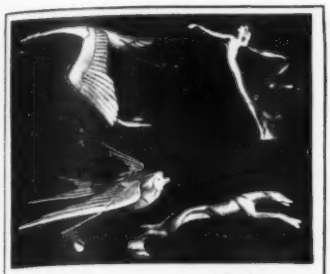
One day, Madame Charavant did not find her friend at their customary meeting-place. She rushed to Marcelle's home.

"Madame is very ill," the maid told her. "The doctor says it's fever. Would you like to come in?"

Madame Charavant declined; she was afraid of contagion. But every day for two months, she called to make inquiries. Then she received a telegram: "I shall be able to go out this afternoon, at last. Call for me here. Have no fear, the apartment has been disinfected."

An hour later, Madame Charavant stood dumbfounded before her friend; an unfamiliar Marcelle whose happy curves had dissolved into an incredible slimness, whose shoulders were thin beneath her dress and whose face was entirely, amazingly oval.

(*Continued on page 138*)



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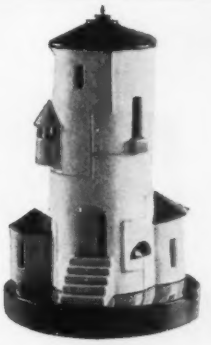

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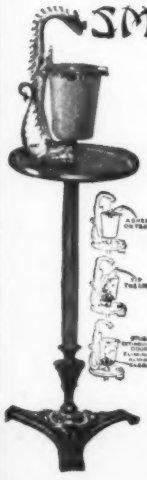

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And Now the Yearning Celluloid

(Continued from page 83)

stop at the box-office to make suggestions for future programs—they are all steady customers. For this is the true folk-theatre at last.

I sat in the box-office once, for a week, and watched the grave, intent patrons filing into a theatre too draughty and uncomfortable for the average light-hearted, luxury-loving film-goer, to see a picture too difficult or too dull for an audience less exalted.

There were college students—majors in English for the most part—who would come to see the picture on Monday, and discuss it with wide gestures and fists emphatic on the table for the rest of the week at luncheon. There were old women, as thin and wary as a covey of birds, who, shrinking from the crowds at the larger theatres, came to spend an afternoon in pleasant astonishment that such eccentricities as those that they beheld upon this screen should exist in the same world with themselves. There were the men who wandered in by mistake, assuming it to be some sort of cheap grind house, who jumped when they saw the price card. Many others I saw during that week. . . . . The professional Bohemian who, finding here a home and a haven, spends three hours after the show in the lobby, sipping free coffee, smoking free cigarettes, reading the magazines on the tables, and feeling exalted; the musical crowd who poke fun at the Phototone and make more uncouth noise among themselves than any other group; the sensuous old man in the string tie, who came nine times in five days because one of the nature films showed a woman naked from the waist up, and who paid his full admission each time before entering, tipped the usher, stayed the fifteen minutes required to show the part of the film that he wanted, and was back again two hours later. Deaf people I saw, fleeing from the talking pictures; sailors, poets, small merchants, visitors from out-of-town, schoolteachers hungry for relaxation, and the inevitable pleasant drifter for whom the theatre becomes a kind of club which he enters in a series of faintly possessive gestures.

All over the country these miniature temples to art are rising; and Art itself is no longer than the line that stands in waiting at the box-office of each temple. What a chance for the widow and the indigent orphan to fit out the mortgaged homestead with an assortment of angles, rent a few films and go into the motion picture business! Rochester and Buffalo have their art-theatres now; Philadelphia and Baltimore; Washington and New York. But the country is wide, and it is waiting for the coming. The public is eager, and the pictures are cheap. Serve them with coffee and cigarettes, charge all that the traffic will bear, and watch the homefolks crowd into the little room, that has come to be, for them, not so much a public place of entertainment as a secret meeting-place of souls.

Nothing is easier than to start an Art cinema; no one is more sure of success than he who lures Art out of her coy shelter and beckons all to come and see. For every tear that falls upon a bosom inside the theatre, a quarter goes into the box-office till. Yet this is no mere sordid profit; for all the gold that those quarters eventually will become is not so pure nor so bright as the flame that rises in hungry breasts that have, at last, found a substitute for beauty; and the rustle of a thousand one-dollar bills has no sweeter sound than the whisper of worshippers who stand exalted in the presence of Art.

Jew and Gentile, Nordic and Wop . . . . Art holds them all here in fetters of rhinestone, false and satisfying. To-day, it is UFA with an old Emil Jannings yelp; to-morrow, it will be the revival of a Valentino *bonbon*. Art and coffee and cigarettes . . . . cigarettes, coffee and Art. New temples are these, built of celluloid and silver, and dedicated, in a vast, expectant hush, to the greater glory of modernism, to the firmer establishment of beauty, and to the convenient coincidence of cheap bookings.

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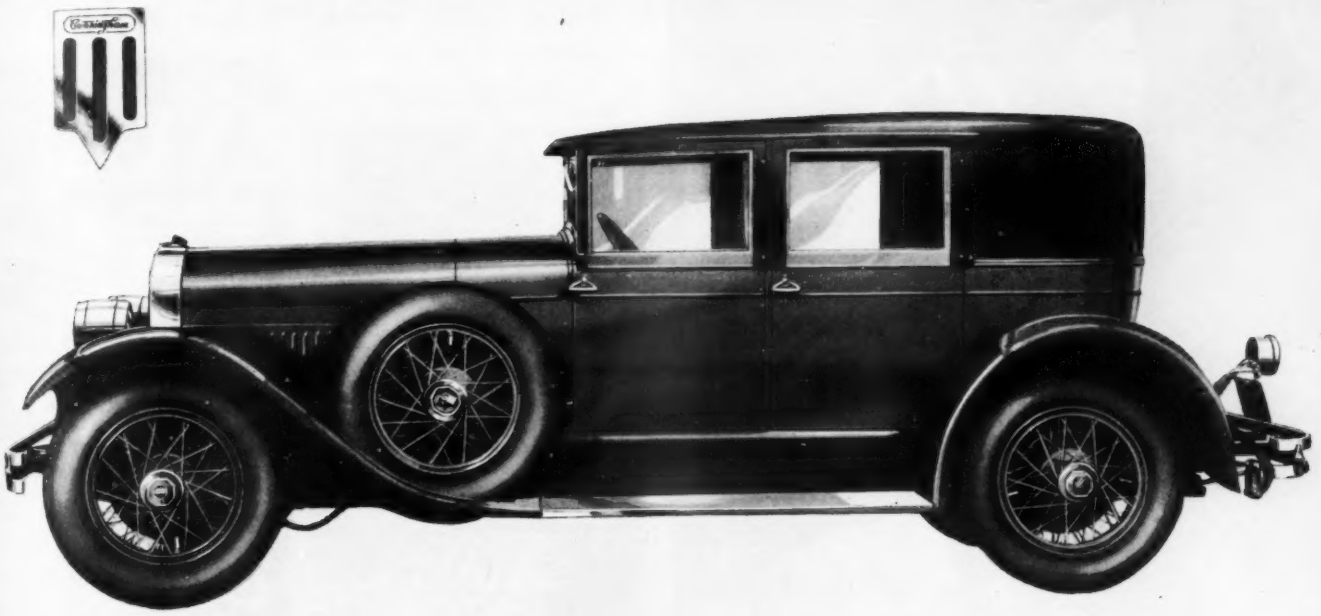

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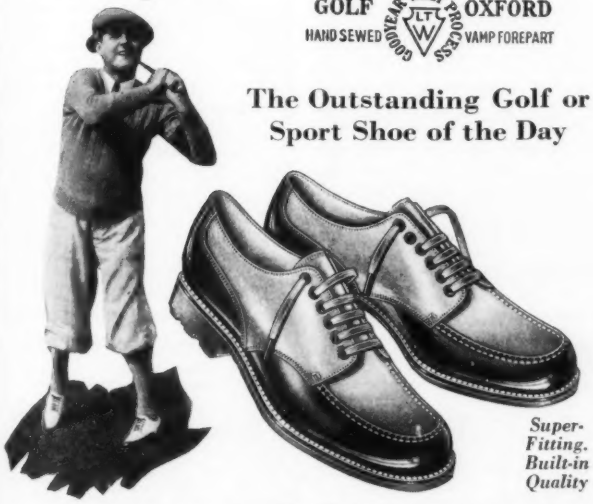

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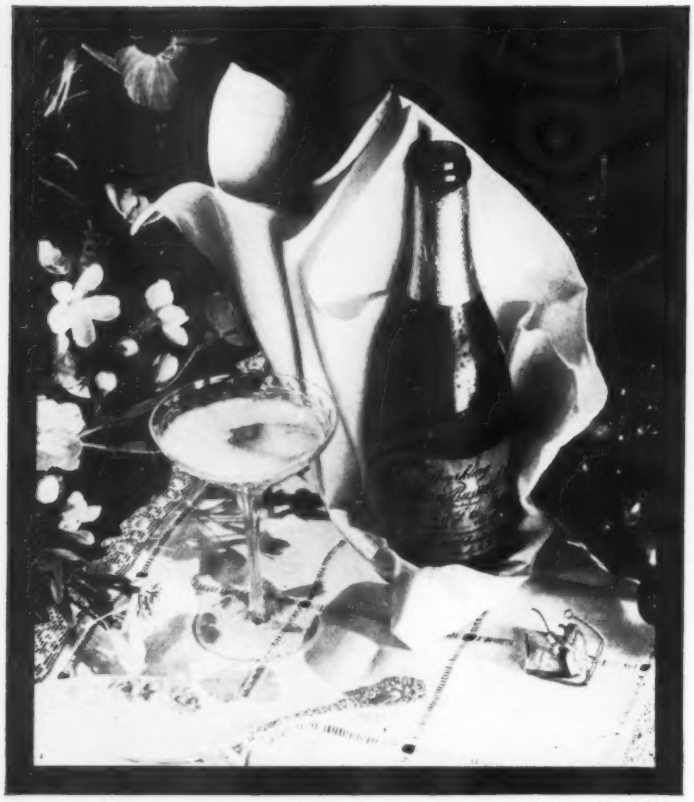

PHOTO BY KNOX MONTGOMERY

reminiscent of a certain french vintage

"The imprisoned laughter of the peasant girls of France"! So the poet calls an incomparable southern vintage. Not quite incomparable, tho. This sparkling juice of pampered Russet Apples, in its foil-sealed bottle, corpulent wine-cork wired in—this convivial drink is but little less worthy of your champagne glasses! As to imprisoned laughter, there's many an American quip within. The coupon below is just in case your grocer doesn't have Duffy-Mott Sparkling Golden Russet Cider.

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Please send me express collect ☐ a case of 24 pints of Duffy-Mott Sparkling Golden Russet Cider, $9.25 enclosed or ☐ four pints, $1.80 or ☐ one dozen quarts, $9.25 or ☐ 3 quarts, $2.50.

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Kindly state your grocer's name here_____

Ola

(Continued from page 61)

nine years old.' Who wouldn't have loved such an uncle?

"He often took me on his knees. Sometimes he made me ride, as if on horseback, while he sang me a little comic song. At other times he just held me there, while he talked to me or told me stories. I was happy in his arms, I hugged him close, I felt the warmth of his body. I was carried away. I closed my eyes, I stopped thinking, I imagined that I had become a part of my Uncle Paul, that I could always remain so, with him. I was happy. . . . Sometimes he kissed me, so gently, so tenderly! I returned his kisses as ardently as I could. But I was clumsy, and he laughed at me. How had he learned to kiss in such a fashion? I could imagine him kissing a woman whom he loved! Who was she?

"I realized that here was a mystery, but I soon penetrated it. You know, in our families, it's hard to keep anything a secret very long. It's too much of an effort for the relatives, and we hate constraint and effort. Russians—you must know that by now—love to reveal themselves. It was impossible to resist the temptation to talk about Uncle Paul at the table.

"That was how I learned that there was a woman in his life. But what did that mean? I already knew enough to understand that I must not ask that question. But I thought about it. Uncle Paul came to see us, and this woman, *his* woman, did not. Why? I soon found out that he was not married. That was most astonishing. So one could live with a woman without being married to her! Here was an adventure! That left me stupefied for a long time.

"I would have given anything to know, at least by sight, this woman who had known how to make him fall in love with her. My parents had the tremendous advantage over me of having seen her several times with Uncle Paul at the theatre or in the street. I knew nothing about her except through them. My mother spoke of her with great severity. She wasn't pretty. She wasn't in the least attractive. She couldn't understand how Paul had become involved with her in such a way. Men were stupid! And so forth. But I observed that my father seemed to feel differently, and that he never had an unkind or unfavourable word to say about Maroussia Petrovna. That was her name. My mother always called her, simply, 'That woman!'

"You can imagine with what passionate curiosity I considered my Uncle Paul! Each new fact that I learned about his mysterious life made him seem more important in my eyes. He was a hero; I admired him more and more. And I fell in love, too, with Maroussia Petrovna. Everything I learned about her—it was little enough—seemed to me magnificent and dazzling. I placed her before all other women. I thought of writing to her; I even began several letters. But none of them satisfied me.

"I was at the very height of my exaltation when drama suddenly emerged. From a complicated conversation, obscure and difficult to follow, between my mother and my father, I learned that Maroussia Petrovna had deceived my uncle.

"And what did that mean? To tell you the truth, it didn't seem a very serious matter to me. She had done something and kept it secret from my uncle. But didn't that happen in every household? My mother was always telling me, about some trifling thing or another: 'Ola, you're not to tell this to your father!' Maroussia Petrovna had lied? But I was surrounded by people who arranged facts, when they described them, according to their fancies or their needs. Well, then, why be so upset?

"Nevertheless, the very intonation of my parents gave to what seemed to me so simple a matter a good deal of importance. They speculated as to how my Uncle Paul would endure this treachery. What a word! According to my mother, he would certainly abandon this unworthy creature. My father seemed less certain, and contented himself with shrugging his shoulders.

"I listened, a prey to a great deal of agitation. My instinct led me to take Maroussia Petrovna's part against my parents. They had always disliked her. But what were Uncle Paul's sentiments? How would he judge this woman? I guessed that the truth was a much more complicated business than it seemed in their eyes. Uncle Paul didn't come to the house that day. What relation could there be between the fact that Maroussia Petrovna had deceived him and this interruption of his visits? Was the matter more grave than I had supposed? I was obliged to think so.

"And then something new came up.

(Continued on page 142)

Gives appetite a trip . . . .

Why does a steak, a filet, an entree en casserole satisfy so well after a Martini & Rossi Vermouth cocktail or appetizer?

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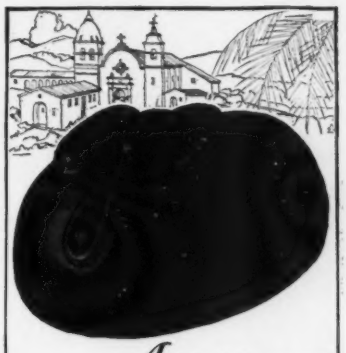

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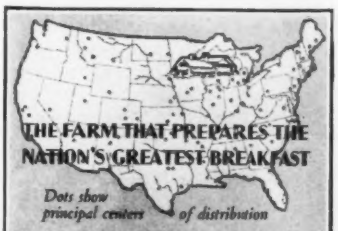

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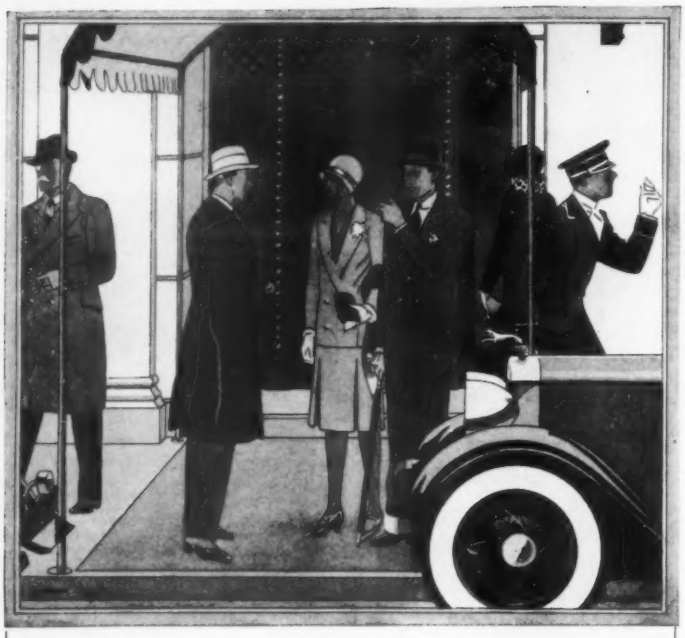

gypsy baron

the season's hat for the correctly turned out man

Gypsy Baron, the new Flanul Felt, illustrated above, is the season's sensation. In the short space of a month it has found its way to the wardrobe of practically every well-dressed man in the Metropolitan district. The crown is almost square. The brim is wider with a pronounced roll. The band is wide and is a shade lighter in color than the hat. The binding is thin and graceful and matches the band. Gypsy Baron is a sophisticated hat with a distinctive continental flair that will grace smartly the head of any well-dressed man.

seybrooke
$7.50—$10.00

Seybrooke has taken the place of Piccadilly Circus which held full sway in the field of fashion for over eighteen months. Seybrooke's crown is a little fuller and its brim is a little wider. It can be worn with brim down or up. A correct hat for either town or country wear.

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The Flanul Felt Camel's Hair is a rich, soft-textured hat for sport wear. Fashioned in a bevy of beautiful textures—Silver-mix, Cherry-mix, Oxford-mix, and Tan-mix.

No longer does one have to simulate a member of the Latin Quarter when he wishes to don a black soft hat for evening wear. Gone are the tremendous brims and shapeless crowns. Flanul Felts have come to the rescue of the Bon Vivant with a black soft hat smartly styled in the Gypsy Baron manner. The new hat is the Gypsy Baron Supper Club. The lining and sweat band are snow white to contrast sharply with the black exterior. Correct and impeccable for wear with a dinner jacket.

supper club
$15

Flanul Felt is made of fine quality hatter's fur. $7.50 to $20. Hodshon-Berg, Inc., Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, New York. Factories in Norwalk and Danbury, Conn. Manufacturers of Flanul Felts, Hodshon Hats, Berg Hats.

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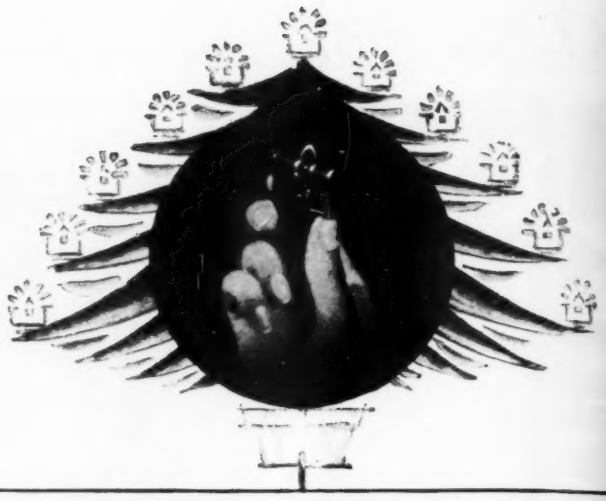
and exclusive shops throughout the country



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ONE FOR FATHER, UNCLE, BROTHER— SISTER, AUNT AND EVEN MOTHER

Why rack your brain trying to find something different for each member of the family tree when you can buy one gift that is sure to please them all—at least all who smoke?

Automatch has an appeal for everyone who uses it. Father will like the compact mechanism that does away with all outside gadgets . . . Mother will enthuse over the asbestos wick that never wears out . . . Sister Augusta will think the automatic flint-replacement signal SIMP-LY G-R-AND! . . . Brother Benton will rejoice that a penny or a dime is the only tool needed . . . Timid Aunt Bertha will be charmed with the safety catch . . . and the whole family . . . even fussy Uncle Frederick . . . will be fascinated by the sliding manifold that causes Automatch to light every time.

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AUTOMATCH

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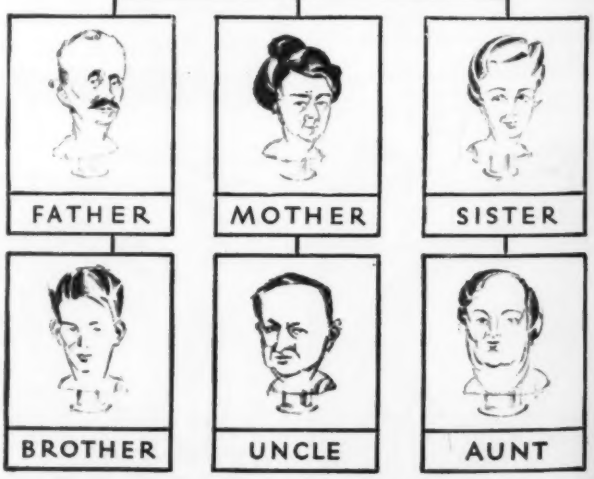

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No. 6062½, dainty, feminine desk set, $7.50
No. 306/67, with a lighter, for den or office, $22
No. 6267, superb, yet simple, $15
No. 6467R, two pens, presidential style, $30

THERE are seven different pen points to select from—each identified by a color band on the cap. Try all seven points, select the one that perfectly suits your writing style, and your dealer will see that you get a similar point in the holder of your choice.

Waterman's Number Seven costs $7, but other Waterman's may be had at prices ranging from $5 up.

Waterman's Desk Sets shown on the right, and Waterman's Combination Pen and Pencil Sets illustrated above, make timely and acceptable gifts.

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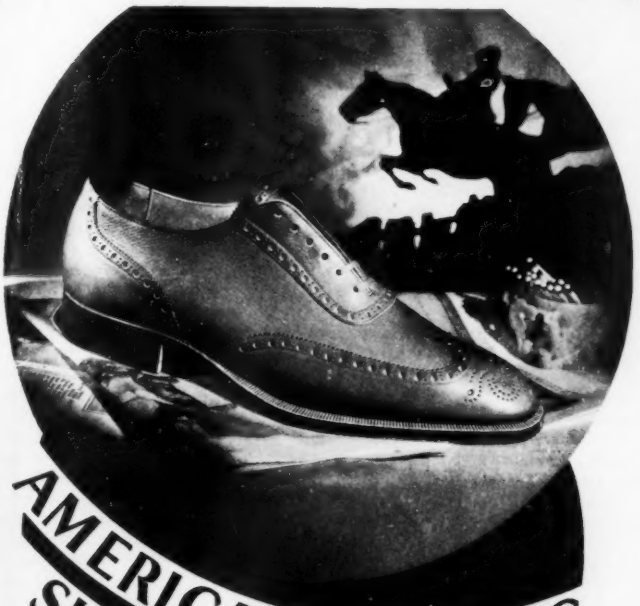

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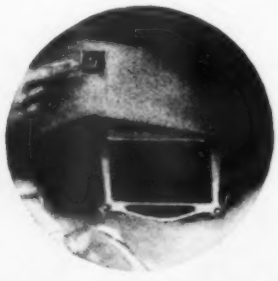

Simply Turn The Switch

For those who don't go south

A Letter to a Young Actress

(Continued from page 58)

Ruinart," he requested of his waiter, "and then send it to Mr. Eltinge's table, telling him that I await the fulfillment of his promise." The *champagne* was delivered, Mr. Eltinge and his manager, Mr. Woods, drank it, without thanking Mr. Stevens.

Today's relations between actor and critic are calmer than usual. Heywood Broun and George M. Cohan, once so angry with one another, are now, in a manner of speaking, pals, with Mr. Broun advocating an endowment to perpetuate Mr. Cohan in *Gambling*, his latest play. Mr. Cohan, who but a moment ago, was prescribing tar and feathers for the press-men, is hand-in-hand with them at present, declaring that they are not bad little guys after all. It is said that Miss Elsie Ferguson these days is nodding with frigid congeniality to the reviewers who cross her path in Park Avenue, and that Miss Jeanne Eagels, last week, bowed to Mr. Krutch, of the *Nation*.

It is, Miss Rice, a sacrifice that you are making. Admiring as you do, Robert Benchley, Odd McIntyre, Robert Sherwood, F. Dana Skinner, Marc Connelly and Walter Winchell, it will be difficult for you to forego the pleasure of their acquaintance. But, I beseech you, to regard any remarks they may make about you, as inconsequential, as Mr. Charles Ross, a master of burlesque used to say, "Nothing is so hard to find as yesterday's newspaper unless it is a last month's magazine." And against the other sad vicissitudes that lie in ambush in your career, it is necessary for me to utter warning. You are aware of them, and full panoplied with beauty, youth, talent, humour and bravado, you may overcome them. You will have to fight incompetent dramatists, inartistic directors, inadequate rôles (if any), temperamental associates, dull audiences, jealousy, fatigue and disappointment. You will be up this season and down the next, floating upon the summer waves of a "hit" or sinking under the stagnant ripples of a "flop." In devoting yourself to the Drama you are as unselfish as Miss Jane Cowl or Duse. Like Charlotte Cushman, one of your predecessors, you admit that.

When God conceived the world, that was Poetry. He formed it and that was Sculpture. He coloured it and that was Painting. He peopled it with living beings and that was the grand, divine and eternal Drama. And I foresee you, Flonzie, spending the best years of your life, now as a stenographer in Mr. Lardner's *June Moon*, then as a Samuel Shipman ingénue, a Michael Arlen neurotic or one of Mr. Molnár's lady wastrels. Your name will inflame the façades of Broadway Theatres, and you may be "featured" along with Walter Hampden in a revival of *The Burning Pestle* or in a Hoboken production by Christopher Morley of one of the earlier works of Channing Pollock. But, believe me, all of it will be Dead Sea Fruit, ashes to the taste. The time will come when Al H. Woods III will be in conference with the grandson of William Anthony McGuire as to the casting of a masterpiece. "Who," Mr. Woods will ask, "shall we get for the rôle of the ancient dowager?" "Send for Flonzie Rice," Mr. McGuire will answer, "she was great some years ago as the third witch in *Macbeth* and her performance as a handsome hag in the second Owen Davis version of *The Two Orphans* was complete.

Good-bye, Flonzie, perhaps we shall get together again in the Edwin Forrest Home for Down and Out Veterans of the Drama.

Philip Snowden at The Hague

(Continued from page 55)

and pacifists like him, the history of British foreign policy from Sir Edward Grey to Sir Austen Chamberlain is a history of Britain's seduction by continental wiles into disastrous and unrighteous ways. The theory that it was worth while to buy French and Italian support to offset the menace of Germany, and then to buy French and Italian support to stop France from crushing Germany never appealed to Philip Snowden. He had fought the policy in the face of angry mobs, and when the chance came he fought it at The Hague in the face of the world.

Bearing in mind these considerations we can, I think, understand better what he meant when he said that the time had come for England to resume the position in international relations to which her position in the world entitles her. He meant that the era of British acquiescence in French diplomatic initiative had ended.

It was the rise of the German imperial power which forced Britain to align itself with the Triple Entente. It was the Triple Entente, helped by America, which smashed the Triple Alliance. Having smashed it the victory was used to make a settlement which had not the strength to endure unless Britain and America remained permanently aligned with the French system. America promptly withdrew from the alignment, and it was only a question of time when Britain would follow. For while Britain plus America might have supported the French post-war policy, Britain alone could not do it except at intolerable cost. For ten years Lord Curzon and Sir Austen Chamberlain had vacillated, now supporting the French system and now withdrawing from it. The British Labour Party, following its own principles, which happen at this juncture to coincide with the deepest political instincts and traditions of the British peoples, has made a sharp break. The applause in England signifies the delight of a people who at last have seen done what they really wanted to have done. For France has been an exacting mistress, and the British people are plainly enough tired of the affair.

Henceforth, we may assume, France will have to live within her political income in Europe, rather more moderately and without the gallant attentions which Sir Austen Chamberlain showed her. As for Britain, no longer a lover, it will resume its rôle of uncle on the continent of Europe.

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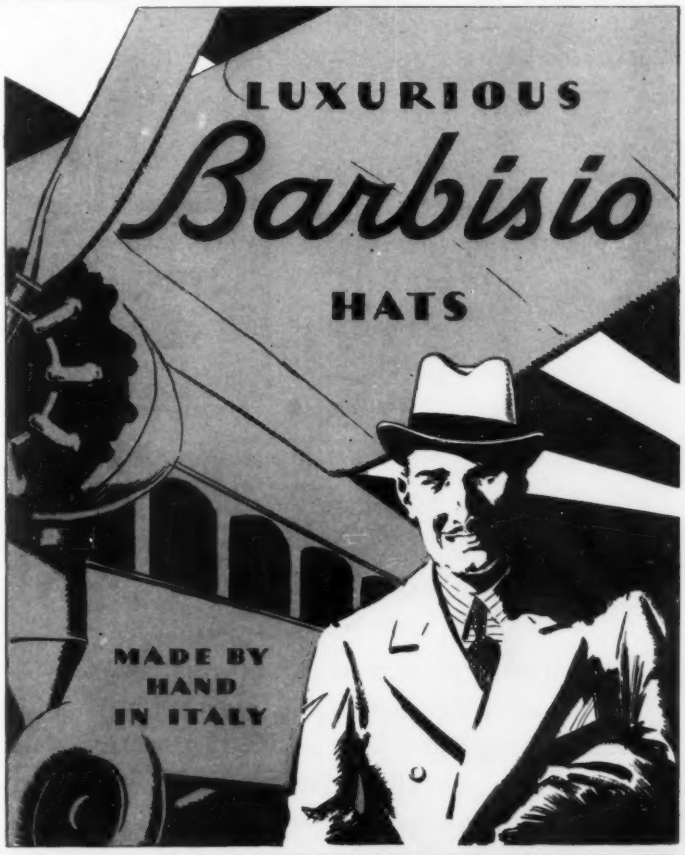

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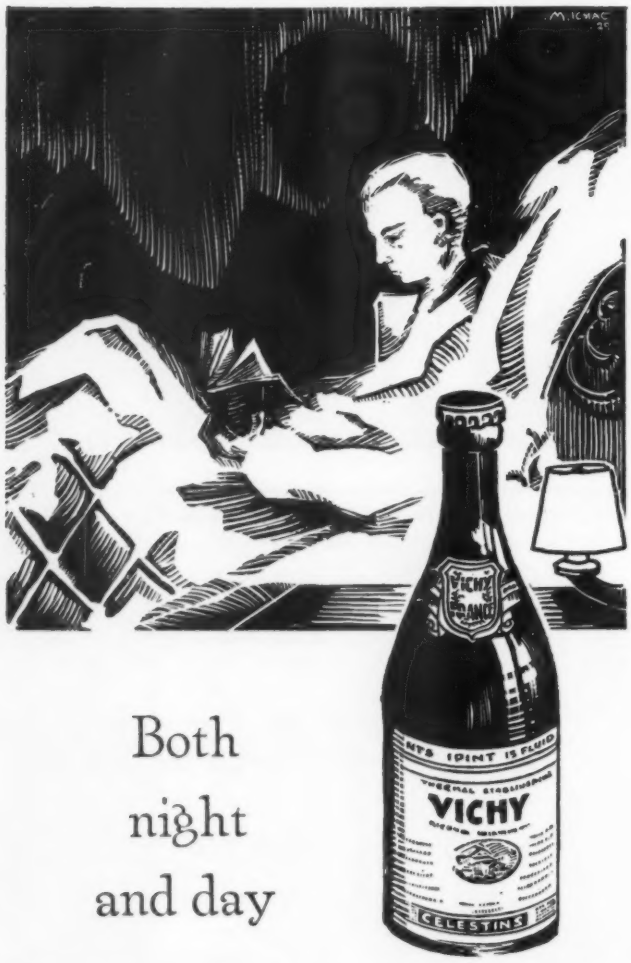

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Still More About Love

(Continued from page 70)

13 In love there are neither crimes nor misdemeanors. There are errors of taste.

14 And besides, what do you *really* know?

You know nothing whatever. Hold your peace. Perhaps Maurois is right, after all. . . .

Marriage, in an idle and brilliant society, is a state which permits both husband and wife, on their separate sides, to play at love with the maximum of convenience.

15 But love itself. . . . Well, really, what about it? Every human being has a thousand qualities, a thousand reasons for pleasing or displeasing—in other words, he bears in himself the history of his love and of every love.

There are perfect bodies and perfect faces. There are no perfect hearts.

Your love is past. Everything passes. Everything ends. Whether happily or unhappily, it is all the same.

To love is good. To love no more is good also. Now that the end has come, haven't you a sense of new possibilities, of open spaces about you? Love was a prison.

Life is bigger than love.

The end of life is not love.

16 Love: a land too distant, a term too all-embracing, like God. Vague points of direction.

The greatest blessing ever conferred on us by love was to make us believe in love.

17 And besides, what is your business in life?

You have been entrusted with yourself. Cultivate yourself.

If you love yourself enough to rise very high, you will feel yourself fall back on the earth in dew, and you will realize that love is given and not received. If you do not love yourself, you are betraying the one you love.

After all, it is not such a simple matter to love oneself. Always, everywhere, since the beginning, there has been this querulous and conceited self, this narrow, indolent, unexciting self, this tiresome self. You would prefer to give it no attention and to entrust the duty of flattering and soothing this irritating creature to some one else. You would prefer to change your soul, change your tastes, and set out with new eyes in search of other worlds. . . .

Let this privilege be reserved for women! For you, the master, the warrior, there must be no desertion, no forsaking your post.

18 Love is only love for oneself, and in this, perhaps, lies its greatness. But we never admit the fact, and in this lies its tragedy.

Nobody deserves to be loved or not to be loved.

To love is to judge too well. Not to love is to judge badly.

19 You are less lonely than you think. You have never really numbered your friends. List among them the companions of your labours—your superiors and advisers, your rivals, your subordinates. . . . List among them all men of good will. . . . And in addition list these: so many adorable comrades, so many ardent surrenders, so many heads bent over tenderly.

Your life is a continuous process of exchange with the world, an exchange that becomes more active day by day.

It is true that there is war everywhere, but there is also a little love everywhere.

20 She is changing. At present she is restless, superficial, unstable, wholly taken up with minor matters, indifferent to everything that counts.

Women do not grow old very gracefully.

You no longer have very much to say to her. You would prefer to live alone. As a matter of fact, you would now be able to live alone. But remember that she has been your indispensable companion, and that you could not have tolerated any other. If you had never known her, would you have known yourself?

My friend, H. B., who never used his talents to the best advantage, once said, "I lacked a witness."

She enabled you to be yourself. She distracted you from yourself. She was your horizon, your landscape, your window on life. Do not take back your tenderness.

You share your home with your mother. You continue to cherish her, although she has lingered long past her time. To your wife you owe no less than to your mother.

Pay back your debt with your time, which is becoming less precious from day to day.

To love one's work is easy. It is within the power of any man. But if men loved only their work, they would form a society of termites.

Forget the happiness of nations for the moment. Think of hers.

She is so eager for happiness! Women are so loath to relinquish happiness! . . . The answer is simple: it is all they have.

Devote yourself to her. Bend over her tenderly. Speak to her of herself. Do everything you can for her . . . .

And rely on yourself.

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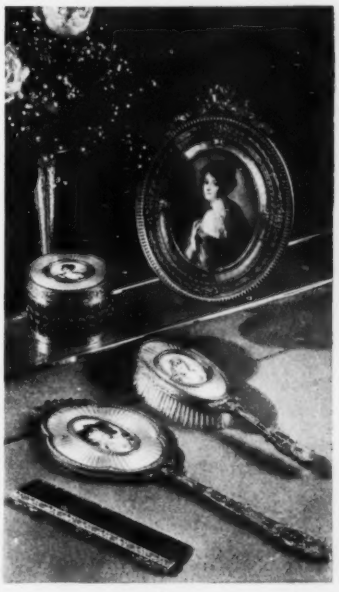

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The Holler Art

(Continued from page 76)

was introduced . . . that is, a novel feature was introduced into the mouths of several young women present, and the features were not edibles. It seems there was some discussion over who had the largest mouth, and an attempt to settle the argument was made by the introduction into the mooted mouths of various objects on the table, including the big tops of the sugar bowls. I saw two girls get the thing all the way in their mouths and close them over it. Never have I been so astounded! One girl boasted of being able to get a whole orange in her mouth and close it, but as there were no oranges present, nobody asked to see that parlor trick. It really was a riot."

In the same copy of the newspaper it was reported that the talkies had completely superseded the drama in Birmingham.

9 When there is a momentary end to conversation on the dramatic stage, the ensuing silence seems natural. But when there is a momentary end to speech in the talkies, the ensuing silence is grotesque and disturbing. The characters, once they have spoken, relapse simultaneously into muteness and screen dummies. They cease to be relatively real and become shadows again. The talking screen character and his other self, the silent screen character, are two different figures, and it is difficult for an audience to meld one with the other, to imagine both completely as the same being. Even a cursory view of the talkies impresses this fact upon the spectator.

10 It is refreshing to observe that, thus far, none of the movie magnificoes has come forth with any high-sounding art gabble about the talkies. In the relatively brief reign of the silent pictures we were familiar with a wealth of such walla-walla as "The moving picture is the art form of the future;" "The motion picture is an art that will endure long after all the other arts are dead," etc., etc. Having apparently learned their lesson, the movie people have gathered around the cold corpse of their previous "art" and are now simply grabbing their pay envelopes from the talkies, keeping mum, and leaving talk about art to artists.

11 There recently came to my desk, in the same mail, a copy of a movie magazine and a volume published simultaneously by the Yale University Press in America and the Oxford University Press in England. I opened the movie magazine—it bore the title *Picture Play*—and beheld a photograph of one of the innumerable little-mustached screen pretty boys with this caption: "Glory, power, wealth—Ivan Lebedeff has had them all—and considers them dross!" Letting out what, I fear was in the nature of a horse-laugh, and reflecting upon the imbecility of the movie magazines in the stuff they print about film *cabots*, and the importance they visit upon the latter, I turned to the professorial tome. Its title was *A Dictionary of Actors and of Other Persons Associated with the Public Representation of Plays in England Before 1642*; its author was Edwin Nungezer, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in the University of Oklahoma; and it bore, as I have observed, the imprimatur of two great universities. Opening the book of more than four hundred pages, I noted, further, that it was Volume XIII in the *Cornell University Studies in English*, thus bringing not only two but three institutions of the higher learning to its execution and promulgation. The preface by the author, indicating the herculean job that confronted him, contained the following paragraph: "My greatest debt of gratitude I owe to Professor Joseph Quincy Adams, who originally suggested to me this task, who at the outset turned over to me his own extensive collection of notes, and who with sympathetic interest and ever-ready aid encouraged me when the way seemed long and dark."

What was the intrinsic nature of his great cultural work?, I speculated. What high educational value did it possess? I turned the pages. What I found were four hundred alphabetically arranged pages devoted to such stuff as this:

Adson, F. Apparently an actor or stage-attendant mentioned in Heywood's *The Late Lancashire Witches* . . . "Enter . . . F. Adson with a brace of greyhounds."

Aynsworth, John. The register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, records the burial of "John Aynsworth, a player," on September 28, 1581.

Bartle, Onye (?) Alexander Bartle, son of "Onye (?) a player," was baptized at St. Saviour's on February 27, 1603.

Bierdt, Burchart, Burchart Bierdt, "Englischer Musicant," was at Cologne, Germany, in November 1612.

Blackwage, William. Henslowe lent William Blackwage five pounds before May 13, 1594 . . . but whether he was an actor or a private servant is not known.

Blank, William Alexander. A Scottish dancer who performed at Cologne, Germany, in April, 1605.

Skipping back and forth among the pages, I encountered a wealth of further similar items such as "Harrison, John. A player whose daughter, Suzanna, by his wife Anne was baptized at St. Helen's on January 10, 1602." "Smyght, William. A player who witnessed a loan from Philip to Francis Henslowe on June 1, 1595," and "Lowin, G. G. Lowin played Barnavelt's daughter in *Sir John van Olden Barnavelt* . . . perhaps he was John Lowin's son."

I picked up the movie magazine again in a culturally chastened mood.

12 They say that in time they will so perfect the talkies that the present rasp and whirr will entirely disappear and the human voice will issue smoothly and naturally from them. They said the same thing about the phonograph many years ago and, for all the great improvement in it, traces of the rasp and whirr are still there.

13 What the phonograph is to opera, the lithograph to painting, the plaster of paris cast to sculpture and a doll's house to architecture, the

(Continued on page 142)

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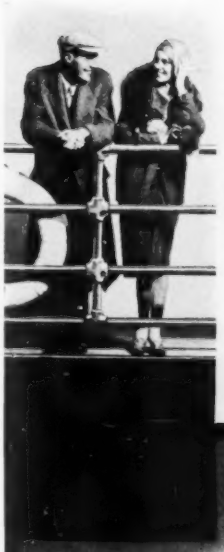

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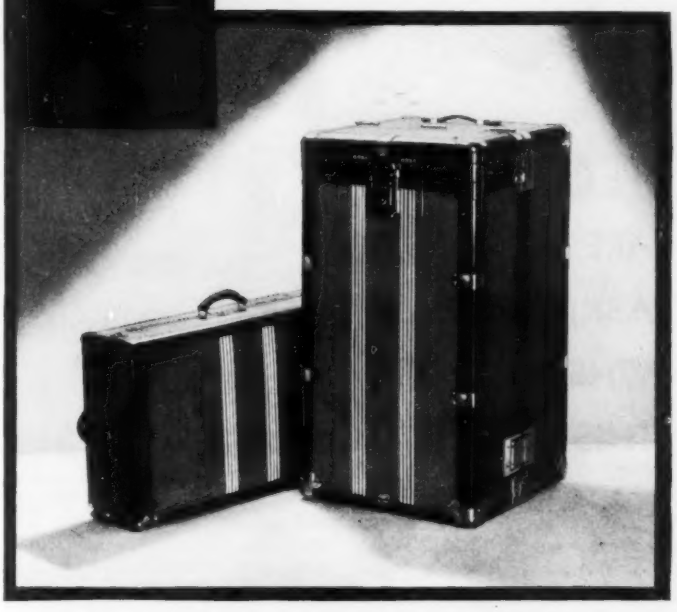

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The Hamley Kit is just a simple box of thick solid leather. But it is made by leather craftsmen who have had years of experience in turning out beautiful saddles for western cowboys—the hardest-to-please customers in the world. *And made of such leather!* Extra thick, extra choice . . . because nothing short of this supreme quality will stand up under constant use and hold its shape without *crushing in* or *denting*. Hamley Kit leather turns a beautiful rich russet color with the passing years.*

This new type kit gives a man a chance to carry all his "pet" toilet articles with him when travelling. No bothersome loops or cubby holes take up space and waste time and patience. You just toss the articles in . . . everything fits . . . everything is together, ready for instant use!

MAIL ORDERS FILLED DIRECT IF YOUR DEALER HASN'T HAMLEY KITS

You will find Hamley Kits at the smartest shops. However, should you have difficulty locating them, we will be glad to fill your order direct, mailing the kits postpaid. Hamley & Company, Saddle Makers, 234 Court St., Pendleton, Oregon.

SIZES AND PRICES

Medium	8⅝x3⅞x1⅞	$ 6.00
Large	9½x4½x2¼	7.50
Extra large	10½x5⅜x2¾	10.00

Name or initials embossed on lid, 25c extra.

*Be sure you get the genuine Hamley Kit, made of Hamley-quality leather, by looking on the bottom of the box for the saddle trade-mark.

HAMLEY KIT

MADE OF GENUINE SOLID LEATHER LIKE A FINE COWBOY SADDLE

An American Museum of Modern Art

(Continued from page 79)

stimulating modern galleries, the oldest, the most famous and for us the most significant is the Luxembourg, for it was founded in order to solve a problem very similar to that which confronts New York. Neither the Louvre nor the Metropolitan can afford to take a chance of being wrong. But the Luxembourg does not pretend to confer any final sanction upon its painting and sculpture, which is, all of it, tentatively exhibited. If the work of art survives time's criticism, it may go, ten years after the artist's death, into the Louvre or it may be discarded as unworthy of remaining permanently public property. But during this process of trial and error, or critical selection, even those works which may prove of transitory importance remain constantly visible to the generation which created them and admires them. It is then a principle of acknowledged fallibility upon which the Luxembourg is founded, though unfortunately it has been hampered by politic timidities and inadequate financial support, so that it has not always been able to realize the latitude of taste which the principle permits.

It is, nevertheless, with an *ideal* Luxembourg in mind that seven enthusiastic and influential American men and women have organized themselves into a committee which, during the past few months, has made remarkable progress toward the foundation of a Museum of Modern Art.

The committee, fully realizing the difficulties of their project, have decided that for the first two years the new museum should function as a series of the finest possible loan exhibitions.

These loan exhibitions will be held on the twelfth floor of the Heckscher Building, on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, where the new galleries will be opened early in November.

The exhibitions will cover a wide range of modern activity. American art will of course be emphasized, together with French, from which most modern art throughout Europe and America derives. But painting and sculpture from Germany, England, Mexico, Russia, and other countries will also be included. The work of *living* men will form the majority of exhibitions but will not exclude occasional homage to the past.

Fifty years ago one of the greatest of all French painters died, Honoré Daumier. Long neglected, and even now too little known, he will be honoured by a memorial exhibition.

The first, and perhaps, intrinsically, the most important exhibition at the new museum will be devoted to four of the founders of that great period of European Art, which began about 1875. Cézanne and Seurat, Van Gogh and Gauguin, are great springs at which hundreds of subsequent and lesser men have drunk. Cézanne and Gauguin died about 1905, Van Gogh and Seurat as long ago as 1890. The first three are known the world over; their work has borne the brunt and reaped the glory of that remarkable revolution ineptly labeled Post-Impressionism. The fourth, Georges Seurat, has suffered even longer neglect having at first been pigeon-holed with faint praise for his invention of the "pointilliste" or "spot" technique. During the last fifteen years we have begun to recognize his importance as a very great master of composition, disciplined, classical in the essential meaning of the word. Even in the two drawings which accompany this article there is preserved something of that extraordinary poise and simplicity of vision which are peculiarly his. Today Seurat's seven masterpieces are divided among the museums of Paris, London, Chicago, and The Hague, and the collections of three very foresighted connoisseurs. Of these scant seven, *La Parade*, will hold the place of honor in the first exhibition of The Museum of Modern Art.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The seven members of the organizing committee, which is shortly to be considerably augmented, are:

Miss Lizzie Bliss
Mrs. W. Murray Crane
Mr. Paul J. Sachs
Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan
Mr. Frank Crowninshield, Secretary
Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Treasurer
Mr. A. Conger Goodyear, Chairman

How to Play Broadway Interlude

(Continued from page 90)

Book of the Roaring Forties, a living encyclopedia of all the gossip, scandal, dirt and low-down between Thirty-fourth Street and Columbus Circle." —Page 145.

5. "A young actress with gliding, hip-swinging walk, excessively golden of hair, excessively blue of eyes, her curves frustrated at the expense of her healthy appetite, her outer woman definitely girlish as to organdy and lace."—Page 27.

(*Note:* These rules may be applied, with variations, to *Ex-Wife*, *Reporter* and Cornelius Vanderbilt's *Park Avenue*.)

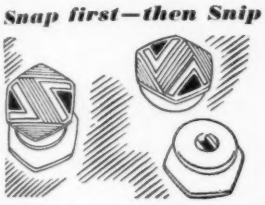
3. How to Play New York, Hangover, Fanfare, American Colony and New York Telephone Directory.

Inasmuch as the celebrities in these novels get mentioned by their full names, in order to increase local color as well as sales, the scoring in this game has been arranged on a careful Point System, as follows:

Accomplishment	Points
For each time the player is mentioned	10
For each time the player is mentioned as being present at the Algonquin Hotel	10
For the person who, in addition to being mentioned, receives a nice personal compliment from the author	25
For the person who can count Walter Winchell's name the largest number of times	15
For the person who is not mentioned at all—Game, set, tournament, and a long sigh of relief.	

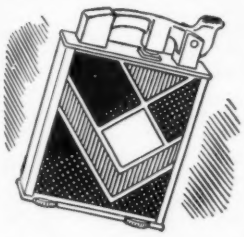
. . . The truth of it is . . . men are *easy* to choose for

Snap first—then Snip



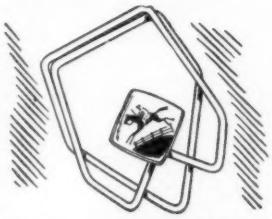
Snap to close them. Snip to open them. That's the Kum-a-part action. And they'll snip-snap for a lifetime! . . . *guaranteed*. All that time a man will laugh up his sleeve . . . for Kum-a-parts hold even the softest cuffs smartly, trimly, and comfortably. Reasonably priced up to $25.

The thinnest lighter made



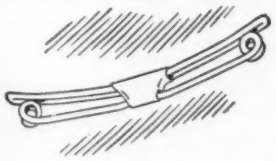
A man who is short on patience needs a Carlton Automatic Lighter. For a Carlton lights on the very first try—*every time*. Just "snap the lever—there's your light"; swiftly and surely. Apart from its dependability, a Carlton is smart in appearance. Extra slimness makes Carlton Lighters popular with men and women. Priced at $5 and up.

To manage money



Money Klip gives you pocket-peace. It keeps folded bills compact and orderly . . . no uncomfortable bulge. Plain, or colorfully ornamented with a smart, sporting decoration. $1 to $15.

Looks like a pin, but isn't

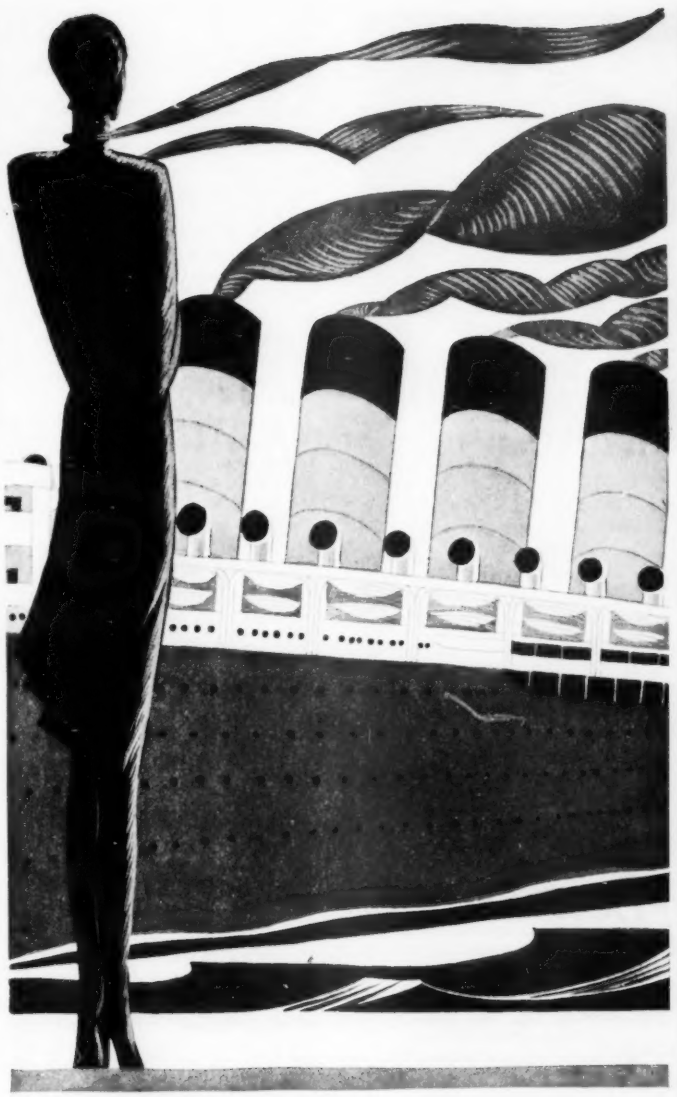


Swank is painless. It has no points to jab a man's neck. Nor can it fill his collars with holes. Easy to put on—easy to take off. Swank keeps collars smooth and neat and the collar points smartly in line. The lowest-priced Swank is 50c. Others up to $5.

Kum-a-part Products

Sold at jewelers' and men's shops

BAER & WILDE CO., Attleboro, Mass.



Freedom . . .

Personal liberty exists, in a de-luxe-edition, in the big Cunarders. Freedom to do as you please, and not as your neighbor pleases . . . Freedom to make of this week between worlds a small masterpiece in the art of contrast . . . gleaming gold . . . grateful grey . . .

A winged arrowy gaiety for the hours of lift; on the sports decks, in the cardrooms, the restaurants, on the dance floors . . .

A deep sensitive tranquillity for the moments between—in your suite, in your deck-chair, in the library . . .

And—everywhere and at all times—the serenity, the poise, the grace, of a house you might visit in Buckinghamshire or Surrey . . . where you would find every whim of luxurious living, every impulse of mood, reflected—and no mood intrusive . . .

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

BERENGARIA	Oct. 30 · Nov. 20 · Dec. 14
MAURETANIA	Nov. 6 · Nov. 27 · Dec. 27
AQUITANIA	Nov. 13 · Jan. 18 · Feb. 8

CUNARD LINE

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD . . . THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

Cunningham RADIO TUBES

Quality Safeguarded from *within*

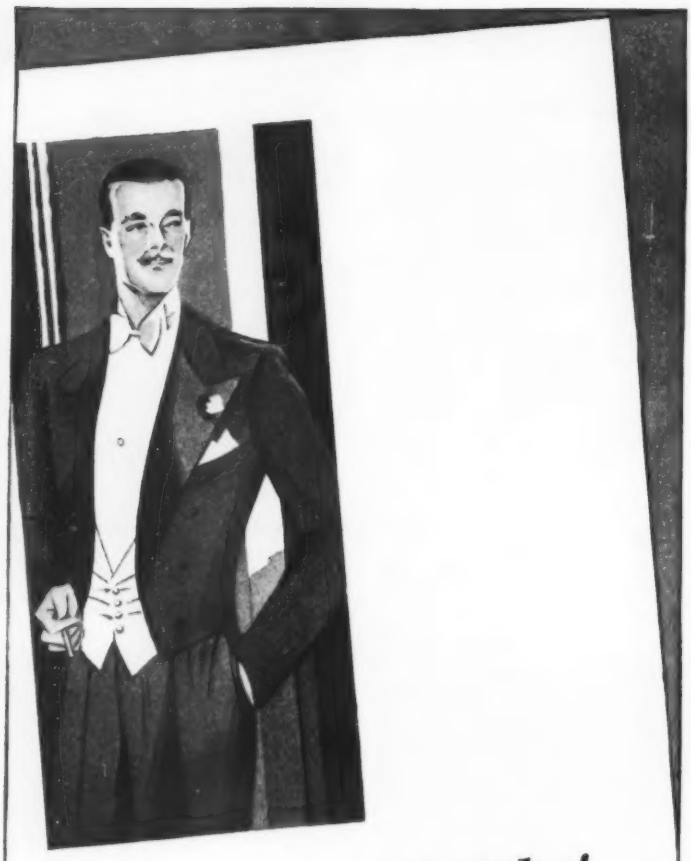
Performance that reflects inbuilt quality has inspired a nation's confidence in the name Cunningham. They protect the nerve center of your radio.

Identify them by the monogram

14 years

E. T. CUNNINGHAM, INC.

New York Chicago San Francisco
Dallas Atlanta



Your Waistcoat Decides!

The pattern of the fabric, the size and shape of the front opening, the cut and roll of the lapel—even the subtle placing of the buttons —these features decide the style of an evening waistcoat.

When you are in evening dress, the waistcoat —the one distinctive element of formal attire— must be correctly styled in every detail. Otherwise, the ensemble is conspicuously wrong.

Ask your outfitter to show you the latest styles in evening waistcoats. Ask particularly for waistcoats made of Catoir Vestings. Catoir fabric is preeminent in style and quality—and no waistcoat can be finer than the fabric of which it is made.

CATOIR SILK COMPANY, Inc., 257 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

CATOIR*

[Pronounced "KAT-WAH"]

VESTINGS · FACINGS · LININGS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Ex-Husband

(Continued from page 122)

Shubert. Walter Winchell. Bishop Cannon. Harry Sinclair. George Gershwin. (*Note to Printer:* Add here the entire list of names from *Who's Who.*)

I felt so utterly alone.

CHAPTER FOUR: In desperation I hurried into the crowded lobby of the Plaza, nodding briefly to Secretary of State Stimson, John Coolidge, the Dolly Sisters, and Colonel Lindbergh. I must speak to someone. I must fill the gaping wound in my heart. I must discover one sympathetic soul who would fill K.'s place. Oh, K.!

In an agony of loneliness I lifted the nearest copy of the New York Telephone Directory, and my eye wandered listlessly down the file of names: A.A.A.A.1 Real Estate, A.A. Aaron Charcoal Company, A.A.A. Safe Moving Company, A.B.C. Nurse Registry, A.B.C. Stable Manure Company, Aabac Company, Aagenas Arthur, Aalbue Raymond P., Aalholm Rosalie Miss, Aalto Anna Miss, Aan Peter, Aarcher Cabot and Cartier Inc chems & engrs (*Note to Printer:* Just keep on writing down all the names until you reach Zzyzz R. Cantarrana, then count up the number of people mentioned, and print exactly that many copies.

(THE END)

Ex-Wife, anonymous. (Cape & Smith)
Broadway Interlude, by Faith Baldwin, and Achmed Abdullah (Payson & Clarke)
New York, by Nat J. Ferber (Covici-Friede)
Fanfare, by Richard Halliday (Putnam)
Hangover, by Max Lief (Liveright)
American Colony, by Charles Brackett
Broadway Murders, by Charles Dougherty
Park Avenue, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (Macauley)
Born to Be, by Taylor Gordon (Covici-Friede)

BALANCING THE BOOKS

Last month, in a childish burst of confidence, we concluded this department with a paragraph stating that for the first time in history we were actually up to date at last in our book-reviewing ("date" being then the middle of August); whereupon the make-up department slyly removed the entire body of our article in one neat stroke, leaving us only the title and the above-mentioned last paragraph for consolation, and setting our date-line back, roughly, to the time of Charlemagne.

Starting from Charlemagne, therefore, and brushing rapidly over *Paradise Lost*, *Pendennis*, and the Holy Bible, we start this department once more in the vague hope that if we review enough books very rapidly this month, we may perhaps recreate the illusion that we are an up-to-date book-reviewer who keeps abreast of the times. Of course, as far as any serious pretentions toward a comprehensive summary of contemporary literature are concerned, we have long since abandoned that field to the *Sunday Book Review Section of the New York Times.* What we attempt to give here each month (the make-up department willing) is merely a statement of some of our likes and some of our dislikes, selected at random from the current publications; and the value of this section, if it has any value at all, is to communicate to those of our readers whose taste happens to coincide with ours a little of our own enthusiasm for certain latter-day books we have liked.

And in order to divorce this section from the monthly parody-criticism that precedes it, we shall list it hereafter under the separate head "Balancing the Books," and hold Mr. Riddell strictly irresponsible for any judgments, heresies, or hysteria contained herein.

Now, let's see where are we.

Books we have enjoyed especially this past month or two have included *Ends of the Earth* by Roy Chapman Andrews (*Putnam*), *The Son of Perdition* by James Gould Cozzens (*Mor-*

(Continued on page 140)

Inseparable

(Continued from page 123)

"I've melted away," said Marcelle, complacently. "I only weigh a hundred and twenty-five pounds."

"It's a matter of time," stammered Clothilde. "In a few months you will have picked up—"

"Indeed, I hope not."

A silence fell, an unhappy, bewildered silence for Clothilde.

"You'll have to think of ordering some new gowns, soon," she murmured desperately. "You haven't any that will fit you now." Her face brightened, and she went on bravely: "we'll go to our dressmaker—"

"Oh, I shan't use *him* any more!" Marcelle's words were significant. "You see, now that I have a figure. . . ."

They had suddenly become strangers to each other. They both realized at that moment that something had broken between them—that friendships that endure are founded primarily on weaknesses and mutual disadvantages. Tea was a failure. Madame Poitrieux, proud of her newly acquired slimness, would not succumb to sweet cakes or to savoury chocolate with whipped cream. But she no longer feared the summer heat which a warm Spring was already threatening; to her friend's dismay, she talked briskly of taking long walks. They sat miserably throughout the meal, and said goodbye coldly.

When Monsieur Charavant returned home, that evening, he found his wife sitting in a thoughtful silence, in her room.

"You have seen the inseparable one again?" he inquired, ironically.

"Yes."

"She is quite well now?"

"Yes."

"Why the monosyllables? You are in a bad humour. Perhaps all is not well between you and your little friend?"

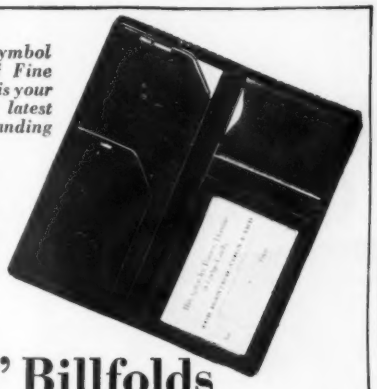
Clothilde sighed. "I found her changed," she said, dryly, "and not for the better."

They're Russell with colored handles, too

Russell made...with stainless steel blades or tines... knives, forks, fruit knives, butter spreaders, teaspoons, salad forks... all with handles in solid green, blue, red, white or Pyro-Pearl. Choose! What a spirit of appetizing freshness the green handle would impart to the breakfast table! You may have handles in red, too... red that gives verve and cheer to the lunch or game supper and steak dinners. Then, what a decorative touch is gained by handles sapphire-toned to blend with the soft blues of colored table linen... while blue against a cloth of white gives clean-cut contrast. Send for an interestingly written booklet, "How to Tell Good Cutlery." It depicts and describes the Russell Green River line.

RUSSELL
GREEN RIVER
CUTLERY
JOHN RUSSELL CUTLERY CO.
Turner's Falls, Massachusetts

Look for this symbol of "44 Years of Fine Leathercraft." It is your assurance of the latest style and outstanding quality.



Styled in London. This ingenious wallet folds snugly into the breast pocket. Has celluloid covered pocket for identification and lodge cards and compartments for money, stamps and business cards. Made in a variety of leathers, including calfskins, imported morocco and steerhides, with cut or hand-laced edges. It is instantly admired for its rich, smart appearance.

Now "New-Sized" Billfolds with ADDED Features!

Open end hipfold, two card pockets and celluloid covered pass case; in calfskins, imported morocco, steerhides or beautifully grained sheepskins. Cut or hand-laced edges; plain or hand-tooled designs. To retail $3.50 and up.

THESE new-style Enger-Kress billfolds for small currency, assure *compactness*, without sacrifice of *convenience*. Smaller than old style billfolds, but still large enough for the large size currency, identification, lodge or pass cards and other important accessories which every business man carries. They make excellent gifts. Ask to see them and the other equally attractive articles in the Enger-Kress line at your dealer's today.

ENGER-KRESS COMPANY
Leathercrafters
WEST BEND, WIS.

SMOKE A PIPE ▲▲▲

It's not effeminate

Blue Bar Pipes are the best.

MM Importing Company
543 MADISON AVENUE . . NEW YORK, N. Y.

BOOTT MILLS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.
OXFORD
FOR
FINE SHIRTS
EXCELLENT QUALITY AND FAST COLORS

Novel Gift...

rings the Christmas bells!

TO MEET Fresh Fruit Juice speed requirements comes along the *perfected* and *proved* Orange and Lemon go-getter known far and near as Sunkist Junior Electric Extractor —*and guaranteed* for frequent, fast and exacting home service by the California Fruit Growers Exchange.

Not only a handsome donation, but much wanted because it snaps out a glass or a gallon of juice for breakfast—or other purposes—with alacrity equaled by no other method.

Here's a practical Christmas Gift, for the family from Mother or Dad, or for friends whose regard you desire to retain. *Give Sunkist Junior with the assurance that its efficiency will be a durable delight.*

Sunkist Junior's whizzing cone gets *all* the Orange or Lemon Juice without the usual work—and mess. Two instantly removable parts to wash under faucet. This sturdy home necessity weighs 6 pounds; is 10 inches high. With alabaster bowl,

$14.95

at department, electrical or hardware stores everywhere. If your dealer is sold out or cannot supply you, send the coupon together with money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95).

Sunkist Junior Electric JUICE Extractor

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 2711, 900 North Franklin Street,
Chicago, Ill.

☐ My dealer cannot supply me. Money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95) enclosed for one Sunkist Junior Home Electric Juice Extractor, mail prepaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THE
PREFERENCE
CHEST

20
Interchangeable labels with each genuine Preference Chest

Pat. Applied For

For sale at these and many other leading stores:

New York
Abercrombie & Fitch
Mark Cross Co.
Ovington's
Stern Bros.
B. Altman & Co.

Brooklyn
Fred. Loeser & Co.

Newark, N. J.
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San Francisco
Roos Bros., Inc.
O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.

Los Angeles
Ambassador Hotel

Chicago
Marshall Field & Co.

Philadelphia
John Wanamaker

Providence
Tilden, Thurber Corp.

Boston
Bigelow, Kennard & Co.
M. T. Bird Co.
Jordan Marsh Co.
C. Crawford Hollidge
London Harness Co.
B. F. Macy
S. S. Pierce Co.

Santa Barbara, Calif.
B. F. Kerr & Co.

Cool nights again—warm friends return! How well the fragrance of blue smoke blends with what November brings. But tastes in cigarettes differ radically nowadays . . . Ah . . . *pass the Preference Chest!* It offers one and all *their choice* . . . any 4 brands . . . thus revealing your courtesy and *savoir-faire.*

Exquisite cabinet work . . . hinged lid . . . solid mahogany throughout, lacquered in Green, Black, Chinese Red mounted with old English prints in full color, or in Natural Finish (without print). Also de luxe models in 8 colors of gold-tooled pin Morocco. Utterly modern, always a welcome gift or prize, a compliment to fine furnishings in home, office or directors' room. Retailers not yet supplied are *also* invited to write at once.

OLD COLONY DISTRIBUTING CO.
Dept. F, 99 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

$5.00 At leading local stores, *or sent postpaid.* ($5.50 West of the Rockies). De luxe leather-covered Chests $16—with Galvano plaque $20—white jade dragon $30.

Ex-Husband

(Continued from page 138)

row), *Dumas, the Incredible Marquis* by Herbert Gorman (*Farrar and Rinehart*), *How to Be a Hermit* by Will Cuppy (*Doubleday Doran*), *Dear Sooky* by Percy Crosby (*Putnam*), Arthur Schnitzler's *Little Novels* (*Simon and Schuster*) and *The Beautiful Years* by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*).

Ends of the Earth by Roy Chapman Andrews is a book in a million. We have already oversaid our say on the School of Nancy Travel-Literature; even William Beebe, the Alexander Woollcott of travel-writers, sometimes gives the faint suspicion of wearing spats over his diving-shoes; but Mr. Andrews is always thoroughly straightforward and simple and sincere, his stuff is *there*, he writes a decent, masculine, modest narrative of his experiences, and it is utterly fascinating reading. To be sure, Andrews' prose is not great prose; it does not match, for example, the beautiful and sensuous descriptions of Eugene Wright, who is beyond doubt the most talented of our travel-writers. But I should rather read Andrews, all the same; he writes with his boots on; and I recommend *Ends of the Earth* wholeheartedly as a grand, grand book of excitement and romance and adventure that you will not lay down till you have gobbled it from cover to cover.

James Gould Cozzens showed his stuff somewhat in *The Cockpit;* now in *The Son of Perdition* he displays even more conclusively that he is an individual and important novelist, with a unique fire, with all the passionate intensity of the early Hergesheimer, a creator of living and individual characters that you do not forget, a dramatist, and above all an ironist. *The Son of Perdition* is a novel of Cuba, colorful and bizarre and climactic in its pace; under Cozzens' powerful sense of drive it comes to life with its first page, and it does not die with the last. Here is a novel that you must not miss.

I have always felt that Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* was one of the most over-rated characters in American fiction; but it required this sequel entitled *Penrod Jashber* (*Doubleday Doran*) to convince me what a two-dimensional, shallow, and, in a strict sense, wholly humourless creation he really is. Penrod is not a small boy at all; he is a collection of newspaper gags about small boys, a little cheap and a little cruel, written (like that offensive companion-novel *Seventeen*) as a superficial farce for adults and not in any sense as a true or sympathetic interpretation of childhood. So it is of extraordinary interest at this time to contrast *Penrod* with Percy Crosby's *Dear Sooky*, the fragile and beautiful sequel to *Skippy*, a collection of random letters of a small boy which, in philosophy and pathos, represent to my mind the very height of contemporary American humour. Crosby is a great humorist because he is a greater poet. And perhaps that is the true explanation of why *Skippy* is great and *Penrod* is merely cheap: because Crosby had a sense of real humour and Tarkington, I suspect, has none. I have no doubt that the dear American public will rush out to buy *Penrod Jashber* in large quantities; but I have even less doubt as to which book will be remembered fifty years from now.

Will Cuppy's *How to Be a Hermit* is just simply swell. It is next to impossible to describe this remarkable volume; suffice it to say that it rollicks from cover to cover, twinkling continuously with Will Cuppy's inimitable humour, viewing (from a hermit's dispassionate point of vantage) clams, Frederick Barbarossa and the perils of being President—altogether one of the most thoroughly enjoyable, merry, mad compendiums of jolly good fun we have seen in a dog's age.

Dumas; The Incredible Marquis by Herbert Gorman is a magnificent, and almost entirely successful, attempt to capture between covers the whole tempestuous life and times of Alexandre Dumas. Written in galloping, high-hearted, half-mocking prose, with a sweep like the swath of a sword, this novel—or so it reads—presents in brilliant pageant the incredible vanities, the sufferings, the madcap gestures, the childishness, the eternal good-nature of this gross genius. And, be it ever to Mr. Gorman's credit, he is in love with his subject. You *see* Dumas; you see this Paris where he reigned; it is vivid, happy, spicy reading.

Henry Williamson writes with rare and subtle music; it was the exquisite grace of his prose that made *The Pathway* a work of art; and in *The Beautiful Years* he has produced another book of sympathetic and enduring beauty.

There are others. Du Bose Heyward's *The Half Pint Flask* is a Bierce thriller, conveying in fifty-odd short pages the haunting magic of voodooism that Mr. Seabrook described in *The Magic Island. Mississippi* by Ben Lucien Burman is a romantic and colorful story of the Father of Waters (if I may coin a phrase), written by an artist who knows his locale and who can preserve the authentic flavour of life among his characters in a thoroughly readable novel. *I Thought of Daisy* by Edmund Wilson is an uneven and brilliant and provocative novel, which I found thoroughly interesting.

The Lady Is Cold by E. B. White is a book of verse that is rare good fun. White is more lyric and less raucously bitter than other poets of the ironic school; often his last-line snapper, at the tail of a lovely piece of verse, shouts "Only fooling!" in a slightly self-conscious key. And speaking of verse, there is *Buck Fever* by H. M. Robinson, a volume of poems displaying real vigour.

And, in conclusion, there is the most irritating advertisement of the month, wherein Dutton's introduces *Willy Pogany's Alice in Wonderland* with the bland statement that "a new illustrator has long been needed for *Alice in Wonderland*." If any proof of the asininity of this statement were needed, one glance at Pogany's watered Tenniel should be sufficient.

* * * * *

Which brings us up, roughly, to January 13, 1863, and if the impish make-up department does not cut any more of our copy we should be able to start next month's section with a sizzling up-to-date review of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

TRIPLER HATS

Authoritative styles for every occasion in the finest of hats for gentlemen's wear

ST. JAMES STREET

The new narrow bound edge brim Homburg model for town wear in the correct shades for Fall

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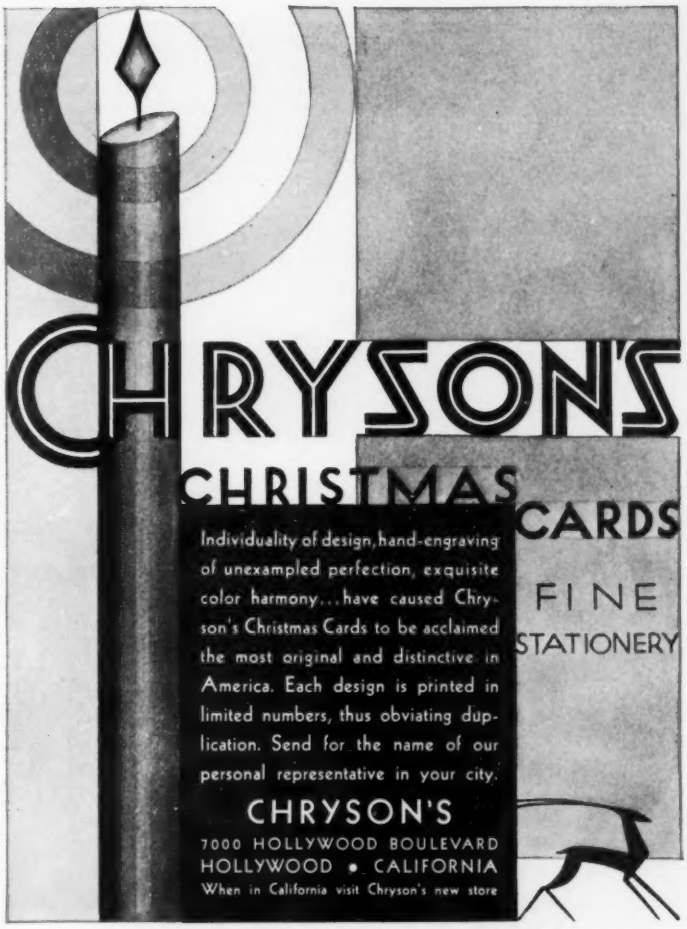

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Individuality of design, hand-engraving of unexampled perfection, exquisite color harmony... have caused Chryson's Christmas Cards to be acclaimed the most original and distinctive in America. Each design is printed in limited numbers, thus obviating duplication. Send for the name of our personal representative in your city.

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arms, legs, bust or entire body with

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MY garments have been worn by men and women for over 25 years and are noted for their success and reliability. They are the *original* rubber reducing garments, made of the finest Para rubber. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism or varicose veins.

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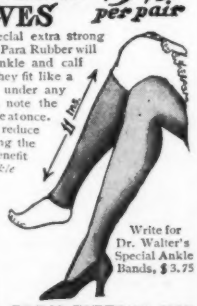
DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands of live Para Rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them. They fit like a glove and can be worn under any kind of hose. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving the extra benefit of the support. *Send Ankle and Calf measure.*



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FORM-FITTING HIP AND THIGH REDUCER in cream colored rubber. Send waist and hip measure $12.00

BUST REDUCING BANDEAU. Send bust measure. $5.00

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OVER 50,000 smart women have purchased this book, "For the Hostess", since its first appearance last October . . . the sort of book that you, too, have always wanted, the only sort the smart woman can be persuaded to buy . . . a summary of the whole art of entertaining. Training the servants . . . planning the menus . . . setting the table . . . everything is covered without a single wasted word. Things as practical as the budget and marketing. Things as unusual as the recipes of well-known hostesses, epicures and chefs . . . and what does it cost? This is the part you can't believe . . . *a quarter!*

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Now—You can reduce —inexpensively

The newest model Tower Exerciser and Reducer—the Console—at the new low price of *$59.50—complete in every detail—no "extras" of any kind to buy—it embodies every approved development towards perfection in health-building machines at any price. Compact, portable, handsomely ornamental, simple to operate—adjustable stroke and variable speed.

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Nut Waffles, Bacon Waffles
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—to name but a few of the innumerable batter cakes and delicacies that are baked to a rich, golden-brown perfection in a UNIVERSAL Electric Waffle Iron.

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This helpful little device consists of a small metal tongue hidden in a slot in the waffle iron cover above handle. As grids heat this tongue gradually projects until the word "HOT" is entirely exposed, indicating that iron is ready for batter. It insures "success" in waffle baking from the very start and is a convenience added to UNIVERSAL Waffle Irons without in any way detracting from their handsome appearance and WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

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A 25c Cook Book, filled with new recipes of the many tasty dishes which are skilfully and quickly prepared in a UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron, will be sent to you free of charge upon request. Address Dept. V.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
Master Metalsmiths for over three-quarters of a century
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Ola

(Continued from page 126)

This time it was not at table that I learned about it. My father kept my mother in the dining room one evening after I had gone into my own room, next to it. But, as you know, doors are never shut in a Russian apartment. And this is what I heard:

"'He has beaten her,' said my father, with more heat in his voice than I had ever heard.

"'I'll never believe that,' replied my mother.

"'Believe it or not, he's beaten her, I tell you.'

"'He's a brute,' said my mother. 'I certainly hope she has left him.'

"'My dear—' My father's voice emphasized each word—'She threw herself on her knees before him and humiliated herself.'

"At that moment my mother, who had risen without my observing it, came suddenly into my room, and, finding me listening, sent me off with a box on my ears.

"It took me a long time to fall asleep that night. Uncle Paul had beaten Maroussia Petrovna! That overturned, at one stroke, all the ideas I had formed of the relations between men and women. Hadn't I always believed that boys, since they were the stronger, must not strike girls, who are weak? Here was an act of cowardice I couldn't bear to think about. Among the common people, even, only brutes, under the influence of vodka, beat their wives. And yet my Uncle Paul, so gay, so tender, so delicate, had belaboured his friend! It was inexcusable, unworthy.

"I made up my mind never to speak to him again. I would leave the room when he entered it. Uncle Paul a brute! And then, at once, I found myself facing another fact, not less certain and no less inexplicable. Maroussia Petrovna, beaten, had fallen on her knees before my uncle! Instead of taking to flight without a word and never seeing him again, she had humiliated herself in the humblest fashion! All my womanly feelings were outraged. Once more I thought of writing to her, but, this time, to tell her of my scorn.

"The next day, toward evening, I was still terribly agitated by thoughts I couldn't reconcile when I heard the bell ring. I recognized my Uncle Paul's peculiar ring. As quick as a flash I was on my feet; then I stopped, torn by conflicting ideas. Should I go—or stay? Turn my back on him, or, on the contrary, tell him as forcefully as I could exactly what I thought of him?

"He came in. What happened then? I ran to him, and, the prey of an inexpressible emotion, I threw myself in his arms, then took his hand and kissed it, again and again. 'It's this hand which struck her—this hand which struck her!' I said to myself. My heart leaped with joy."

The Holler Art

(Continued from page 134)

talkie will ever continue to be to drama.

14 Sound is a legitimate adjunct of the moving picture and has been since the first. The present machines have simply taken over, elaborated upon and made more realistic the old orchestra drum wallop to signify a train crash, the old rap on the triangle to signify a striking clock and the old scraping on a 'cello string to mimic a cow's mooing. But the spoken word is no more honestly a part of the moving picture than it is part of the mimetic art of the ballet.

15 From Miss Louella O. Parsons' department called *Movie-Go-Round* in the Los Angeles *Examiner*, I pluck the following, offered without comment:

"It looked like a small riot at the Roosevelt Hotel on Saturday night when all the dancers in the Blossom Room congregated around a painting hung in the lobby. Charles de Ravenne, aged 16 years, is the artist. He was 13 when he started the painting, and it shows the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, with motion picture folk on the battlefield. They are all there—Douglas Fairbanks, Clive Brook, Sid Grauman, Adolphe Menjou, Marion Davies, Eric von Stroheim, William Powell and Charlie Chaplin. The boy has undeniable talent, for the likeness of the motion picture folk is really most interesting. Young Ravenne has never studied art."

Theme-Songs, I Love You

(Continued from page 106)

taken to offer what bids fair to become the *ne plus ultra* of all theme-songs—the cream of the jest, the crowning achievement. If we have borrowed slightly from our contemporaries it has only been through admiration, and no theme-song, apparently, should be entirely original. The only remaining thing for us to do now is to write a moving picture to go with it:

DA-DA†

Ickle bickle baby
Some day it may be
You will understand.
Wave your tootsie-ootsie,
Shake your ickle footsie
With your wishie-woogie hand.
You're a little darling,
You're a will-o'-the-wisp!
How you tug my heartstrings
When I hear you lis-s-ss-sp:

CHORUS:

"Da-da! Da-da! Mookle gurgle snah,
Labba glug nukka snoog—"
Oh, Sonny Bwah!
Though you're only a wickle shaver
Your old pa's heart will always waver
When I hear your sweet voice quaver,
"DAH-H-HHH!"

†The title of the moving picture to accompany this, of course, will be *"Da—da."*

THE AIR LIMITED . . . IN 11 SECTIONS

ON TIME! . . . At 5.15, as scheduled, the Chicago air limited appeared high over Detroit, winging at a hundred miles an hour towards the Ford Airport. Following it in close formation were ten additional sections . . . eleven tri-motored, all-metal Ford planes, carrying one hundred and eighteen customers of the Gambill Motor Company, Hupmobile distributors of Chicago. . . .

What would you have thought if you had read this paragraph in a reputable magazine only a few years ago? Pure fiction, of course! Yet this true bit of significant news is no longer startling. For the Stout Air Services have been operating giant Ford planes on passenger flights between Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland on a daily schedule for years. And during 1928 American transport planes flew 10,472,024 miles on established routes, carrying 52,934 passengers!

There was an actual increase in passenger traffic of 420% over the preceding year, and over 100% in distance flown!

Last year was signalized by the great increase in the transport of air mail. This year is already signalized by the general acceptance of the new vehicle by travelers. Several great new air lines have gone into operation this year, and their success indicates that America has definitely accepted this new form of swift transportation.

Perhaps the most important factor in the development and prosperity of America has been the improvement of its transportation facilities. When you view the United States from the air, this fact becomes manifest. For fleets of ships, streaking across the water, converge towards sheltered harbors where cities have become focal points from which railroad lines and trunk highways extend towards other cities. Along these routes of steel and concrete and water, cities have risen, communities flourish, the land is rich with growing crops and grazing herds and the plentiful products of mines and oil wells. *But beyond the traveled roads that bind the nation together there is unproductive stillness, a desert emptiness.*

You well know what the coming of the railroad meant to inland places. You know what the deepening of river channels and ocean harbors has done for commerce and navigation. Doesn't your imagination spark at the significance of this new form of transportation that can carry passengers and cargo faster than the wind, in safety and comfortable relaxation?

Is it not of the utmost importance to the commerce and industry of the nation that it is already perfectly feasible for a business man to leave New York at the same time his partner leaves Los Angeles, and meet for a conference in Kansas City in a matter of hours rather than of days?

Even while you are reading this, great fleets of Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes are winging across the skies, up and down the Atlantic Coast, up and down the Pacific Coast, from ocean to ocean, from nation to nation, from metropolises to fields of production and back again. . . . The American people have this year gone beyond mere speculation as to the future of aviation. They are actually employing the transport plane to speed up the business of the nation!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

The Comfort and Convenience that Enough *Telephones* Bring

Ease of communication is an essential of modern life...it is made possible through complete telephone arrangements

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DEDICATED above all others in the house to genuine comfort and contentment is the living-room. Here are deep, easy chairs . . . lamps of a soft, pleasing glow . . . a few books, well chosen. Here every object is located primarily for its convenience.

And here, of course, is a telephone . . . beside the deepest and easiest chair in the room. For a telephone near at hand is essential to home comfort and convenience.

There are many locations in the home where telephones are desirable. They vary with different households . . . according to the number in the family, and the use made of the various rooms. Your local Bell Company has made a study of the telephone arrangements best suited to meet the requirements of various types of residences. They will be glad to help you plan those which will give you the greatest convenience and satisfaction. Just telephone the Business Office.

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THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

"THE ENTRANCE OF THE GODS INTO VALHALLA," painted for the Steinway Collection by ROCKWELL KENT

It is in "DAS RHEINGOLD" *that many critics feel that Wagner first realized his full powers as the master "musical scene-painter." Certainly the sublime Valhalla theme, with its tranquil majesty and its stirring note of victory, bespeaks all the glory of the ancient gods.*

THERE is real meaning in a name like Steinway. For the admiration of the most critical and exacting of all musical judges . . . the foremost composers and concert pianists . . . could only be won with unexampled performance. A performance unquestionably worthy of their art.

Among such artists there is endless musical controversy and contention. But in choosing the medium for his self-expression each is uncompromising in his demand for tonal perfection. . . . And it is a significant fact that the Steinway has been the choice of virtually every musician of note from Wagner to Rachmaninoff.

Yet for all its pre-eminence in the concert world, the Steinway is essentially a piano for the home. There it is a constant source of pleasure to the countless musically informed who find happiness in the personal performance of fine music. And each of these Steinway owners enjoys the same perfection in tone-quality. For there are many styles and sizes of the Steinway, each at a different price. But there is only one quality. And for an original payment of as little as $147.50 you can have a genuine Steinway Grand delivered in your home *at once.*

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GRANDS $1475 *and up*

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10% down *balance in two years*

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"ALL ENGLAND . . . IN BUT ONE FLEETING GLIMPSE"

"It was in Milan that I first saw her from a stall at La Scala. I had been longing for my England. My eyes unconsciously encircled the boxes, when suddenly they fixed upon this woman, all in softest green. Her clear fresh beauty brought all England to me . . . that is, the England that really counts . . . in just one fleeting glimpse . . . though naturally there were many more to follow."—*from the letters of an Englishman abroad.*

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traditional guardian of faultless complexions

. . . may be yours in many attractive ways

When you first use Yardley's English Lavender Soap you will learn something of the secret of fresh young skin, of radiant beauty, which has belonged to the English gentlewomen through eight generations. You will feel that your skin must be more lovely than before. And to touch its cool new smoothness will convince you.

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It will be indeed a satisfaction to know that there are other Yardley toiletries—the compressed sachet Lavender Blossoms to give lingering fragrance to handkerchief drawer, to box of note-paper, or to linen chest, or purse . . . the refreshing Bath Salts . . . the Bath Dusting Powder.

Make the charm of Yardley's English Lavender *your* charm. Yardley's is obtainable anywhere in America at your chosen store. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in the fashionable "SUNTAN," the smart shade of the season. Also four other tints to suit all complexions. Price is $1.*

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Yardley's English Lavender

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.